

HISTORICAL SKETCHES

RELATING TO

SPENCER, MASS.

BY

HENRY M. TOWER.



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HENRY M. TOWER

VOLUME II

1902

SPENCER, MASS.,
W. J. HIFFERNAN—SPENCER LEADER PRINT
1902.

"Every man owes some service to his native town.—*Luther Hill in town meeting debate.*



BEULAH M.
1874

AMBROSE L.
1902.

HENRY M. TOWER AND FAMILY, 1891.

DEWITT

HENRY M.
ARTHUR M.

IDA B.

SARAH M.

PREFACE.

My first volume of Historical Sketches having been accorded a more generous welcome than anticipated, I have thereby been encouraged to continue the work of "rescuing the past from being forgotten" and of "giving honor to whom honor is due." Bearing in mind the motto expressed on the first page, I do not know in what direction I could have rendered my native town better service, and while this volume is largely a compilation, I trust on that account it will prove to be all the more interesting.

I herewith extend to all who have helped in this work my cordial appreciation of their assistance.

CONGRESSMAN PHINEAS JONES

The subject of our sketch is distinguished as the only Spencer man ever elected to the United States Congress. He was the only son of Phineas Jones, a soldier of the Revolution, who came from Charlton and settled about 1786 on the original John Graton farm near what is now known as the Stiles reservoir. The farm was lot number twenty-five as shown on the proprietor's map of Spenceer and joined the Leicester line. Mr. Graton was the third settler in town, coming here, it is supposed, in 1723. His farm has been known in recent years as the Ebenezer Proctor place. Here Phineas Jones Jr. was born, April 18, 1819, the youngest of a family of fourteen children and the only one to develop into sturdy man or womanhood, the others dying in childhood or in the early years of life. Phineas Jones Sr. not only was a well-to-do farmer, but he also kept hotel. His house was on the old South County road from Worcester to Southbridge and Connecticut by way of Leicester center, and before the advent of the railroad, the stage coach and the two, four and six-horse teams laden with freight, daily going and coming, made life along the route anything but monotonous, and in wide contrast with the quiet and stillness of the present day. It is interesting to note that when this road was first located, according to the original record at the registry of deeds in Worcester, not a point of compass was given, not a record of distance, simply directions from tree to tree the whole route.

Mr. Jones believed in a good education and at a proper age sent his son to the Academy at Leicester to supplement such teaching as the times then afforded in Spenceer. Young Phineas graduated with great credit and returned home to take charge of his father's farm, who was now advanced in years and this filial duty he continued to render until his fathers' death, Apr. 27, 1850, aged eighty-four; he then cast about for something else to do and took up school teaching, for which he was eminently qualified. He also gave some attention to surveying. Finding, however, these occupations embraced too limited a field for his aspiring nature and growing ambition, he moved to the center, into the house now standing opposite the Congregational Church, and established a country store in a building just then erected, known as Union Block, where A. G. Pease & Co. now deal in hardware. His store became not only a political center for

the discussion of state and national politics, but a place to talk over town affairs and he was not the least among the many debaters of that day who here found a free forum. His services were in ready demand at auctions and it is said by those now living, who then knew him, that his ability in that line has since then never been equalled in Spencer. His fine appearance, genial smile, good voice, fluent speech and ready wit all conspired to put the crowd in good humor, followed by quick sales at good prices. He was an active participant in town affairs. At the March meeting in 1854, Luther Hill, as moderator, auctioned off to him



PHINEAS JONES JR.

as the highest bidder the privilege of collecting taxes for that year, he agreeing to pay the town a certain sum of money for the concession. Mr. Jones expected to gain by this transaction. He thought the taxes might be collected early and the interest on a large sum of money accumulate for his own use before he needed to pay over to the town the bare sum of taxes collected. But it so happened that money was hard to obtain that fall. Taxes came in slowly and Mr. Jones would have been a loser if he had paid over to the town the bonus money which it was understood had been agreed upon. He refused, however, to do

this, claiming the whole transaction was illegal, although not so understanding the trade when it was made. The town fathers were angry at this refusal and in fact so were a large majority of the property owners and were bound to try the case at law. Bacon & Aldrich, leading attorneys of Worcester, were engaged on behalf of the town and gave assurance of an easy victory. Wm. T. Harlow of Spencer was counsel for Mr. Jones and was equally confident. A case of this kind had never been tried and, it was finally argued before the full bench of the Supreme Court on an agreed statement of facts. Harlow won, to the great dis-



HOTEL OF PHINEAS JONES SR. *(Photo by Currier)*
and birthplace of Phineas Jr. and Henry P. Jones.

comfiture of the eminent counsel on the opposite side as well as of many citizens. Perhaps it may prove interesting to record here the doings of the Court as found in Mass. Law Reports 6 Gray 502.

"Inhabitants of the Town of Spencer vs. Phineas Jones. A sale by a town to the lowest bidder of the right of collecting taxes, without any provision as to his qualifications for the office of collector of taxes or any other election is void; and the town cannot maintain an action against him for the amount bid although

he acts as collector for the year. Action of contract to recover the sum of \$47.50, which the defendant promised to pay the plaintiff for the privilege of being their collector of taxes for the year 1854. The parties submitted the case to the decision of the Supreme Court, September term 1856, upon the following statement of facts. On the first Monday of March 1854 the plaintiffs held their annual town meeting and in the warrant was the following article: 'Art. 15. To see in what method the collector of taxes shall be chosen.' The Town Record of action on this article reads: 'Art. 15. Voted that the taxes be collected by the lowest bidder. They were struck off to Phineas Jones who gave a bonus of \$47.50 for the privilege of being collector and who was immediately sworn to the faithful discharge of his duties.' Jones collected taxes but would not pay the bonus and town sued. The court sustained the case of Jones and said 'Such a bargain is void upon the most obvious principles of public policy. There are no reasons which would justify the giving of this office to the lowest bidder which would not apply to that of assessor or treasurer. The promise is also without consideration, for the collector has no right to any beneficial use of money collected for the town. Such use is a breach of his trust.'

While in Spenceer, Mr. Jones was noted as a lover of good horses and he was the first man in town to own a horse that could trot in two-forty, the standard of excellence and the accomplishment of which was considered to be a great feat in those days.

Mr. Jones having noted his successes thus far in his business life and wishing a wider field for development, sold his store and removed in 1855 to Elizabethport, N. J., where he engaged extensively in the manufacture of carriage wheels. Finding a more desirable location, he removed to Newark in 1860 and in partnership with Mr. William H. Baldwin, established a factory on a much larger scale and year after year continued to increase his manufacturing facilities and to extend his business until the day of his death, which occurred April 19, 1881. His partner, Mr. Baldwin, died in 1901, aged 101.

The following extracts from a biographical sketch are taken from the "History of Essex Co., New Jersey":

"In the wheel business he exhibited a great deal of mechanical ingenuity, and several of his inventions which were patented proved to be very valuable.

"In politics Mr. Jones was a Republican, and in maintaining the principles of that party was bold and energetic. As a ready and forcible speaker, he always commanded attention, and as an intelligent, efficient man of business, acquired confidence and respect. Within three years after his settlement in Elizabethport he

was elected a member of the Common Council, and served for two years in that body.

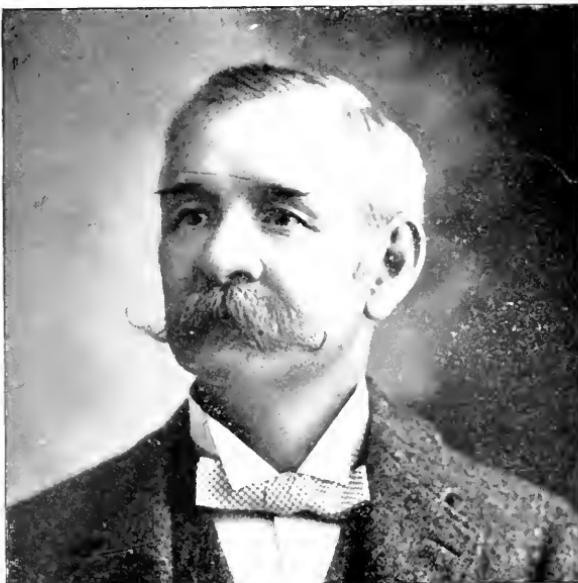
"For several years after his removal to Newark he gave strict attention to his factory, in which he had now one hundred men employed, with a constantly increasing demand for his productions. Nevertheless, we hear from him in connection with the Board of Trade, established in 1868, of which he was a member and a director, and in which he took a very active and prominent part. We also hear of him as a director of the People's Insurance Company, established in 1866; but in 1874 he appears more prominently as a member of the General Assembly, in which body he served so satisfactorily to his constituents that the year following he was re-elected to the same position. In 1881 Mr. Jones was elected a member of the Forty-Seventh Congress, and served to the end of his term, although during the last months of the second session he suffered so much from sickness contracted at Washington that he declined the renomination which was tendered to him. But of all the institutions of a public nature with which Mr. Jones was connected, the New Jersey Agricultural Society awakened his liveliest sympathies. The experience of his early life made him a valuable member of its board of directors, and to its interests he devoted much of his time and attention.

"His sudden death in the midst of a most honorable and useful career, was deeply lamented by the community of which, for nearly a quarter of a century, he had been an esteemed and valuable member."

It is not thought Mr. Jones made any set speech while in Congress but he spoke at length in the 47th Congress on the river and harbor appropriation bill, Vol. 14, part 4, pages 3441, 3442 and 3446, also on Scrubs Vol. 13, page 2514 and probably along other lines in the 46th and 47th sessions of Congress which may be found by consulting the records.

HENRY P. JONES

Henry Phineas, son of Phineas Jones Jr., was born at Spencer Mass., at his grandfather's house near Stiles reservoir, Nov. 29, 1846. At the age of nine he became a resident of Elizabethport, New Jersey, whither his father had removed in 1855. His first schooling was in the old red schoolhouse which once stood on



HENRY PHINEAS JONES.

the highest swell of land between the Aaron Watson place and Moose Hill Farm house. At Elizabethport he attended the public schools and in 1858, his father having removed to Newark, in the same state, he attended later the Newark Academy. In 1868 he engaged in the shoe business and continued therein four years, the firm name being Canfield, Jones & Co. In 1873 he made an extended tour of Europe covering nearly a year. In 1875 he was admitted to partnership in the firm of Phineas Jones & Co.

manufacturers of vehicle wheels and since that time has devoted himself to the development of that industry and is reported to be a man of unusual business ability. During the Civil war he served three years as a drummer boy, with the Seventh New York Heavy Artillery, Irish Brigade, 1st division, being only fifteen years of age when he enlisted. His ancestry is evidently of English or Scotch origin and contains on the maternal side the names of Woodward, Bancroft, Metcalf, Stone, Whipple, Trowbridge, Atherton, Treadway, Howe, Cook, Flagg, Hammond, Phillips, Lamb, Bennett, Towne, Richardson, Wilson, Brown, Humphreys, Rice and Viles. He married June 24, 1875, Ada Emily Anderson. They have five children as follows: Elizabeth Anderson, born April 10, 1876; Phineas, born Jan. 3, 1879; Henry Percy, born Nov. 19, 1880; Elsie, born Oct. 16, 1883; Spencer, born Dec. 13, 1891.

The regard of Mr. Jones for his native town is well illustrated by the name given to his youngest son.

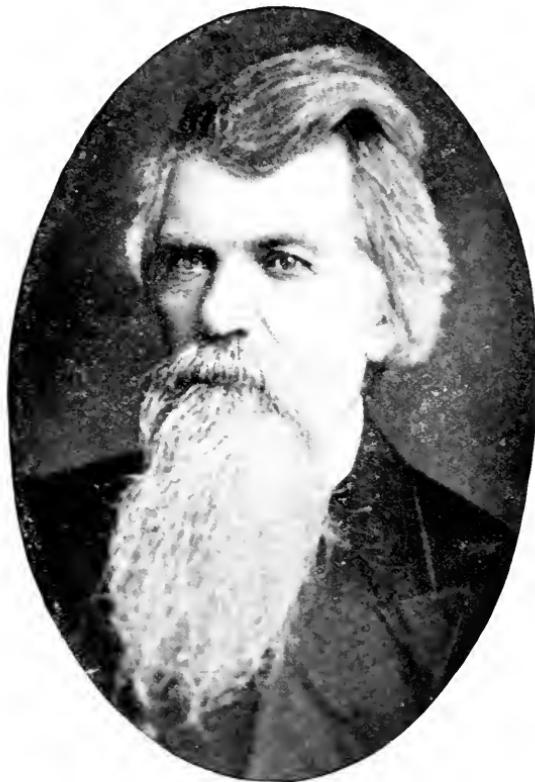
The location of the place where Capt. Edmond Bemis first settled on his father's farm is now considered fully established. E. Harris Howland states that in his boyhood days there was an old cellar a short distance westerly of the present Stanley house at Westville. This location agrees with certain bounds described in a deed from Samuel Bemis to Samuel Flagg in 1762 as follows: "Beginning at a heap of stones south of the County road opposite to ye dwelling house in which my son Edmond lately lived, thence running southerly as ye fence now stands through the meadow to a large red oak tree marked, near Seven Mile river so-called, from thence up ye river to a small pitch pine tree marked, preserving room by said river for erecting a fence, from thence running southwardly to a stake and stones on a large bog in Cranberry meadow brook etc." No other point on the old farm other than the one named tallies with the description of bounds as given.

John M. Howe of East Brookfield is authority for the statement that on Monday Oct. 9, 1839, the first passenger train between Springfield and Worcester passed through Spencer from Springfield about nine a. m. The train consisted only of the engine, tender and one coach. The engine for this trip was sent from Worcester the day previous.

WILLIAM OTIS BEMIS

The subject of this sketch was born in Leicester, January 1, 1819, but came to town at so early an age that he always has passed as of Spencer origin and to the manor born. He belonged to the Paxton line of the Bemis family. About 1823 his father, Dea. Amos Bemis, a Baptist then but later connected with the M. E. Church, moved to Spencer and became manager of the Powder Mills on Seven Mile river. Here he lived about five years, when on account of impaired health he sought an outdoor life and removed to the farm where he lived until his death. The farm became in time the property of his son, Wm. Otis, who occupied the same some thirty-three years, or until his death, Jan. 7, 1883. His widow, two daughters and son, Leslie S., now live on the homestead. His early education was limited and he was put to work on the farm when quite small, but by wide reading he became well versed in general literature and the affairs of the world. When a young man he learned the art of boot bottoming, but this pursuit was not congenial to his poetic nature. At the age of nineteen his father offered to give him his time on consideration that he earn and pay over to him the sum of six hundred dollars. This seemed a large amount of money to save in two years from the meagre earnings of that day, but he boldly undertook the task and at the age of twenty-one paid the obligation and was fifty dollars ahead. He then went to Philadelphia to work at his trade and in his leisure moments study art, that city then being the art centre of America. Later he returned to his native state and studied with George L. Brown, a distinguished landscape painter having a studio in Worcester. He also became a pupil of Francis Alexander, a portrait painter in Boston. About 1847 he made the acquaintance of Benjamin H. Kinney, the Worcester sculptor, with whom he went to live and was induced by him to open a studio and branch out for himself. This he did with good success and painted many fine pictures for leading families in Boston and Worcester. Nov. 28, 1850, he married Miss Julia A. Stebbins, an adopted daughter of the late Amos Kittridge, and soon after settled on the old homestead. He varied life's routine by occasional visits to other places in search of new and unique landscape views as a setting for his cattle pieces which was his most prolific line of painting. It has been said many times by those competent to judge that he produced some real masterpieces of

art that will be valued more and more as time passes. As a side issue he interested himself to some extent in agriculture, was the first man in town to introduce Jersey cattle and was the pioneer of making gilt edged butter. He was rather an extensive writer of verse and his poetry contains much to be admired. While he had a vivid sense of humor, which appears in some of his pieces, there is evident throughout all his writings



WM. OTIS BEMIS,
The Landscape Artist.

a high moral and religious purpose, as though he were striving to give expression only to the most exalted sentiments of the human breast.

His friends and acquaintances all loved him for his sterling qualities of mind and heart, but because of his unseeking and unassuming nature the circle of his friends, while manifold, was not as large as it ought to have been for the general good. As

one contemplates his life it becomes most appropriate to join with the poet in saying, "I wish the good were not so few." Mr. Bennis was buried at Pine Grove Cemetery and his grave is marked by an unhewn bowlder of Quincy granite, bearing thereon the design of a palette with his name and date of birth and death. The following lines are thought to have been the last he ever penned, and are luminant with beautiful sentiments.

My Studio.

Within this little narrow room,

Near a window where the light
Falls gently on my canvas

In rays of purest white,
I have placed with care my easel
To catch the golden beam
And here I mix my colors
To paint some fleeting dream.

I care not if this room be small,
My soul is roaming free,
And I'm traveling o'er the mountains,
I'm dreaming by the sea—
I float in clouds of amber,
I stand at beauty's gate—
I'm "Neath the walls of Paradise"
Where longingly I wait.

Oh, 'tis a grand old studio—
Far from this room of mine—
'Tis higher than the mountains
With its golden hued sunshine—
'Tis broader than the valleys
That open to the sea
And hung with glowing pictures
So beautiful to me.

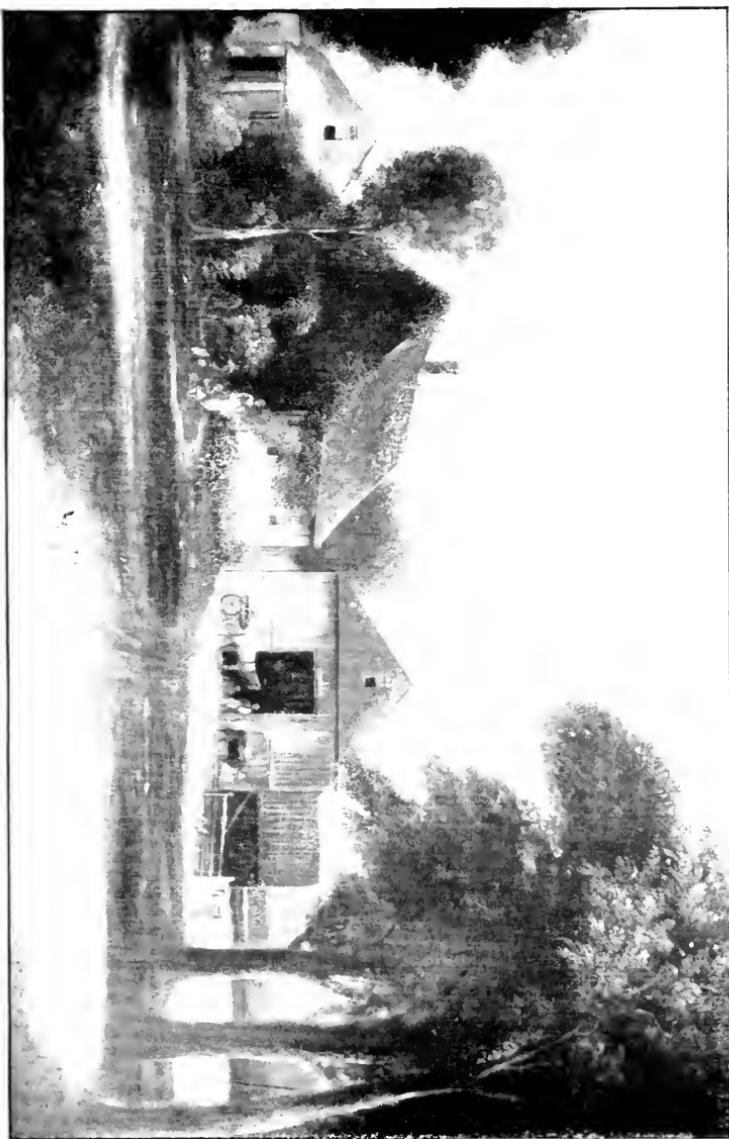
If you'd like to view this studio,
Knock at the gates of God;
He'll let all truthful lovers in
Who toil upon His sod
His glories he will gladly show,
You may the scenes behold—
Enchanting far beyond compare—
Pictures all framed in gold.

The following historical poem on Galileo is probably as elaborate as any of his writings. Other selections will be found distributed through the volume.

Galileo.

BY WM. OTIS BEMIS.

Venerable old man, enfeebled by years,
And revealing the wondrous works of God
Seen in nature's book; why wandered he alone,
In chilly winter time, o'er the drear hills
And winding road that leads on to that proud
And mighty city, Rome? Toilsome the way
And sad for him—philosopher of the skies—
Called from his fair home, beautiful Florence.
Summon'd by Inquisitor and Cardinal to answer
Like a felon steeped in crime why he had taught
And demonstrated that Copernicus was right,
That insignificant was the grand old earth
To the mighty blazing sun, the center
Of the glorious universe
The earth was spherical, on its axis turned
And proudly moved around the sun
That sheds its morning beams of cheering light
To other spheres, more ponderous far
Than this huge world on which we dwell.



HOMESTEAD OF W. O. BEMIS.

Before alterations were made in the dwelling. From an oil painting by Mr. Bemis

(Copied by Currier)

Great Jupiter—fiery Mars
 And all the planetary host, abodes of men;
 Beheld mountains jagged in the cold moon
 And tracked innumerable stars in milky way.
 Great Galileo, this was his offence—
 Copernicus was dead; no vengeance dread
 Could they wreak on him; Galileo, braver man,
 Had dared to proclaim to men the wonders of the skies.
 Before his dread accusers with chart in hand
 Trembling then he stood, demonstrated long,
 But him they could not understand
 Coldness and taunting jeers, fiendish laughter,
 Fell heavy on his heaven taught soul.
 Pronounced his doom—bow down, recant or die
 They bid him then, like meanest slave in chains
 For market—talked of his punishment,
 The faggot flame, and agonizing death;
 Wrung from him recanting bitter words,
 Absolving words, burning on his pure lips,
 To speak against the truths of God.
 Oh, cruel Inquisitor, Galileo's recanting words
 Came only from his blanched, trembling lips.
 His heart sorrowful felt the pangs,
 His deep convictions never changed;
 Rising from his bending knees, teeth clenched,
 The world caught these words, muttered low
 And never to be forgotten, sacred to
 Philosopher, and dear to aspiring men:
 "The world moves notwithstanding."
 Sick at heart, discouraged, old and weak,
 Departing from his accusers to silence doomed
 To lift no more his telescope skyward,
 To track no more the wonders of the skies,
 It made him sad of heart, while the mind
 Of men in darkness groped.
 In the fair city of Florence
 A blind old man, in his garden walked,
 Breathing the nectared breath of flowers
 Warmed by the beams of the life giving sun,
 The center of the universe, his days
 Made cheerful by contemplation
 And music on his lute; calmly his life
 Faded like the sunset's flush, to be
 Remembered long as the skies shall
 Arch the earth, the divine illuminator
 To men, the revealer of the wonders
 And mysteries of the heaven above."

His brother, Amasa T. Bemis, now living at Hillsboro, relates an amusing instance of the pre-occupation of his brother's mind relating to the picture of a haying scene. The artist had nearly completed the painting and an ox wagon loaded with hay stood in the foreground with the picture of one ox only attached. For some reason the unfinished picture was laid aside. After a time it was brought forth and completed. Amasa was called to see and criticise. "Well," said Amasa, "The picture is a fine one

but you have got a curious mix up of cattle attached to your cart; an ox and a cow yoked up together is a little out of the ordinary." "Sure enough," said the artist, and they both laughed heartily, "but," continued Otis, "my mind is on cows so much that I think cow, dream cow, and it seems, paint cow without realizing what I am about." He then took his brush and rectified the mistake.



HOUSE BUILT BY CAPT. BENJAMIN JOHNSON,

at Hillsville in 1747. From a painting by Wm. O. Bemis. The location of this house was on the site of the present dwelling of Lewis Hill. Capt. Johnson was a leading citizen of Spenceer, and at the first town meeting in 1753 was chosen Moderator, Town Clerk, Treasurer, Selectman and Assessor. He died January 23, 1771.

Copy by Currier

Daniel Bemis, blacksmith and farmer, and a son of Joseph Bemis, before emigrating West about 1820, forged by hand all the nails used in the construction of the large two-story house built by his father, Joseph, about that date in the southeast part of Spenceer, now standing and owned by A. B. Davidson of Leicester.

For lack of time an index for volume one could not have been prepared and printed. This book however contains the complete index of names and places for both volumes.



SPENCER METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH.

Erected in 1847. This structure was remodelled in 1871 at a cost of about \$15,000.

AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF OTIS COLE

Otis Cole, was born in Stark, N. H., Dec. 25, 1832. His boyhood was passed in North Spencer, whither his father, Joshua Cole, had moved too early for his boy to have any memory of such a change.

"Born from above" in the Methodist Episcopal Church in Spencer, October, 1849. The foundation of an education was assured in the common school. The earlier days in an old red



REV. OTIS COLE

Went out from the Spencer M. E. Church to preach the gospel and has made a very successful pastor. Wherever he has been stationed he has won the love and esteem of the people in a marked degree. Before leaving Spencer he was a partner in the firm of Rowell & Cole, grocers on Main street.

schoolhouse on the road from Aunt Sally Cunningham's, now the homestead of Geo. F. Barclay, at North Spenceer to the Renben Cunningham place on the Joektown road. This building is still a part of a dwelling house farther along the same road and was for many years the home of the late Christopher Lyon.

In 1840 the school was transferred to a new brick school-house on and almost in the main highway to the center of the town and still in use for the North Spencer school.

In 1850 this boy was favored by one term at the Wesleyan Academy, Wilbraham. Three years later having received "freedom" when nineteen, student life was renewed at Westminster Academy. Later the purpose of a collegiate course was given over because of many hindrances.

In 1858 Mr. Cole married Lacy J., daughter of H. B. Skinner, M. D. of Boston. After the birth, in Spencer, of two children, Harry Joshua and Mary Helena, a brief residence followed in Oakdale, a village of West Boylston.

The offer of a license to preach had been tendered by the Church in Spencer again and again and as often refused. Later one was accepted from the Church in Oakdale in the spring of 1863. After a few efforts to use the authority thus conferred three years were spent at the School of Theology, then in Concord, N. H., but now in Boston University. In 1865 he joined the New Hampshire Annual Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church and is still a member of that body. The first station was Henniker. In the third year at that place he received a severe spinal injury by being thrown from a buggy and was laid by eight months. Work was renewed in 1868 at Hudson, N. H., and continued at Lancaster, and Plymouth, N. H. Hoping a larger freedom from spinal irritation a year was given to teaching and preaching at Walden University, Nashville, Tenn. This was disappointing and after his return a long and serious illness followed in Worcester. Upon partial recovery two years were spent in Paxton as acting pastor of the Congregational Church. Returning then to N. H. at the call of his own Church was stationed at Newfields, Suncook, Haverhill, (Mass.), Bristol and Portsmouth.

At Suncook, church and parsonage were burned and the pastor was made chairman of a building committee and a new and finer building took its place in that village. At Bristol the church, a nearly new and excellent building, burned to the ground in the hour of public worship. Again Mr. Cole served on the building committee and helped to create and pay for a new and adequate church home. Near the end of the fifth year at Portsmouth illness again appeared and compelled a rest. In January 1898 a call for farther service with the Congregational Church in Paxton was accepted. But in the summer of '99 failing vigor made retirement essential. Since then his residence has been with his son, a member of the Essex County bar in Haverhill.

Memories of Earlier Days of the Methodist Episcopal Church in Spencer

BY REV. OTIS COLE.

In 1845 or 6 I heard George Bates preach at the North Spencer schoolhouse. He was then the Methodist preacher at Spencer. I think he held service more than once at the schoolhouse; though I was but a boy I recall his manly bearing, rich



AMOS KITTRIDGE.

Born in Spencer Feb. 10, 1802. Died in Spencer Feb. 14, 1884.

voice and pious fervor. His words are mostly forgotten but the thrill they brought to my young life stirs in me yet.

Some two years, perhaps, later my parents attended the dedication service of the church built for the growing band of Methodists whose assemblies for praise and prayer began in the home of Mrs. Amos Kittridge, one of the Lord's "elect women." Of

these early meetings I heard Amos Kittridge say he sometimes helped to put the room in order for the coming of the worshippers by turning in one of his calves! Alas his rude sport, offspring of a sinful nature, proved too costly. Later when he himself loved the hour of prayer and all the assemblies of the saints, he was oft compelled to go alone for the true wife who prayed him into the Kingdom had become worn and weary and her failing vigor early brought her translation. But her work was done her husband, long an eager, rough sinner, was now



PLINY ALLEN,

Born in Spencer, October 2, 1802. Died in Springfield, September 16, 1884.

an earnest, prayerful disciple of Jesus and on the way to the country whither she went.

The sermon of dedication was by Miner Raymond, that prince among preachers. It brought no slight enrichment of the table-talk at my home, so although I heard it not, it served to increase my growing, though largely unconscious, interest in the "people called Methodists."

About this time, I think, James Porter preached in Pliny Allen's big kitchen from the text, "Let the wicked forsake his way, and the unrighteous man his thoughts; and let him return

unto the Lord, and He will have mercy upon him; and to our God, for He will abundantly pardon." Class meeting followed the sermon, whereupon the Allen boys started for the rear kitchen; I went with them and thence we listened at the edge of the unlatched door.

Another incident of the early times may be given. William Henshaw, Nathaniel and Silas Eldredge were Methodists when they came to town and began the making of cloth. Silas, however, was not a church member; his wife was and her sister, Mrs.



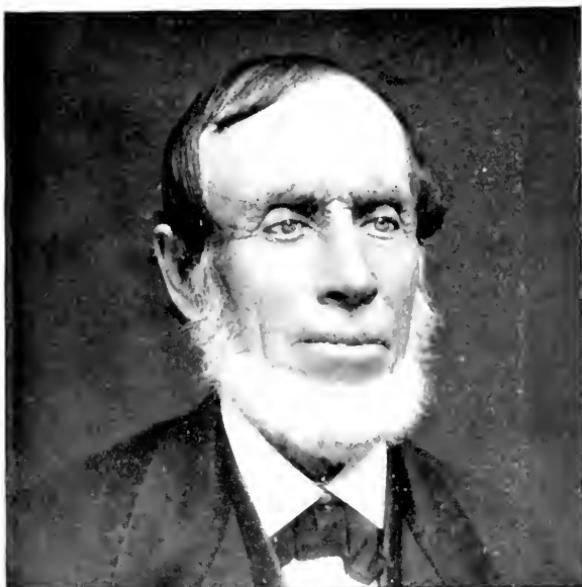
SARAH (BARNES) ALLEN,
Born in Spencer. Died in Spencer, January 13, 1875, aged 71.

Henshaw, also Mrs. N. Eldredge. For a time Sunday services were held in a tent at some convenient point near or in the village. It was told me, long since—so long I can give no particulars—that on a certain Sunday the meeting was disturbed by the unseemly and irreverent conduct of some young men, scions of good families of the town. To their surprise Mr. Henshaw secured for them on Monday public censure in a Justice's Court, thereby insuring enhanced respect for Methodist meetings in Spencer.

Opposition appeared in other and more serious ways or, probably, there had been no occasion for such vigorous action by

Mr. Henshaw. The Congregationalist minister stoutly objected to the new religious movement, declined to give letters to those of his flock who wished to unite with the Methodists and had a polemical tilt with one of their clergy.

In the fall of '49 a generous revival brought blessing to the Church. On the first Sunday of October, that year, there was no service at the Baptist Church in North Spencer. So a wagon-load from Dea. Cole's went to worship with the Methodists. William M. Mann was the preacher. He was an evangelistic



MARTIN HERSEY.

Born in Spencer, August 5, 1811. Died in same town, November 13, 1880, aged 60 years,
3 months, 8 days.

force; the support assured him in his efforts was fervent and strong. In the afternoon, after the sermon, penitents were warmly invited to the front seats. I shared a pew in the N. W. corner of the house. Soberly I watched the filling of two pews, then two more and as the third line across the center of the house was forming I pushed by my father and "sat with the mourners." In the evening I walked from home to the meeting and again sought a place with the penitents; this I continued to do. I was pushed by eager desire to be with that Christian band. I was not of them; I was a sinner. I was utterly weary of being one. Tuesday night of the second week my "load of sin" was

taken way and I was inwardly assured that I belonged to the people of God. It may be worthy of mention that Martin Hersey, a most earnest disciple, was within the altar when this inward change came; pointing to me he cried: "There, the Lord has blessed that soul, I see it in his face!"

Those were great days in the history of Methodism in Spencer. Strong men and women were then active. The meetings had an evangelistic force and value which, unfortunately, has not been fully retained. There was a variety of character and ability. Quiet men and women were flanked by those who shouted lustily. The song service was vigorously led by Martin Hersey. His great, vibrant tones I hear across the years. Many heartily sang with him. Hymns of invitation rang out; mightily, exultantly, they sang over the young convert:

"My God is reconciled,
His pard'ning voice I hear;
He owns me for his child,
I can no longer fear
With confidence I now draw nigh
And Father, Abba, Father, cry."

Prayer, prevailing prayer, was then and there. Men and women prayed and were heard. Testimony and exhortation were quick and powerful. Many were active and forceful. I see again the full ranks. Hall, Henshaw, Hersey, Eldridge, Allen, Snow, Stow, Tucker, Kittridge, Mullett, Lamb, Stearns, Shaw, Boice, Dickerman, Delvey, Clark, Holmes, these and other names of strong families, men and women aglow with the love of God and man and longing to help in the great work of making disciples for their Lord.

Brother Stow, a quiet man, was superintendent of the Sunday school. His low, steady tones in prayer abide in memory and will abide. While he prayed at the opening of the session that October Sabbath this roguish boy was sobered for all time.

Lewis W. Snow, another low voiced man, had then and for very many years later a Sunday noon class meeting in the small vestry. How quietly his invitations to attend were given. In like stillness of speech, yet not without a genuine glow, he led his class. His calm, yet earnest words to the young convert were full of Christian cheer and helpfulness.

The lusty shouting of the louder voiced men and women were not less valuable. The gentle tone of Sister Sarah Allen was only the fair complement of Brother Pliny Allen's stentorian voicing of what stirred in his great nature. I recall him as kneeling humbly in his mill pond as he received Christian baptism, his pastor plunging him forward under the sunlit water, his heart, his home, his all an offering to God. I am showing that for the

men and women of that time I had a great love. They gave me abundant reason. Gladly would I place here some tribute for each. I may not do that, their record is on high. Hardly any are left of the workers or of the converts that had place in that revival.

I must speak of Edward Hall. He showed no little kindness. Often he took me to his home that I might share the Sunday night meeting without the journey home and back in the afternoon. His hand-grasp was a benediction, his counsel



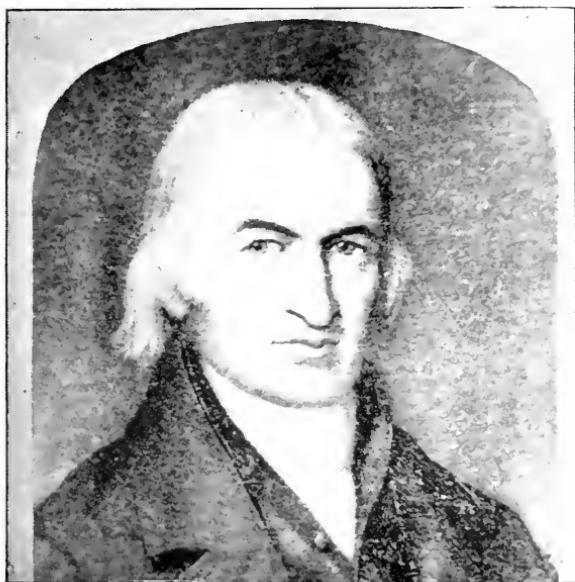
LEWIS WILLARD SNOW,

Farmer and ox muzzle manufacturer. Born in Spencer, Sept. 6, 1815; died in Spencer, August 28, 1891.

wise, his Christian fellowship delightful. Not very long after I thus knew him he was blown from his powder mill and was picked up a mangled, broken man, without murmuring and with a sublime peace, after a few hours of agony in body, he went to his Lord and Master no more to know shock or pain. I still hold my early estimate of Spencer Methodists. I found among them a loving sympathy, a reverent, ardent piety, a love of holiness, a great heartiness in song and prayer and a forceful evangelism. The memory of the people and of their characteristics and work has been and is a blessing. I wish the high strain had ever been maintained.

I recall the time when the first "Social Levee" was held.

Desire for larger revenue led to such action. Many objected, saying it was perilous to venture thus. Possibly these were none too ready to give willingly of their substance and their apprehension may have been more of a possible levity in the assembly than of the commercialism thus to be brought into the activities of the church. However the new idea prevailed. An evening was given to the delight of buying various things in thinly disguised lotteries and then tickets to a bountiful supper. After supper there was a tilt of witty stories by the pastor and a



REV. EBENEZER T. NEWELL.
From a painting by W. O. Bemis.

guest, the Rev. N. E. Colbeigh, then preaching in Worcester, after editor of Zion's Herald.

It will not be too much to record here that all this brought no increase of spiritual power to the Church, however it may have bettered its financial status.

I may name one more of the good men of the early days of the Church. Lucius Lamb, crippled in body, but not in soul. After the death of Edward Hall I often shared the Sunday afternoon hospitality of his home. With eager expectancy he ever went to the house of God and never was "sent empty away." That which made him a cripple among men blessed him by bringing him early to the land of immortality. His memory is

precious. Father E. F. Newell had a home in Spencer with Mr. Dwight Prouty. He was one of the pioneers of Methodism in New England. I knew him only in age. Voice and vision had failed. Yet he loved to preach even then. Many times I led him, arm in arm, to Church, to the pulpit. In whispers he would tell again the story of love divine. A sacred charm attended his ministrations and he was revered and beloved by all. A choice place in Pine Grove cemetery was prepared for his burial by the citizens of Spencer. When he was told thereof he was pleased and thankful, but said that if death came when on one of his journeys he wished burial where he fell. He journeyed much though dependent on the kindness of the strong, who could see and show him the way and died on a trip to South Carolina. A patriarchal, evangelistic, beloved man.

Father Newell was born in Brookfield, Mass., Sept. 1, 1775, and died in Johnsonville, S. C., where his son lived, March 8th, 1867, at the age of 93 years, 6 months and 8 days. He was converted January 19th, 1800, and united with the church at St. Stephens, N. B., on June 29th of the same year. He was licensed to preach on March 23rd, 1806, at Loudon, N. H. Bishop Asbury ordained him Deacon on June 17th, 1809, at Monmouth, Me. He was ordained Elder on June 25th, 1811, by Bishop McKendree at Barnard, Vt. He began to preach on the Pembroke Circuit, N. H., from the date of his license. He was married to Fanny Butterfield at Sidney, Me., October 21st, 1810. He preached in Maine, N. H., and Vermont. His second marriage occurred at Brookfield, Mass., on Feb. 11, 1826, Mrs. Polly Blanchard being the bride. In 1831 he was transferred from the Maine Conference to the New England. From 1842 to 1847 he labored in the vicinity of Brookfield. He visited South Carolina in 1847, 1856 and 1866, and attempted to found a freedmen's school. He was pre-eminently good, genial, quiet and a blessing to his parishioners. Many of his latter days were spent in Spencer with members of the M. E. church who lovingly cared for him and who hardly knew him by any other name than Father Newell.

I once heard at Spencer, Phineas Crandall, Presiding Elder, a man of much vigor and of note in the Church as an anti-slavery agitator. Also a bit later, Jonathan D. Bridge in the same office and a fiery advocate of the slave and a great preacher. Later still, Jefferson Hascall. I remember my old schoolmaster, Willard Rice, as saying with playful allusion to the swarthy face and the name of this Presiding Elder, "I always hear that Black Rascal preach when he comes to town." His preaching was always in heroic mold. But I must find an end of later things. I will mention one bit of the life-story of William Henshaw. A day came when because of suretyship of others he

was in serious straits. I heard him say that inasmuch as he had not a dollar to pay for preaching he could not join his brethren in asking a preacher for the coming year. Later while serving the town as tax collector he was seriously ill. I helped him complete the task of collection. His painful malady increased, the end was judged to be near. One night all thought it immediate. He bade his family farewell. Mr. James Capen, soon after his son-in-law, was called in. Then thinking of the Church he loved so well, he sent for me and gave me instruction



WILLIAM HENSHAW,

Cafe by Currier.

Cotton cloth manufacturer and maker of hay cutting machines. Born at Auburn, Mass., March 3, 1808. Died in Spencer, February 8, 1876. Served the town as selectman, assessor, treasurer and representative to the General Court

concerning certain matters. As the closing seemed so near I was bidden to wait with the rest. After a few minutes, no change appearing, his wife with a sudden, swift impulse went to him and said: "William, you can't die just when you've a mind to, you must wait till the Lord calls you." This was done with an indescribable beauty and force. The sick man felt a fresh thrill of life and at once began to mend. Full recovery

followed. Business was renewed with large success and the Church shared more largely than ever his benefactions.

Mrs. Mary Allen, widely known as Aunt Mary, was long recognized as a worthy, helpful, yes saintly member, of the Church. She was indeed an exemplar of Methodist life. In many ways she was a tried woman. Her domestic experience was blessed generally as trials are made beneficent, by the unseen. Year after year she served as a seamstress; near-sighted in early days she was later able to do the finest needlework without the aid of glasses. Her piety was ever present. Light radiated from her as aroma from flowers. Sometimes she



JANE HENSHAW.
(Photo by Currier)
Wife of William Henshaw. Born at Hudson, N. Y., May 24, 1816, Died in Spencer,
March 22, 1892.

sewed in her humble calling at the home of Washington Hill. Once in making a suit for Mr. Hill, a happy conceit led her to embroider on the lining of the vest, neatly, these suggestive words: "Wash Hill, serve God." Thus she sought at once to reprove and to lead her patron to better things. At least he was not offended. The suit was duly worn, and the result of her effort to show the way of the Lord is sealed unto the Great Day.

Later she had a pleasant experience with Mr. Hill's son,

the Hon. Luther Hill. Aunt Mary had been authorized to solicit money for the Church to make up a deficit in the finances of the year. With this errand she called on Mr. Hill. To her solicitation the gentleman responded by saying, "I don't go to Church; I don't know what I should pay money for. What good would it do me?" "Well," said the ready woman, "I should pray for you; perhaps that would do you some good." "Perhaps so," said Mr. Hill and gave her a ten dollar note. It was most thankfully received. Later this generous giver to a church whose services he did not attend except once a year, according to his then custom, met Mary in the street and asked if



MRS. MARY (BARNES) ALLEN.

Born in Spencer in 1813. Died in Spencer Jan. 27, 1868, aged 84 yrs. 10 m. 18 dys. This picture was taken from a group photograph of picknickers at Moose pond under auspices of the Kings Daughters circle of the M. E. Church. Aunt Mary was a guest of honor. This is thought to be the only portrait extant. She is looking downward as was her custom most of the time.

she had secured all the money she wanted. "No," was the swift response.

"Well," said he, taking out his wallet and tendering her another note, "I guess I'll take ten dollars worth more of your prayers."

To many her memory is precious.

Mrs. Olive Prouty is also remembered as a strong character,

In early life she was a Methodist of much worth in Worcester. Having become the wife of Joseph Prouty, she came to Spencer with him when, before the Civil War, he retired from business in the city. While he lived and afterward Mrs. Prouty was a diligent and faithful worker in the Church. Of generous and commanding form, tall and well made, she was also original in modes of thought and expression. Her experience in divine things was deep and rich; these endowments made her presence and testimony most welcome and of unusual value in the social assemblies of the Church. In her later years Mrs. Prouty was oft an



OLIVE (TATMAN) PROUTY,
Born in Worcester, June 24, 1816. Died in Spencer, October 1, 1896.

honored guest for many days at a time in the homes of various members of the Church, where she was prized for her gracious and wise speech, for reminiscences of a busy Christian life and for the genial ripeness age brings to the devout and saintly.

One incident related by her is worthy of record here. Sometime after the death of Mr. Prouty she served a certain prosperous farmer of Charlton as housekeeper. One day when seated at the table with a number of guests the farmer sought to

be facetious in the interest of his friends and at her expense by requesting her to ask a blessing. Such tribute to her piety brought no ruffling of nature nor confusion of thought. Surely divining his unworthy spirit and purposes she reverently invoked the blessing of God with fitting words, then added in unchanged bearing the petition: "O Lord give the head of this household wisdom, courage and grace hereafter to ask his own blessings!" The recoil was unexpected. The lesson thus given was so received that no repetition of such facetiousness occurred. The memory of this true, fearless, forceful disciple is one of the treasures of this Church.

The Old Elm in Front of Jenks' Tavern,

Twenty-two feet in circumference, said to have been set out by Sloan a negro slave, probably about 1760. The heart of the tree near its base died in its old age about 1888 and became honeycombed from the depredations of ants. It was then dug out with an opening on the side toward the hotel large enough for a man to pass through and a room formed within large enough for six or eight men to stand comfortably. This was a favorite hiding place for boys playing hide and seek and a retreat for them on rainy days. At one time Luther Hill brought from the West a prairie wolf. He was fastened to the tree by a chain and the inside used as a den. This arrangement worked well for a while but one morning the coyote was found dead, poisoned, it was supposed, by a boarder at the hotel who was disturbed by its nocturnal howling. The elm was so nearly destroyed by the fire that burned the hotel, September 20, 1870, that it was afterward cut down.

James Draper mentions as worthy of note the case of Maj. Isaac Lamb as being the father of twenty-one children. The case of Clark Hill is still more remarkable as he not only was the father of as many children but they were all by one wife, whereas Maj. Lamb was twice married and had about an equal number of children by each wife. Clark Hill was a teamster and a poor man and lived in a very small house in what is now mowing land east of the road leading down the hill going to the farm of Erastus J. Starr. There are those living who remember seeing in the cellar of the house straw bunks on which some of the children slept. As the location was high and dry this unusual practice did not, so far as known, prove to be injurious to their health.

RECOLLECTIONS OF THE BAPTIST CHURCH IN NORTH SPENCER

BY REV. OTIS COLE.

Early in the past century in the northeast corner of the town a sturdy citizen, known as Jonathan Cunningham, kept an old time stage tavern. As there was expectancy of village growth and prestige the Baptists of the vicinity built a meeting house on the hill just a little eastward from the tavern. Mr. Cunningham being familiarly called "Jock," the locality was long known as "Jocktown."

Certain changes in the lines of travel gave the slight village growth of the northern part of Spencer to a point called "Bumskit," one mile from the meeting house. Here was the Jonas Wilson tavern, Captain Isaac Prouty's first boot shop and a small cluster of dwellings. In its turn this point found rejection and decay. The stages to towns more westerly were transferred to a new road outside the town limits, the tavern was closed and later the boot business was taken to the center of the town where modern facilities could be commanded. Thus both Jocktown and Bumskit were left with only rural environment and possibilities.

In time, the ancient meeting house having none to assemble within its sacred walls, was itself left desolate and finally became the property of Mr. Daniel Green and later Mr. John Norton, a citizen owning the J. Cunningham farm. He utilized the venerable building for the storage of farm products. This was not an unworthy closing of a noble history. The descendants of former worshippers at this shrine need not murmur at this service as ignoble. The labor of those who till the soil is honorable. "The king himself is served by the field."

Surely a history of the town should have some fair and ample remembrance and record of the Church once vigorous within the town limits, albeit much of the Christian life thus centered and active came from homes in other townships. The meeting house was barely within the Spencer line. Many Paxton homes sent of their oldtime fulness to its stated worship under Baptist forms and usages. Leicester and Rutland

sent devout men and women from within their borders. There was no Baptist church in either of these neighboring towns. Spencer had no other of that order. Hence Baptists came from all directions to this place of meeting and worship.

This rural church was favored in some degree also by the ancient parish-tax laws. I remember the time when if a citizen could show that he paid for the support of the gospel at this far away Baptist church he would be released from the parish tax at the center of the town. So some strong families in each of the above named towns helped the finances of this country church by moderate payments and thus eased their annual burdens, although not very regular in attendance at the altars blessed by their contributions of current money.

This house of worship that crowned the hilltop was in plain accord with early New England church architecture. It was simply a square pine box. The spire generally rising from such structures was wanting in this instance. But the building was stoutly timbered and never yielded to the fury of the winds annually sweeping its unsheltered site.

Two broad doors summed themselves at the south front. Two rows of square windows on the eastward side caught and admitted without hindrance the morning light and their fellows on the western side blazed as the day waned and the setting sun glowed before its vanishing beyond the Oakham hills.

The churchyard had a rough enclosing wall on three sides, the front being open to the highway. There were no sheds for horses. A row of sturdy posts for the tieing of such family servants was along the enclosing stone fence. At the bases of these posts, valleys were hollowed out by the stamping of tethered horses impatiently waiting the pleasure of those they had safely drawn in wagon or chaise to the place of worship on the Lord's day. During two long preaching services, *plus* the noon hour for Sunday school, they were left to gnaw *post meat*. In winter few of these faithful servants had adequate blanket protection against wind and cold. The society founded by Henri Bergh to secure proper reverence and care of domestic animals, even after its formation, had no representative worshipping at this wayside altar.

But then the people within the hallowed walls were none too warm. The driving blasts often made the loose shutters shiver and shake. The cold came boldly in through many a crevice and more than balanced the oft failing fire. In the vestibule across the front, separated from the auditorium by a close partition broken only by two narrow entrance doors and two circular openings for the smoke pipes, were two box stoves for wood fires. The long, black smoke carriers passed through the audience room to a chimney at the north end of the house. These pipes were

at times, indeed, superheated and all too often creosote from them served as "droppings of the sanctuary." While heat might be overhead, cold was ever regnant at one's feet and generally throughout the closely boxed pews with their safely button-fas-tened doors.

When the morning service ended, what a rush would follow stove-ward! The first comers would fill the hungry iron boxes afresh and then amid an unusually pleasant strife of tongues there would be brave effort to secure a fair division of proximity to the glowing fires. Alas, the coveted space where heat radiated genially, was far too smal and the strong would generously yield vantage to the weak.

I clearly recall one foot stove brought by the mother of Jotham Randall, long the prosperous farmer on the half-tenant Bemis place, a half mile south on the road to the centre. The stately pile of ample buildings now called "The Owls" still stands a landmark of the elder days when great families of children called for generous housing.

Mother Randall used to fill her foot-comfort afresh from these noonday fires, so having glowing coals at her feet for the afternoon sermon. But the many would be, at close of services, as eager for a quick drive homeward as the shivering horses outside.

There was a high gallery on three sides of the auditorium. The pulpit, also high, was at the north end. Behind it hung a heavy red drapery. As a boy I wondered greatly what might be hidden by that immoved curtain! The minister opened a very narrow door from the eastern aisle, mounted by several steps to a leather-cushioned bench along the wall. When he rose to open the service he stepped upon a stool of as much height as breadth and not over long. Upon this small base he stood during the long and short prayers, the reading of hymns and lessons and the delivery of his sermon, unless, because of special stature like Saul the King, he could spurn the stool for the pulpit floor. Even then the space was scanty for much "bodily exercise."

On either side this pulpit, an awesome place to child-life in its day, was a low window. From my father's pew I could look through the one on my left to the hills, and often when the sermon failed to attract I took my fill of day dreams gazing at hill and sky. A fault in some of the panes of glass enabled me at a certain level to cut the crown of one hill from its broadening base and hold it in apparent mid-air. This gave a pleasing variety in vision and dream. In winter Jack Frost so thickly curtained this window that I was forced to forego such wandering of attention. Fortunately I very often found some new hat during the service that served my boy mind for stimulus and thought.

"Ye singing men and ye singing women" had the south gallery. As I recall the matter, the side galleries were seldom used for family sittings. They had long forms, instead of box pews as on the floor below. In these upper sittings might usually be seen certain lonely bachelors and some unwedded women of uncertain ages. Beside these were groups of young men and maidens, of boys and girls. Attention to other things than public worship was often in evidence. Rude, unmasked and non-pertinent, sometimes irreverent, carving of seats and desks evinced the active though undisciplined, Yankee mind. As some had executed such carving every vigorous lad ached to make his mark also. The deacons seated below could not and the minister, devoutly busy with his closely written sermon, was too seriously engrossed to keep a watchful eye on the gallery activities. Thus there was ample opportunity for the use of pocket knives as made these sittings all too generously and grotesquely illuminated and embellished.

To most of the active youth of both sexes these gallery seats were, for various reasons, at a premium. On the other hand devout and thoughtful parents ruled generally that their children should be with them in the family pews. There, between father and mother, youthful invention and wandering could be checked by a spray of "meet'n seed," a rap from the knuckle, or the sharp dominance of the steady eye.

I recall a day when for some unremembered reason my parents were detained at home and the three elder children were duly sent to meeting with clear admonition to sit in the pew and keep in reverent order as is fitting in public worship on the Sabbath day. These orders were respected in the morning. At the noon hour temptation overcame the spirit of obedience, none too firmly seated in either. In the afternoon the pew was empty and three elated and giddy children swelled the usual gallery groups.

Returning we were duly questioned. "Yes, we sat in the pew, we remembered the text morning and afternoon, we had been obedient and good," I was bold to affirm. My sisters spake not to the contrary. Alas, we learned after dinner that it was easy for youthful giddiness to miscalculate. Just next door lived my uncle, the worthy and well remembered Dea. Amasa Hinds and his good wife, "Aunt Mary" to all the people of the vicinity. He came in and added materially to my report, placing us all under the ban of disobedience and the hasty boy under the more severe one of falsehood. Reproof and punishment followed both for ill behavior in the house of the Lord and deception, yes, lying, afterward. Nevertheless, such was my youthful, bad eagerness, I secretly exulted that I had once sat in that gallery!

The song-service at the old Meeting House was greatly varied in the years of its history. Sometimes there was a full choir with noble voices that live in memory still. There was a tenor more than fifty years ago most worthy of grateful mention. He was a bootmaker at Capt. Prouty's shop. His pure, full tones used to flood all the house with mellifluous sound. His name I have forgotten long. I know nothing of his career subsequent to his early departure from North Spencer. Possibly he continued to sing church music only as when my soul was ravished by the beauty of his song. Possibly he became an



SAMUEL BOYDEN,

(Copy by Currier)

Born in Spencer January 16, 1813; died in Spencer August 12, 1893.

operatic star; I know not. But I think I shall know that voice if it be heard in Heaven.

On some red letter days of my boyhood there was the presence at meeting of Dea. Barton and family of Holden. The family was ever welcome to honored place in the choir.

Dea. Barton sang bass with contagious vigor and evident delight. One daughter had a great soprano voice, pure and sweet. She was queenly in stature, bearing and song. To me

as I looked from my seat on the floor upon her in the high choir she was as an angel singing at the open door of Paradise. Worship at such times was real in my boy soul. I paid homage to the queenly woman, the rich song, the sunlit day, the house of God that glowed with celestial beauty there, plain and severe as it was, and in some quick, reverent apprehension I bowed all within me to God Himself, the Source and Giver of all.

Again I remember bleak and barren days when one cracked violin yielding to the uncertain handling of a man of enfeebled mind tortured the peaceful Sabbath air, while a woman unblessed with vocal sweetness strove for harmonious accord with the doubtful melody. Yet both these loved the Church and were worshipful in spirit. They valiantly served and, I trust, long since met approval and reward. Then, at a later day, there was an orchestra, two violins, a 'cello, double bass, flute, clarionet and reed organ, with a full choir of youthful voices. The song-service then was of high grade.

The study of church music was often the center of great interest to this people. Samuel Boyden gave years of faithful service in the direction of such study. He went to his reward years ago and gladly I pay here this tribute in his memory. He often called the choir together Sunday evening, for a "sing," as usually no other service was held. New music would be rehearsed and preparation made for better things in public service. To one at least, simply a listener, the memory of such occasions is precious. Hymn tunes and anthems enriched a dull, yet wakening soul as they were voiced in the old house in the long ago by a choir that has vanished from the earth.

There were singing schools in the years. Willard Lyon kept the first I remember. I shared his trial of voices, only to be told to be silent, as I failed to make musical sound. Later Mr. Boyden was singing master again and again. A choir leader from Rutland taught a school also, but for that, the parlor in the old tavern house hardby was utilized. William Sumner of Worcester, a master indeed, had the Meeting House full of learners for two successive winters.

Many pleasing memories cluster about these schools in which some things outside of musical study received much attention. Young life was there. Sighing swains and shy maidens bore themselves according to their kind everywhere. The "eyes looked love that spake again," even as the master sharply called to renewed effort for fitting musical expression. Then at dismissal, after the rich blending of tones in some familiar hymn, would be seen the bold, yet often hesitant advance to some blushing fair one with the old question, "May I see you

home?" and then the dual, tender movement homeward of the happy youth.

Whence came they? Why from the full homes about the country-side. Large families of children were the rule in all the neighborhood. From farm house and from the dwellings of bootmakers vigorous youth gathered at the Meeting House in those days of memory.

Ah, those days have fled. The love-making ceased long since with all the other interests and activities that once clustered at Jocktown. In the Meeting House neither the tremulous tones of age nor the ringing calls of youth are heard. Song and prayer rise no more in the peaceful Sabbath air from that far suncrowned hill.

In those old days strong men preached mightily the word of God. Many leading Baptist divines were heard from that high pulpit. They came often from Worcester; some as occasional preachers, others for stated and prolonged service. Weaker men came also at times. The common people are many. All in all the ministries of those years of ecclesiastical life and history were valuable, a benefaction to many families of a wide bit of Worcester county.

The names of some are recalled: Harrington, Cutler, Cady, Lintel, Thompson among pastors; Graves, Simmous, Barber, Brown, Smith, Stone, Jones and Tandy, among stated and occasional supplies. Most, if not all, of these have finished their work on earth.

Strong people gathered there to be ministered unto. The pews offered no slight challenge to the pulpit. Some as noble men and women as I have ever known used to sit quietly, reverently in those closed, highbacked pews, for the more part innocent of the comfort of upholstery. Eagerly they waited for the "strong meat" of doctrinal discussion and the fervor of application and appeal.

Piety sweetly bloomed and had excellent fruitage. Quiet, deep, pervasive piety.圣ly men and women, worshipped, served, sacrificed, had victory and later went home to Heaven and God leaving behind a hush, a fragrant memory and a blessed influence in home and Church.

Thus Father and Mother Lyon departed, especially Mother Lyon whom the Lord spared years after her husband passed on. She loved the Church, the meetings, her Bible and the people, one and all, though in age and feebleness she long made the weekly pilgrimage to God's house and kept so in touch with young life that all sought her presence and Christian word. In peace and ripe for translation, she was not, for God took her.

Mrs. Tyler Newton was another saint, also living near the Meeting House and ever present on Sundays at covenant meet-

ings, always devout, prayerful, humble, sweet and true. In the midst of usefulness she went from labor to reward. But here can be no adequate memorial of many. I can only mention such devout ones as Mrs. Dwight Walker, Mrs. Samuel Boyden, Miss Sally Duncan, Mrs. S. H. Cunningham and her sister, Miss Sally Bellows, Mrs. Horace Knight, my own mother, Father Warren, Horace Snow, Lucius Snow, Mrs. Bryant, two of that name, Mr. and Mrs. L. Monroe, all these and others too, whose names are written in Heaven, helped to the enrichment of church life and of the common life on every side.

So the years rolled by. Changes came, families were broken, attendance lessened, the support of a minister became more and more difficult, money for church necessities by subscription and common contribution came to be inadequate. Social assemblies, levees, suppers were planned and often made financially successful. Great loads of friends who had moved to business centers came to these gatherings bringing good cheer, hilarity, open purses and sometimes a wildness none too pleasing to those who loved the Church and sought to bless and prolong its life amid manifold discouragement.

Another glance at the history must be before I turn away. In the years memory covers, some precious revivals of religion had place. The first I recall was early in the fifth decade of the nineteenth century, and during the ministry of Stephen Cutler. For months previous to his coming there had been no pastoral oversight, and so far as memory serves, no preaching. Yet the Meeting House was open on Sunday and week by week a company of the devout and prayerful met to read the Word together, to sing, to pray, and to cheer and stimulate their common faith and love by mutual, reverent speech. Sometimes the number was so small that all were grouped in one of the big, four-square corner pews. I dimly remember the things said and done. I hear across the sixty years hymns and chorus, impassioned prayer and burning testimony. I see again the awe-struck faces, the streaming eyes of those Godly ones of a day that is past. Their prayer was heard, divine blessing, divine leadership was assured and a revival followed as naturally as fruitage follows the passionate blossoming of an apple orchard. A lad only and full of wonder at phenomena beyond my ken, yet somehow sure the Lord was with that little unmoted company in an humble house of prayer on a hilltop alone, the blessing of it all has been a frequent inspiration in times of need.

Interest in these quiet Sabbath meetings for prayer grew. I do not recall any talk of effort to secure a minister. Doubtless such a matter was duly discussed. However that may have been, prayer for the help of God continued. Then, as I recall the past

Dr. Cutler very unexpectedly appeared. He was a physician. How he came to North Spencer I know not, but judge that he was "a man sent from God." He was unordained, I think, and without large experience as a preacher. His ministry proved deeply evangelistic. The work already in the hearts of the people broke forth in power. Many confessed desire and purpose to become the disciples of Jesus. The meetings were of exceeding interest. Crowds came, listened and their hearts were touched.

A day of baptisms came. Dr. Cutler had been ordained and was ready for the service. Northward from the Meeting House was a deep and broad pool in the Seven Mile River, where from the earliest days baptisms had been. The irreverent long before the time of which I write had named it "The Dipping Hole." This name took nothing from the sacredness of this day of reverent service and prayerful observance of the sacred ceremony. It was indeed a day to be remembered.

After the baptisms, in the second service, there was a line of candidates for the "right hand of fellowship" extending from the Communion Table down the aisle to the entrance door. One note of sadness was in that impressive hour. In the choir sat a man with shadowed face, who had that day received Christian baptism with the others and yet shrank from farther identification with the people of God. I think he continued to halt. I remember another day of baptismal service. Near the highway bridge a little below the residence of Mr. Dwight Walker I saw my father and mother baptised. I cannot say whether or not others joined them in this step. I ought to say, farther, that I think this work was as genuine and deep as any I have known, albeit the preparation for it was so largely the humble service of lay people who simply waited on God in prayer and supplication.

Another time of refreshing merits notice and record. It came in the fall of 1857. Came in advance of the country-wide movement that spread from the noonday prayer meeting instituted by Mr. Jeremiah Lanphier in the Fulton Street Church of New York, and made the winter of '57 and '58 remarkable in the history of the century.

A student had begun preaching at the old Meeting House. This student, Joseph Barber, was devout and earnest, though only a novice in the work of a minister. On a certain sunlit September day, not long after his coming to the Church, he visited my father. I was at home that season caring for the farm as a way to renewed health and frequently went with the rest of the house to Church as in my boyhood. After dinner Mr. Barber asked me to walk with him to the wood nearby. He

opened his heart and the afternoon was mostly given to united prayer among the trees. In the evening of that day there was a prayer meeting at the home of Josiah Lyon. There was no special interest of which any found occasion to speak. The young pastor alone was responsible for the appointment of this cottage meeting for prayer. Yet before it closed some of the young people openly set themselves unto the following of Christ. To most of the Church, even, such a meeting was as unexpected and startling as lightning and thunder from an unclouded sky.



DANIEL AMASA BALL,

Born in Spencer August 16, 1832; died in Spencer January 3, 1878.

The good work went forward from that night. Many were enrolled as converts and brought new vigor to the Church. Among these was Daniel A. Ball, who ripened into a noble Christian man of great value at the center of the town in later years. All too soon for his many friends the final ripening came and he went from town, Church and home to the Lord he sought so eagerly in the revival that marked the waning years of the ancient Church of his kindred and prolonged for a season its Godly work and influence.

Indeed, after this awakening and blessed increase of Christian life, the interior of the meeting house was remodelled

and the exterior painted, the galleries were taken out, the high pulpit ceased to be with its ancient drapery and the box pews gave place to more modern sittings. Seats for the choir were arranged at a moderate elevation opposite a new pulpit and a pleasing auditorium was the result.

A fitting dedicatory service followed this labor of love. But despite these material improvements and the general quickening and enrichment assured by the recent revival the drift of Protestant life to other and more central places continued and the Church suffered accordingly. The ancient homesteads in the vicinity passed, one by one, from the historic names. The Burnap, the Smith, Pond, Bellows, Ball, Bryant, Knight, Monroe, Lyon, Livermore, Cunningham, Hinds, Walker, Hubbard, Isaac Prouty, Newton, Boyden, Boice and Randall estates passed to people uninterested in the Baptist Church. The few remaining families were all too few to bear the burdens of public worship. Zadok Pike, Calvin Woodbury, son-in-law of Elisha Prouty and living at that farm, Jonas Wilson and my father were all I now recall as left at the old homes, who would generously share such burdens. At this writing C. Woodbury alone is left.

So the time came when meetings at the old house ceased to be. Not a few, near and far, felt the sadness of it all and for a while sat in shadow. The major part were already housed and interested in the places whither the common necessities of life had compelled removal. The history remains. Mostly it is and will be unwritten. It is not lost. The good work done helped the shaping of many lives of Christian service elsewhere. Multi-form influence for truth and righteousness, for godly sobriety and saintly living for many years radiated from this humble Church through all the adjacent neighborhoods. Many homes were made wholesome centers of life as its holy communion and fellowship were shared though the passing years. Prayer, sermon and song live on and will. Hallowed memories abide.

The organic life of the early Baptist Church of Spencer after an interim of some years was renewed at the center of the town in a nobler edifice. There reverent memory of the earlier Baptist service and faithfulness will, in measure, be preserved by custody of the Church register and the record of the olden days.

The venerable house of the fathers has been torn down, carried away and used for other purposes. The stream of travel past the deserted and desolate place where once the Church stood is less rather than more. The neighboring homes have been decimated by fire. A lonely feeling oppresses one who visits the hallowed spot with quick remembrance of the days gone forever by. Yet such visitor may find, by lingering a little, the heart within warmed as though watchers on high still keep guard of a holy place.

SCHOOL DISCIPLINE SEVENTY YEARS AGO

It was once thought that only a man could adequately fill all the requirements of a teacher of our district schools and the reason, largely, was that there were headstrong and undisciplined young men in almost every district who attended these schools, especially during the winter term, and so only a teacher of greater physical strength could maintain order in a schoolroom with several such characters under his charge. Moral suasion in those days was hardly thought comparable in value with physical force. The disobedient were not so much to be labored with in words as belabored with the rod, and the community generally believed this to be the correct doctrine. But there are two cases in point which illustrate the fact that even male teachers did not always succeed in securing obedience to their commands and it is quite probable they were more to blame than their pupils, by assuming a belligerent attitude when occasion did not require it, thus offering virtually a challenge to a test of physical strength. In the early days in District No. 2, among the scholars was one Maurice Livermore, a well built and vigorous young man. One day the teacher commanded him to do some service which to him was very distasteful. He refused compliance, whereupon the teacher advanced and gave him a terrific blow on the head with a ruler. Young Livermore at once grappled with the teacher, bore him to the floor, took the ruler away, but otherwise it does not appear that he punished him. He then marched out of school with the ruler in hand. In about half an hour he again appeared at the schoolroom door with a long black all-leather whip, stood it up carefully in a corner and took his seat. By this action he intended to give the teacher warning as to what was in store for him did he make any more attempts to discipline him without reason, and the warning was heeded. That night the whip was taken home and the affair ended. But it is said the small boys and girls were as much afraid of the sight of that whip as they would have been at the sight of a black snake.

Another case happened in what for many years was known as the powder mill district and occurred in the old shingled school-

house, by far the oldest in town, owned by the Abner Smith estate and used for storage. The sides of this schoolhouse were made of two-inch oak plank, but no one had an idea of the great weight of the structure until Mr. Smith attempted to move it to its present location from the old schoolhouse lot. He got it properly loaded and the number of yoke of oxen thought to be sufficient for the haul, but they only succeeded the first day in moving it a few feet. The next day with double the number of oxen, not much more satisfactory results were secured. This method of moving was then abandoned and the services of Dean of North Brookfield, a famous building mover, secured, and the house was placed in its present position by more modern methods. This old schoolhouse was built prior to the year 1800; how long before no one knows. Perhaps the town records might disclose the date. In its early history some boy, with better purpose than usual in the use of the jack-knife in those old time schoolrooms, carved on its woodwork the number of scholars attending school at one of the terms in 1801. I think the number was forty-eight and his handiwork still may be seen. This old building ought to be purchased, relocated on the Agricultural grounds, put in order and kept as a memento of the past. In the powder mill district at the time the events about to be narrated took place, lived a man by the name of Nathaniel Green. He had three sons, all large, well-built, muscular specimens of humanity, good-hearted after their way, blunt spoken, often profane in speech, greatly determined to carry out their own ideas, always ready for a fracas whenever provocation appeared and quite often just as willing to have one without provocation. As they grew up to young manhood they attended the winter school, as was the custom of young men at that time, not so much in their ease to obtain information from books as to have what they termed a "high old time" and they usually had it. They were not overcareful to obey the rules of the school, took pleasure in annoying the teacher, and the word "hectors" might be applied to them in all the strength of its meaning. One winter day the "big" boys, as they with others were called, were busy sliding during the noon hour and were not disposed to come in at one o'clock, the usual time for commencing the afternoon session. The small children were all in and seated and the male teacher stood in the door way calling to the older scholars outside. They slowly and reluctantly obeyed and as one by one they passed the teacher he placed one hand on the back of each head and rather forcibly and roughly pushed them along. This was a kind of punishment naturally to be resented even by ordinarily well-behaved young men, but was of a kind to make the blood of the Green boys boil with indignation. Nathaniel Green Jr., before he reached the door, saw how those fared who had pre-

ceded him and what was in store for him, and quickly planned a change of exercise for the teacher. As his turn came to step in, he suddenly grabbed one of the teacher's legs and holding it up from the floor danced him along into the house. The position of the teacher was one of the most helpless imaginable. Soon some one cried, "Put him in the fireplace!" The big boys needed no second invitation and as many as could, got a chance to aid in putting the helpless teacher into a place he was loth to go. The fire was so largely out that he was not much burned but his clothing was badly soiled, his hands and face more or less scratched and blackened beyond recognition. He was then let alone. Lame and chagrined he made his way to Squire Daniel Capen's house, the next building east of the schoolhouse, later owned by Abner Smith. Here he washed, arranged his toilet, told his story to Mr. Capen and asked his advice about continuing to teach the school. Mr. Capen, quick to sense what might follow an attempt to do this, advised the young man not to make the trial. He accepted the advice and his labors in that district came to an end.

An Early Saw Mill.

Joel Howe of this town and Tilly Bemis of East Brookfield, cousins, now living, both of whom are over eighty years of age, when small boys visiting relatives at the Samuel Bemis farm, took a row boat and paddled up the Seven Mile river until they reached a sharp bend in the stream toward the East. It was near this locality that they saw in the bed of the river the foundation timbers of a building which they were told were those of an old saw mill, presumably built by Samuel Bemis. As there is but little fall in the stream at this point the mill must have been run by the current of the river carrying an undershot wheel.

Cider Mill Pond.

Joshua Bemis, now living, upwards of eighty years of age, remembers when a small boy going into a cider mill located near the dam of this pond, and the same was reached by a cart path from what is now Main Street. It is not known who was the owner of the mill but no doubt the pond derived its name from that source.

CHARLES EDWIN DENNY

BY JOSEPH W. TEMPLE.

Charles Edwin Denny was born in Leicester, Oct. 26, 1815 and died in Spenceer, June 1, 1856. May 19, 1840 he married Sarah B., daughter of Dr. Jonas and Persis Guilford of Spenceer.

He came to Spenceer when quite a young man and apprenticed himself to Josiah Green, pioneer boot manufacturer, to "learn the trade," as it was termed in those days. He early showed business tact and ability, and gaining the confidence of his employer,



CHARLES EDWIN DENNY.

soon became his confidential clerk and was entrusted with the books, accounts and details of the business.

Six months before his apprenticeship expired and just after the "hard times" of 1837 had spent its fury, he formed a partnership with John White, to manufacture boots, Mr. White to manage the business until he, Mr. Denny, should close his

term of service, but Mr. Green, feeling that this relation to him and his business would be detrimental, gave him his freedom from further service. Mr. Denny then entered upon his first venture as a manufacturer under the firm name of White & Denny, in 1838.

Mr. White acted as salesman for the product of their goods and his method of disposal was largely one of exchange, or barter as it was termed, which proved very unsatisfactory to Mr. Denny, so much so, in fact, that this partnership was of short duration. He dissolved with Mr. White and in 1839 formed a new connection with Lewis Bemis as Denny & Bemis and for about four years they manufactured their goods in the west end of what was known as the Bemis tavern, on the site now occupied by the Baptist Church and the school building which contained the Denny Hall. After the marriage of Mr. Denny, he began "keeping house" in the west tenement of the house of Hon. James Draper, on the spot now occupied by the residence of Mr. F. E. Dunton and in 1844 purchased a lot of Col. Alonzo Temple and built himself a residence which is the same, known now as the Guilford home on Main, corner of Linden Streets.

In 1846, or thereabout, he erected a building upon this lot a few rods east of the dwelling, 26 x 40, two stories high, which he used as a manufactory, conducting the business under his own name. Later, when this building was abandoned for a new factory, it was cut in halves and one-half forms a part of a dwelling on Cherry street and the other half a part of a dwelling on Maple Street. Requiring more room for an increasing business, he purchased land on Maple Street and erected a commodious four-story building, known now as the David Prouty factory, moving his works here in 1853. Since 1850, or possibly at an earlier date, Mr. Denny had become aware that he was the victim of that much dreaded disease—consumption—and felt that a partner in his business was imperative and in 1854 he associated with him Mr. John G. Prouty, son of the late Isaac Prouty, under the firm name of Charles E. Denny & Co.

Possessed, as he was, with a remarkable courage to battle with both business and disease, yet he soon became painfully aware the time was fast approaching when the former, even with the assistance of a business helper, was becoming irksome and in the fall of '55 he retired from the business and an active life. In the early winter following he joined a small party of gentlemen from Boston, for a trip to Florida, with the feeling that a change of climate might prove beneficial to his failing health and at the same time afford him a little social recreation. With headquarters at Palatka, they made occasional hunting excursions



THE SPENCER HIGH SCHOOL BUILDING

Erected in 1857 on the site of the present David Prouty High School, with Denny Hall on second floor; later removed to opposite side of Main street and now known as the Denny Hall graded school.

sions and upon one of these Mr. Denny shot a fine specimen of a black bear, the pelt of which he exhibited to his friends at home with much pride. This trip, however, brought him no relief from his malady and he early returned to his home. At this time the town was erecting a new High School building, the progress of which he watched with much interest and before it was completed he donated to the town the sum of \$2000 with the desire that it be used in finishing the second story into a public hall. His wish was complied with and in appreciation of this generous gift, they gave it the name of "Denny Hall." June following this, he passed away.

He was quite an active member of the First Parish society and evinced more than ordinary interest in its welfare, was clerk and a member of the parish committee for several years and so arranged several items in his will that they came into possession of the sum of \$5000 and an "undivided fifth part of Union Block, so-called," also "my dwelling house and lot thereto belonging, next south of said Union Block," to be used for parochial and benevolent purposes, in said First Parish. He also left, by this will, the sum of \$500, to the M. E. Church to be used in the purchase of a parsonage.

At the present day, gifts, charitable or otherwise are bestowed in princely amounts, but fifty years ago, in the day of small things, that man who donated the sum of \$10,000, to town or worthy object, deserved the credit of a princely giver. His benefactions evinced a generous nature and kindly spirit, were thankfully received and will ever be held in grateful remembrance by his chosen beneficiaries.

His short business life was emphatically a successful one and if he could have enjoyed an ordinary degree of health and length of life, there was a fair prospect of his becoming one of Spencer's wealthy and generous citizens. He possessed qualities which inspire confidence and assure faithful service and his fellow citizens were pleased to honor him with the offices of Selectman and Town Clerk for several consecutive years.

Socially, he was a pleasant man to meet and it required no effort, on his part, to make such a meeting agreeable. He was a republican in polities, but not an agitator.

In 1745 the town had an article in the warrant to see what should be done in regard to "that pore child which Asher Rice brought into town and is now by the Selectmen's orders with Mrs. William Riekors." Voted that "the Selectmen take the most prudent care of the same they can."

THE SPENCER SHAKERS

From the Spencer Leader of September 8, 1900.

We present to our readers today, with suitable illustrations, the history of the Spencer Shakers, as compiled by Henry M. Tower of Spencer and which was read by the author at the meeting of the local branch of the Oraskaso historical society in David Prouty high school hall last Wednesday evening. The attendance at the meeting, like all previous meetings of this body, was not as large as the merits of the paper read deserved.

In the absence of Dr. E. W. Norwood, President of the society, Chas. N. Prouty presented the speaker. Dr. Norwood came in subsequently.

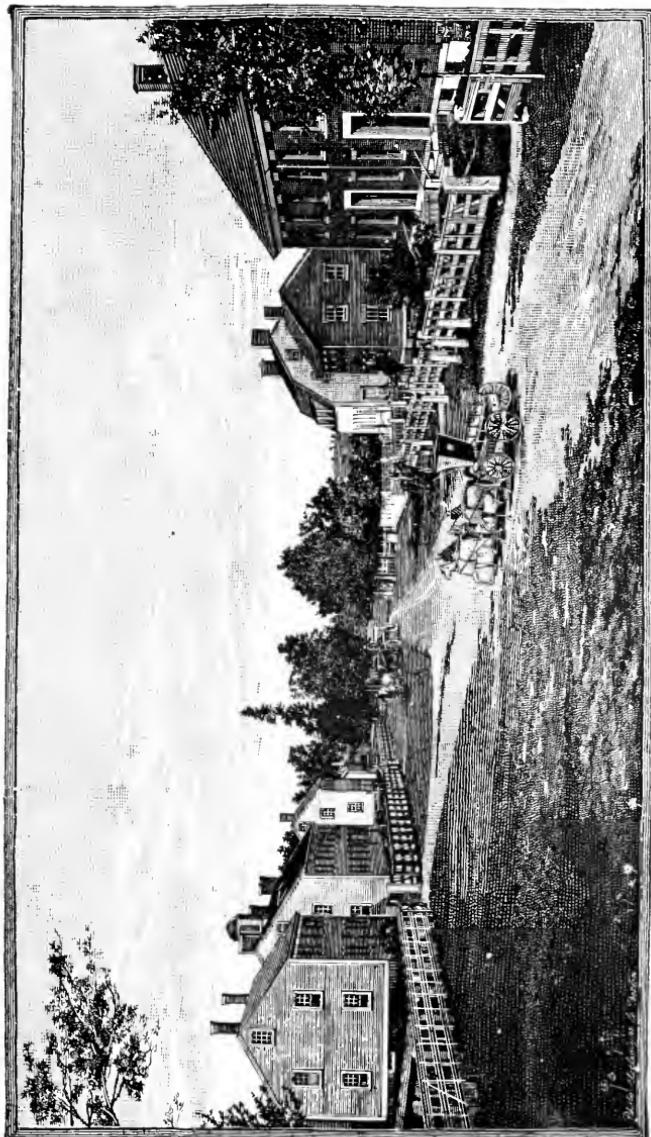
The pleasures of the occasion were augmented by the presence of Miss Olive Hatch Jr., a native of Spencer, who joined the Shaker settlement at Shirley when thirteen years of age, and who celebrated her ninety-second birthday anniversary on the day of the meeting. Miss Annie L. Walker, a Shakeress from Harvard, also was present and both ladies wore the quaint costumes of the Shakers. Mrs. Lucy C. Mathews of West Brookfield, who at one time was a member of the Shaker community, also was present.

At the close of the meeting Miss Hatch was made a life member of the Oraskaso society on motion of Miss Anne J. Ward, and those present had the pleasure of meeting and conversing with her.

Mr. Tower's Opening Remarks.

I have been asked several times how it happened that this subject was chosen for this evening's paper. In reply will say that it appears to be a case of predestination.

Since a boy I have been almost unconsciously acquiring information about the Spencer Shakers. I first learned about these persons through my mother. My grandfather, Levi Adams, between the years 1833 and 1836, was superintendent of the powder mills on the Seven Mile river and lived near the mills in a house now torn down. Near by was the Baxter place, now known as the Bemis Valley farm. Here Lydia Baxter, a Shakeress in some respects, lived two or three weeks each spring



SHAKER VILLAGE AT SHIRLEY, N.Y.

and fall and the balance of the year at Shirley. Mother was then a young girl, and Mrs. Baxter always sent for her as soon as she reached Spencer. She wanted her for company and related to her much of Shaker life and customs. Later Timothy N. Upham of Hillsdale, who had married mother's aunt, joined the Shakers, and afterwards came to father's house several times and stopped over night. I heard the Shaker questions discussed, and, although small, remember much that was said. Since then about once in five years this subject has been pointedly brought to my notice. When the Historical Society was organized, some two years ago, I agreed to present a paper giving what information I then had on the subject. In arranging to do this, I found much was lacking in order to make a complete history, and set about obtaining the required data. It has taken some time, but it seems to me nearly if not quite all the information that is of value has been secured, and all herewith presented as fact has been obtained either from authentic documents, living witnesses, personal information from those now dead or by personal observation.

The Shaker History.

In 1774, Ann Lee, a Shakeress, with seven others of like faith, came to America from England, in order to avoid the persecution which the preaching of their doctrines occasioned. Gladstone says these doctrines were, "virgin purity, non-resistance, peace, equality of inheritance, and unspottedness from the world." It might naturally be inferred that the teaching and practice of such doctrines would tend to produce a quiet, peaceable, and orderly people, and such was the case. The spirit of that age, however, was one of uncompromising hostility toward any phase of religious thought or practice, differing from the current teaching of the Established Church. No matter how exemplary the life or spotless the character, those qualities were not deemed so essential as it was to be strictly orthodox in what was then generally supposed to be the true faith; and so this little band of Shaker exiles sought in this country that religious freedom which was denied them in their own land. They did not find it. America in those days was not that paradise of religious toleration for which they had so fondly hoped. On several occasions not only were their lives in jeopardy because of their religion, but socially they were ostracized and branded as dangerous heretics by those who assumed both the wisdom and authority to dictate to everyone how they should think and act in religious matters. In 1777 they purchased land at Water-vliet, New York, and for "three and a half years lived in retirement, held their solemn meetings, and offered up their devotions

to God until the way was prepared for the commencement of their testimony to the world in the spring of 1780." Up to this time they had not obtained a single convert, but at the close of the year following they had added a thousand persons to their communion. From thence onward for fifty years they gradually increased in numbers, or until the time our interest in them especially commences, when they had established seventeen communities, one of these at Shirley, in this state, and with this community, so far as now known, all the Spencer people who ever became Shakers united.

In order to show the intolerance of the New England spirit toward the Shakers in the early days of their organization, the



OLIVE HATCH JR.

following quotations, excepting one extract from the history of Harvard, are taken from the history of Shirley, written by the Rev. Seth Chandler, an eminent Congregational clergyman. Mr. Chandler says: "Ann Lee first commenced preaching in this town in 1781, and later a community was organized.

Brutal Treatment of Elder Whittaker.

In 1782 Elder Whittaker was tied to the limb of a tree, when the mob scourged him with a whip until he felt that the skin was almost flayed from his back. He was black and blue from his shoulders to his waistband, and in many places his flesh

bruised to a jelly as though he had been beaten with a club, the blood from his wounds running down and filling his shoes. "I have been abused," said he, "but not for any wrong I have done," and his prayer was, "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do." Mr. Chandler adds: "The community has now existed over a century, always sustaining a respectable position in both the number and character of its supporters. With primitive Christians they repudiate war, slavery and every social vice. They abstain from immoral companions and associations, and have all things in common. From a long and intimate acquaintance with this peculiar people I have been led to regard them as a sincere and devoted band of Christian brethren who are seeking a better country, that is a heavenly."

Names of the Spencer Shakers.

The names of the persons from Spenceer who became Shakers were: Olive Hatch, her children, John, Mary and Olive; Asaph Prouty, his wife Martha and children, George and Abigail by his first wife Lucy Cutter, and Lorenzo D., Nathan C., and Lucy C. by his second wife, Martha Goodnow; Chloe Loring, Becca Prouty, her daughter Harriet A. and Timothy N. Upham—fifteen in all. Beside these Lydia Baxter and Nancy Gleason were deeply interested in the Shaker doctrine, but for reasons which will be given later did not join the order. Of the whole number of these persons, but two are now living, and these are our guests this evening, Lucy C. Mathews of West Brookfield, born in 1828, and the venerable Olive Hatch Jr., of Harvard, who with us celebrates today the ninety-second anniversary of her birth. Olive Hatch, senior, Chloe Loring, Nancy Gleason, Becca Prouty and Sally Bisco, mother of Foster Bisco, were sisters, daughters of Capt. John Draper, who lived on what is now the Spencer town farm, originally the Stevens Hatch place. It was here that the younger children of Capt. Draper were born and where his daughter Olive was living at the time of her marriage. The house is now torn down, but stood a short distance north of the present town farm barn. The youngest of the family was Eleazer Bradshaw Draper, who kept the Jenks tavern for a long time within the memory of many now living.

Their mother was Rebekah Muzzy, daughter of Deacon John Muzzy, who owned the farm now occupied by Tyler J. Putnam. Deacon Muzzy during his life time was one of the foremost men of the town of Spenceer, and thus it will be seen that this little coterie of sisters inherited their strength of mind and body from the very best of old New England ancestry. They were habitual students of the Bible, with the constant endeavor to ascertain their true personal relation toward God and

man, and a fixed purpose to follow any path where duty said go. They delighted to talk over religious topics and experiences, and became exceedingly well versed in the Scriptures and history of the Christian Church. Olive, being the oldest, and likewise a natural leader, was the first to become interested in that expression of religious belief now known as Shakerism. This was the result, on her part, of independent research, and in talking over her belief with others she was told that her doctrine was "that of the Shakers." "Well," she said, "if there is a body of Christians anywhere that believe as I do I want to make their acquaintance." Learning there was such a community at Shirley, she procured a team and with her small children, the youngest then only two years of age, and a friend, presumably Mrs. Baxter, commenced the journey. She received a cordial reception, and finding her ideas to be in accord with those of her en-

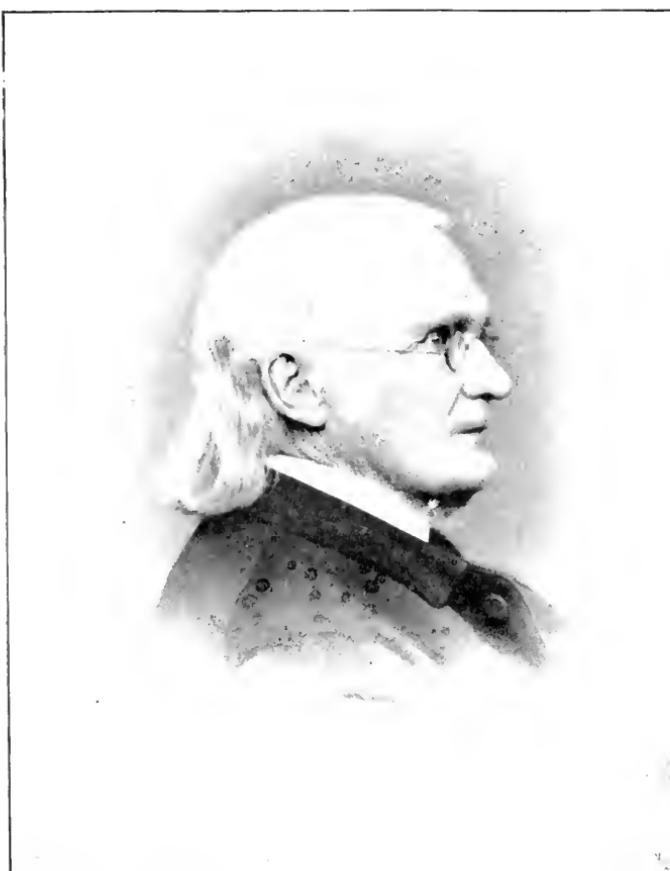


SHAKER SETTLEMENT AT HARVARD.

tertainers she decided then to make her future home with them as soon as she could arrange to do so, having due regard to all the obligations she owed to her husband and family. It was six years or more after this before she was enabled to carry out her cherished purpose which she did Oct. 1st, 1821, being at that time forty-seven years of age. It is probable that the first visit of Olive Hatch to Shirley occurred in the spring or summer of 1815, since in that year the Congregational Church was disturbed over the Shaker question, as will be seen by the following record made Aug. 27th, during the pastorate of Rev. Joseph Pope:

Shakerism Thought by Some to be a Dangerous Heresy.

"There being a report spread and generally believed, that two sisters of the church have embraced a dangerous heresy, and a number of the brethren having conversed with them, and they being confirmed in their belief that such heresy was embraced by them, it was thought expedient that the Church should inquire into the matter. Accordingly the Church tarried after divine



ELDER JOHN WHITELEY
of the Shaker Societies in Massachusetts, in which was laid the plot of the "Undiscovered Country," by W. D. H. wells.

service and appointed a church meeting next day at five o'clock p. m. and also appointed Dea. Wm. White, Dea. Reuben Underwood, Daniel Moulton, Wm. Sumner and Zebina Abbott to take the matter under advisement and report at said meeting. Brother Daniel Moulton was requested to give information to the sisters, and desire them to attend. The Church met according to agreement, but the sisters Lydia Baxter and Olive Hatch did not appear. The Church unanimously voted to eject them from their fellowship and communion, but not absolutely and finally so as to prevent their returning and being again received into the communion of the Church, provided they abandon those errors for which they are excluded, and give evidence of possessing a humble, penitent temper." Before this action was taken, Daniel Moulton and William Sumner called at the house of Olive Hatch to investigate the report in circulation that her views had changed from the standard orthodox faith. She received them kindly and proceeded to explain the principles of her belief. Although she spoke in great kindness, an intense spirit of animosity was aroused in the breast of Daniel Moulton. "What," he said, shaking his fist in her face, "do you suppose you are capable of expounding the word of God and thinking to know it better than your teachers?" She then asked him if this might not be possible, and quoted the following texts from the 119th Psalm: "I have more understanding than all my teachers, for thy testimonies are my meditation. Thy commandants make me wiser than mine enemies." He replied, "There are no such texts in the Scriptures." The Bible was then produced by Nancy Hatch, a daughter thirteen years of age, the texts found and the open book placed on the table by his side, but he refused to read, and in a passion went away. The spirit of this good woman remained undaunted, although she was deeply grieved at the stern rebuke and the stormy interview. For many days thereafter she was sorely tried in her feelings, until a time came in her experience when she heard what she believed to be a divine voice saying "I have come to thee. I will never leave thee nor forsake thee," and from this time on to the end of life her spirit was at peace.

Exalted Character of Olive Hatch, the Shaker.

It is said by those who knew her intimately: "Olive Hatch was a most exalted and refined person. No one could long remain in her presence without feeling a desire to live on the same plane of intellectual, moral and spiritual life that she did. In her spirit she never grew old, but was a most delightful companion for all, especially the young, who always wanted her to go with them wherever they went. She never was known to speak a cross

or an unkind word. She seemed more like what we suppose an angel to be than a person of flesh and blood."

The intervening time between 1815 and 1821 was occupied by Mrs. Hatch, beside her household duties, in getting ready and waiting to go to Shirley whenever the opportunity should come.

She was happily married, and would not leave her husband without his full consent, nor leave him with small children to care for. He did not entertain the same religious views as his wife, although perfectly willing to allow her the utmost liberty of choice. He was also unwilling to have the children educated as Shakers, and so Mrs. Hatch waited. After some years all difficulties disappeared. Mr. and Mrs. Hatch agreed to separate amicably, each entertaining feelings of the deepest respect for the other. The children, John and Mary, were to be brought up by Cheney Hatch, an older son, then residing in Leicester and afterwards president of Leicester bank. Mr. Hatch was to go to New York, seek a new wife and engage in business, which he did.

Olive Hatch then became free to unite with the people of her choice. After filling every position of trust or honor in the

Death of Olive Hatch Sr.

society to which she was eligible, and living a life of great usefulness, she died in peace, March 10, 1856, aged eighty-four.

"So fades a summer cloud away,
So sinks the gale when storms are o'er;
So gently shuts the eye of day,
So dies a wave along the shore."

She was a remarkably beautiful woman, rather tall, and well proportioned, and of commanding appearance. She became blind many years before her death. She had some money in her own right, which was intrusted to the care of her son Cheney, the accrued interest on which he brought to her in his semi-annual visits to Shirley.

Lydia Baxter, whose name was coupled with that of Olive Hatch on the church record already quoted, was a daughter of Isaac Jenks, proprietor of Jenks' tavern. She was born January 16, 1771, four years before her father came to Spencer, and married Ezekiel Baxter, December 5, 1790. They lived at what is now known as the Bemis Valley farm, the house having been erected by Mr. Baxter, who at that time was one of the most noted builders in Worcester county. James Draper, in his history of Spencer, calls him a "scientific carpenter." Olive Hatch Sr., prior to her removal to Shirley, lived in a large two-story red house located about twenty rods north of the present residence of Joseph Butler at the foot of Pleasant street, and near the large elm trees now standing. It was here that Dr. Benjamin Drury

formerly lived, in his day one of the most influential men in the town. It was also at this place that Daniel Moulton met a woman who was able to instruct him in the Scriptures. Olive Hatch was then the nearest neighbor of Lydia Baxter. They were of about the same age, and it is fair to assume, from what we know regarding Olive Hatch, that Lydia Baxter became interested in the Shaker doctrine through her instrumentality. Mrs. Baxter was with the Shakers intermittently for many years, and as late as 1836, but finally returned to Spencer and died here January 29, 1842, aged seventy-two. While she was away her husband kept house in the upstairs tenement, but she returned every spring and fall for house cleaning and other domestic duties. Ezekiel Baxter died July 6, 1836, aged seventy-two, from creeping paralysis. The building of his house had brought about financial embarrassment and he died a poor man. From a letter written from Shirley the following extract is taken: "Mrs. Baxter never joined the community, although she stayed some time, but there is no record of her coming or going. She was a very eccentric person, and had a religion peculiar to herself." Doubtless this was the reason why she could not be accepted as a member.

Daniel Moulton was a clothier by trade; dyed, sheared and pressed cloth, which in those days was woven by hand; purchased in 1793 the Joshua Draper farm, where John Ludden now lives, and lived there until his removal to North Brookfield, about 1830, where he died, but was buried in Spencer.

Wm. Sumner was an exemplary Christian gentleman, a farmer living in the second house west from the residence of his grandson, Chas. E. Sumner, on lower Main street. Died in 1839.

Olive Hatch Jr. joined the community at the age of thirteen and on the same date as her mother. Some years later, her services being needed at the Harvard society, seven miles distant, she united with them, where she now lives. She had been at Harvard only a short time when it was reported in Spencer that

Startling Story.

she had been forcibly taken from Shirley, and chained to a garret floor in the Harvard settlement. This startling story was duly credited, and Lucius Loring of Oakham, and Isaac Warner Prouty of Spencer, brother of Harriet A., their blood hot with indignation, set out by team for Harvard, each independently and without the knowledge of the other, to the rescue of this young woman of their acquaintance, even at the peril of their lives. They reached their destination in due time only to find the story unfounded, and the subject of their solicitude enjoying her liberty and happy in all her surroundings. It must be

bome in mind that at that time communication between towns long distances apart and not on regular routes of travel was often exceedingly slow; postal accommodations were very poor. No telephone, telegraph, electric or steam car service, and quick and correct information generally obtainable only by special messenger. Since those days Olive Hatch Jr. has filled every position of trust and honor in the Harvard society. She is said by those who know her to be in a high degree a worthy daughter and representative of her mother, whose mantle she has inherited. She is the last one from Spencer now remaining in the Shaker fold, and it is quite probable that as she recalls the past she can exclaim with Thomas Moore:

"When I remember all the friends so linked together,
I've seen around me fall like leaves in wintry weather,
I feel like one who treads alone some banquet hall deserted,
Whose lights are fled, whose garlands dead,
And all but me departed."

She has two cousins now living in Spencer, Joshua Bemis and Chloe (Bemis) Livermore. She attended school in the old original schoolhouse of the powder mill district, purchased many years since by Abner Smith and used by him as a storehouse. After Olive Hatch Sr. removed to Shirley, her children, John, aged five, and Mary, aged three, went, as had been agreed, to live with their brother Cheney, then twenty-six years of age. After some nine months trial of this plan, Cheney reached the conclusion that his mother not only was the natural guardian of the children, but much better qualified than he to care for them, and that they should be placed in her charge. This arrangement was effected. Elias Hatch, the father, then living in New York, hearing of this concluded he would take the children to his new home, and made arrangements to come for them. He suddenly died, however, on the very day he had planned to begin the journey. So the children remained with their mother, and united with the Shakers Oct. 26, 1822. John became a carpenter and was highly regarded in the community; but as he grew to manhood, coming to believe in the married life, he left the society in July, 1843, and a year later married Martha Davis, a young Shakeress.

They went to Reading to live where a son and daughter were born. After this Mr. Hatch traveled in the west, but later returned and settled at Vineland, N. J., where he lived until his death in 1877, aged sixty-one.

Mary married Joseph Mather. They settled in Michigan, and had one son. She died in 1878, aged sixty.

Asaph Prouty, wife and four children, were the next persons

to go to Shirley. They became members November 12, 1827. Asaph was the son of Nathan Prouty, a brother of the late Harvey Prouty, and cousin to Nathan H. and C. Porter Prouty, now living in Spencer, and was born March 5, 1793. September 5,

Asaph Prouty and Family Wend Their Way to Shirley.

1817, when twenty-four years of age, he married Lucy Cutter, daughter of Jedediah Cutter, who owned then what is known as the Lewis Hill place. The house standing at that time was built by Captain Benjamin Johnson in 1747. At the first town meeting in Spencer in 1753 Captain Johnson was chosen moderator, town clerk, treasurer, selectman and assessor. The old house was torn down some years ago and replaced by a new one. Two children were the result of this marriage—Abigail, born August 19, 1818, and George, born August 7, 1820. Lucy Prouty died February 20, 1823, aged twenty-six. She was buried in the old cemetery, and the following inscription is on the headstone :

"No more can death my soul surprise ;
My steady faith on God relies,
And all is peace of mind.
I see no more in things below
To tempt my stay; with joy I go
And leave them all behind "

Asaph next married Martha Goodnow, June 26, 1823. Three children were born to them—Lorenzo D., March 22, 1824; Nathan C., June 11, 1826; and Lucy C., in 1828. In 1818, the year after his first marriage, Asaph purchased of Cheney Potter, a physician then living in Spencer, the now abandoned farm this side the one at present owned by Julius F. Allen, on the town farm road, and here he lived until he left town in 1827. In 1829 he sold the farm and a detached wood lot to Spencer Prouty for a thousand dollars. He was both a farmer and boot maker, and the last year or two he lived here, a manufacturer, also, of woven wire goods. He used three hand looms for weaving. To operate these at that time was considered woman's work, while the men made from the finished product seives and other utensils for domestic use. At this time he took into partnership with him a man whose name is not now known, but whose part was to do the selling, while Mr. Prouty was to attend to the details of manufacturing. Mr. Prouty fulfilled his part of the contract and so presumably did the partner; but in addition the latter went away with Mr. Prouty's horse, wagon, and a large load of manufactured goods comprising a season's work, never came back and

never again was heard from. This discouraged Mr. Prouty. He had already borrowed four hundred dollars from Oliver Morse, a money lender of that day, and it seems probable that his partner got away with pretty much all this money value as represented in the goods, in addition to the labor value of the season's work.

Asaph Prouty a Devout Christian.

Mr. Prouty was a devout member of the Congregational church and a deeply religious man. He carried a Bible with him wherever he went, and read it when traveling, if convenient to do



LORENZO D. PROUTY

so. He often visited Chloe Loring and Becca Prouty for the purpose of talking over religious questions. In the summer of 1827 he visited friends in the northern part of Worcester county, and on his way home drove through Shirley. Here he became acquainted with the Shakers, held a long conversation with Olive Hatch, and decided then that as for him and his house they would cast in their lot with that people.

This action he took at once, as soon as he could get his affairs in shape to do so, and then with his family, livestock, farming utensils and household goods started on his overland journey. His daughter says, "He took everything but the farm," and said of himself that he journeyed like Abraham, looking not backwards. On January 30, 1828, at a meeting held by

the Congregational church, it was voted to "send a letter of admonition to Brother Asaph Prouty, who appears inclined to join the Shakers, and has moved his family near them for that purpose." Also voted that "the pastor of the church," Rev. Levi Packard "and the deacons be the committee to write the admonition letter." It appears from the dates that the church was not accurately posted in regard to Mr. Prouty's movements, for

Asaph Prouty Excommunicated from the Congregational Church.

he had united with the Shakers two months before a vote was taken to admonish him of his extreme danger. Later they ascertained the correct facts, and passed "a vote of excommunication upon Asaph Prouty, who has gone to the Shakers." The extract from the church record which says Mr. Prouty had moved near the Shakers for the purpose of joining them, will be better understood when it is known that the Shakers had at that time what they called a garden house on their farm of 2,500 acres, some distance away from their community dwellings, and that it was into this house that Mr. Prouty moved. It must also be borne in mind that Lucy C. was not then born, and it probably was deemed a more prudent course to permit in a general way the family life to run along uninterruptedly until after that event had taken place, which was in the spring following. Asaph Prouty continued thirty-four years with the people of his choice, a useful and respected member, and died May 4, 1861, aged sixty-eight. Soon after he left Spencer the venerable Anna Pope said, "Whether Asaph Prouty is right or not in all his religious views I am unable to say, but I am certain of one thing, and that is that he believes he is right, and is a very sincere and honest man." His wife Martha did not have much enthusiasm for Shaker life, but for the sake of her children and husband sensibly concluded to make the best of circumstances she could not control, and acquiesced in the arrangement. She lived a quiet, peaceful life in the community for four years, and died March 16, 1831.

George Prouty, eldest son of Asaph, lived a Shaker until he became of age. He then went to Leominster and afterwards married and settled in Fitchburg. He was esteemed very highly by the Shakers, and had he remained, doubtless would have become a leading man in the society. At Shirley he learned the trade of a shoemaker and was an excellent workman. When he went away he continued in that line of business as a custom boot and shoemaker and cobbler and followed it until his death, Nov. 9, 1888, aged sixty-eight. Abigail Prouty, the oldest daughter of Asaph, was a lifelong Shakeress and in love with the doctrines,

She was a very useful person and a tireless worker. She died Oct. 18, 1895, aged seventy-seven.

Lorenzo D. Prouty had by nature very unusual endowments of mind, but was unable to study, and hence did not accomplish a work which otherwise perhaps might have made him famous. He was a skillful mechanic, a poet, and a musician of rare ability. When a boy of seven his head was injured by being run over by a loaded wagon. At fourteen his head was again injured by a heavy weight falling from a great beam in the barn; at twenty-



NATHAN C. PROUTY.

one a pair of horses ran away with him, his head striking a post, and the concussion tearing his scalp nearly off. This injury required trepanning. So for the rest of his life he was handicapped by these accidents, and obliged to occupy a position much inferior to that which by nature he was so well fitted to adorn.

W. D. HOWELLS, the Famous Author, on Shakerism.

W. D. Howells, the famous author, in 1875 spent six weeks at the Shirley community and became a close friend of Mr. Prouty. After this he wrote "The Three Villages" and "The Undiscovered Country," stories which introduced much of Shaker life. He says: "They are people chiefly known to the outside world by their apple sauce, by their garden seeds, punctual in coming up when planted; by their brooms, so well made that they sweep

clean long after the ordinary new broom has retired upon its reputation; by the quaintness of their dress and by the fame of their religious dances. It is this latter custom which gives them their name."

Concerning their belief Mr. Howells also says: "They claim that their system is based on the fact that each man has in himself a higher and a lower life, and that Shakerism is a manifestation of the higher life to the exclusion of the lower. They say with Paul that those who marry do well,—but those who not marry, do better. One of the cardinal points of their doctrine is the possibility of communing with the spirits of departed friends." This is well brought out in the following aerostic, written by a friend of Lorenzo D. Prouty in 1876:

L-and of light and endless glory
 O-how oft I dream of thee !
 R-radiant there the host of spirits
 E-ver calling up to me.
 N-ow come forth, put on thy armor,
 Z-ealous be to win the prize,
 O-from earthliness arise !
 D-draw me upward, guardian angels,
 Point to me thy standard pure;
 R-ising I would be established
 O-on the rock which is secure;
 U-pward rising, onward moving
 T-oward that part of heaven above
 Y-on fair clime of ceaseless love.
 L-eave, O soul, all vain enjoyment,
 O-nward press, increase in worth,
 "R-ule thyself," must be our motto
 E-re we rise to higher birth
 N-oble conquerors, valiant heroes,
 Z-ealous workers for the right,
 O-n us shed thy power and light,
 Drawn by sacred bonds of friendship
 P-ure relationship to hold,
 R-aised from earth by angel influence,
 O-what blessings do unfold !
 U-nto us flow joys transcendent,
 T-ruth her pinions bright expand,
 Y-onder shines the blissful land
 Source from whence doth flow all goodness,
 H-eed our longing soul's desire !
 I-n to life and action bring us !
 R-aise our standard—raise it higher !
 L-et us grasp the passing moments,
 E'er aspiring for the goal,
 Yielding not to earth's control.

The spiritual, musical and poetic nature of Lorenzo D. Prouty was largely developed, and this, combined with an ardent and imaginative temperament, made his presence in a Shaker religious meeting, when stimulated by the activity of all those forces, a

power never to be forgotten. He loved to sing the acrostic and many other pieces to inspirational music of his own composition, always fine but never twice alike. He seemed to lose himself in these periods of ecstasy, and when the religious dances were in order executed them to the amazement of his brethren, singing all the while in tones of sweetest melody. He was a very sweet-tempered man as his portrait indicates. He died in peace Jan. 1, 1891, aged sixty-six.

"The winds breathe low, the withering leaf
Scarce whispers from the tree,
So, gently flows the parting breath
When good men cease to be."

Nathan C. Prouty a Man of Unusual Ability.

Nathan C. Prouty, in his mind, was organized on a wholly different plan from his brother Lorenzo, except in imagination. When only seven his five-year-old sister asked him what the moon was. "Why," said he, "that is God's eye." She asked, "Where is the other one?" "Well," he replied, "God's nose is so big we can't see but one eye at a time." As a boy he was full of mischief. Nothing was found out of place or order, or spirited away but what it was said, "That is some of Nathan Prouty's doings." Nothing, however, that he did was bad, and all was prompted by a spirit of fun. This trait was ever present throughout his life. He was sick for a time a few years before his death and confined to his bed. The physician was asked by a townsmen if Nathan was sick. "I don't know," he replied, "he is so full of his fun I can't tell whether he is sick or well." He is said to have been an expert agricultural chemist, and often delivered addresses at country fairs. In one instance the trustees voted to pay him twice the price charged for his services, "on account of the exceeding value of his address." He could have been an able preacher if we may judge by one discourse of his delivered extemporaneously in the Baptist church at Shirley. Some one who had been engaged for pulpit supply, failing to appear one Sabbath, Mr. Prouty was asked if he could not act as substitute. Said he thought he could. Taking out his watch and placing it on the desk in front of him, it is reported that he preached on the subject of time, one of the most remarkable sermons the audience ever listened to. Fifty years ago Zerah Colburn's Mental Arithmetic was the standard in this country, and his skill in mental calculation furnishes one of the most interesting instances extant of pre-natal influence. His mother was a weaver on a hand loom, and for several months before his birth had unusually difficult patterns to weave composed of threads of many colors. As she was unable to figure, she was

compelled to, and did, solve mentally though with great exertion the problem of the right number of threads of each color needed to make the exact design required. It is generally and reasonably supposed that because of this extreme mental effort Colburn became the greatest known prodigy in the mental manipulation of figures up to that time. We have, however, in Nathan C. Prouty and his mother a nearly parallel case. She was a weaver of wire cloth on a hand loom, and the opportunity was present and constantly required for mental calculation. As a probable result Nathan when but a small boy could immediately solve difficult problems in mental arithmetic. A little older he could tell at once the number of minutes a person had lived on knowing the time of their birth. He became well versed in astronomy, and delighted in making calculations in regard to the revolutions of the heavenly bodies.

His Peaceful Death.

The following extract is taken from a copy of a local paper published after his death:

"Nathan Converse Prouty, an old resident of this town, and who has been identified with the Shirley society of Shakers all his life died suddenly of heart failure Sunday morning, Nov. 22, 1896, aged seventy. Several times, within a few days previous to his death he had complained of feeling numb and cold, especially his hands, but had kept about his work as usual. With two men he had been pulling turnips all Saturday morning, and in the afternoon went to Ayer. Returning home about five o'clock he ate supper and seemed as well as usual. Not appearing the next morning at the customary time his room was visited, and he was seen through a window apparently asleep. Not answering the second call entrance to his room was gained and it was found his spirit had passed away. A lamp was burning near one of the windows and a fire had been lighted in the stove, showing that he had gotten up in the early morning and gone back to bed. Death probably came to him very quietly, for to all appearances he had suffered but little pain and looked like one asleep."

'How blest the righteous when he dies,
When sinks a weary soul to rest;
How mildly beam the closing eyes,
How gently heaves the expiring breast.

Life's labor done, as sinks the clay,
Light from its load the spirit flies,
While heaven and earth combine to say,
How blest the righteous when he dies'

"At one time he had charge of the north family, so-called, and was also head farmer of the south family, and held other places of trust and responsibility among the Shakers. He was

known as the old mathematician, being able to add and perform large sums in arithmetic in his head with almost lightning rapidity. In many respects he was rather eccentric, but all who knew him unite in saying he was an honest and very kind-hearted man, and one who will be greatly missed. His funeral was held Tuesday morning, November 24, there being many present from the Harvard society of Shakers, also relatives, neighbors and friends. The services were conducted according to the Shaker customs, and the remains buried in the old Shaker cemetery."

Testimony of Lucy C. Prouty as to the Good Qualities of the Shakers.

Lucy C. Prouty left the Shakers when about twenty-five years of age, and four years later married Frederick Matthews, now deceased. They settled in West Brookfield where she now lives. She says of the Shakers: "I can say nothing but good of them, for I know nothing against them. While everyone has imperfections, each Shaker carefully studied how to overcome every trait in character or disposition that was contrary to the highest standard of right. If one did wrong there was generally a hearty repentance, and likewise as hearty a forgiveness. We lived in families as brothers and sisters, and our daily life was exceedingly pleasant and happy."

It was with deep feelings of sorrow that the Shakers learned of her withdrawal from their communion. Her daily life and ministrations among them had been such that she was endeared to them all, and today she is affectionately remembered and kindly spoken of by all those now living there who then knew her.

The Congregational church voted Jan. 20, 1828, to "suspend Widow Chloe Loring from the communion of the church, she having connected with the Shakers, also to send her a letter of admonition." Chloe Draper married Thomas Loring Sept. 27, 1803. They lived on what is now known as the Chandler Taft place. Her husband died May 10, 1805, aged twenty-six; so she had been a widow some twenty years before her suspension from the church, and did not fully unite with the Shakers until seven years later.

Story of Becca Prouty and Nancy Gleason.

The Congregational Church also voted, Jan. 30, 1828, "to choose a committee and the two deacons to converse with Mrs. Becca Prouty, wife of Willard, and Mrs. Nancy Gleason upon the neglect of their believing the faith of the Shakers." Feb. 28, another vote was passed to "suspend Mrs. Prouty until she should satisfy the Church that she had renounced the faith of the

Shakers." Voted "to defer the case of Mrs. Gleason until the next meeting." Becca Draper married Willard Prouty Jan. 18, 1807. Mr. Prouty owned and operated the Hillsdale grist mill built by his grandfather, John Prouty, and which at that time had been in the family about ninety years. They lived in a large, two-story red house, now destroyed, which stood on the same side of the road only a short distance easterly of the home-stead of the late John Hindley. Mr. Prouty died by suicide in the attic of this house by hanging himself with a skein of yarn, Jan. 4, 1834, aged forty-eight. This occurred one Sunday morning after he had built a fire in a room where religious services were about to be held. It is said that previous to this time Mrs. Prouty had lived for a while at Shirley, which so exceedingly worried her husband that he prevailed upon her to return to his home, and after this they had considered the question of both becoming Shakers, had talked the matter over pleasantly, and reached a decision to enter that communion; but later Mr. Prouty became despondent, and was fearful, to use his own expression, that he "could not live their religion." The presumption is that this worry brought about temporary aberration of mind. It was not, however, until five years later that Becca Prouty became a Shaker, in full connection although she went to Shirley soon after her husband's burial, and took with her, her daughter Harriet A., then a young woman of twenty-one. They probably joined on probation, but did not join the church family until Oct. 16, 1839. Becca Prouty died July 5, 1860, aged eighty-six, and Harriet A., Aug. 2, 1899, aged eighty-nine. It is said of Harriet A. Prouty that her Spencer relatives and friends strongly objected to her becoming a Shakeress and this is doubtless true, since she had a large circle of intimate acquaintances. It is also said that she went to Shirley against her will, but as she at that time was of legal age, there does not appear to be any good reason for thinking that she was acting contrary to a determined purpose. However that may have been she became a willing worker in the order and for many years was superintendent of the dairy.

Nancy Draper, mentioned above, married Samuel Gleason Feb. 3, 1811. They lived in the second house west of the place now occupied by Edwin A. Hill at Hillsdale, formerly called the Bush farm, now owned by C. W. Pierce. There is no doubt but that Mrs. Gleason's choice was to depart for Shirley. Mr. Gleason, however, was unwilling to go or to have her go, and so like a good woman she adhered to her original promise to love and cherish him until death should them part. He died July 7, 1864, aged eighty-five. Mrs. Gleason at that time had

Kindness of Foster Bisco.

reached the age of eighty-one. Foster Bisco, a nephew, called to see her and asked, "Well Aunt Nancy, where are you going to

go now?" "Well, Foster," she said, "I should like to go and live with you." "And," said he, "I should be delighted to have you." This plan was consummated. She had two hundred dollars, and for this sum Foster Bisco kindly cared for her ten years, or until her death, Sept. 5, 1874, at the ripe age of ninety-one. Beside this he erected a suitable headstone at her grave in the old cemetery. A gentleman now living, who knew Mr. and Mrs. Gleason says, "No better persons ever lived."

In 1850 Dwight Hyde and Timothy N. Upham kept what was then called the Hillsboro store, under the firm name of Hyde



ABIGAIL PROUTY.

& Upham. They both came from Sturbridge and were brothers-in-law, Hyde having married Upham's sister.

Timothy N. Upham.

Timothy N. Upham was born in Sturbridge, July 8, 1805. His family were well to do and gave him an excellent education. He was a fine linguist, a most agreeable companion, and had studied theology and medicine. At this time the Shakers were doing a large business in the manufacture of brooms and raising of garden seeds. They were sold by trustees, who made annual visits by team to all the stores throughout the surrounding country in order to dispose of their wares. It is supposed that Mr. Upham entertained them at his house whenever they came to Spencer; he was a very hospitable man and his wife a noted

cook. However this may have been, he went to Shirley in 1852 and became a Shaker. His wife was Lucy Ann Adams, a sister of the late Amos Adams of North Brookfield, and also of Levi Adams, who formerly owned the estate on Pleasant street now occupied by his son, Daniel W. Adams. She was born at Brookfield, Dec. 16, 1811. She did not go with Mr. Upham but kept a boarding-house for a long time in Fitchburg; then for a few years was cook at the Jenks tavern, and after this a nurse, with headquarters at North Brookfield, where she died Feb. 12, 1891, seventy-nine years of age. While Mr. Upham was a man of great ability in some directions, he lacked so far as manual labor or business energy was concerned, what is now called the power of initiative. He was several times sent by the Shakers to Boston and elsewhere on business, but most always returned without having accomplished the purpose for which he was sent. He said he "couldn't do the task assigned him." So far as physical labor of any kind was concerned it was said of him by a man of large observation, not a Shaker, "Mr. Upham would rather starve than work;" and another person equally well informed said "he would sooner freeze than build a fire." It will thus be seen that the Shakers had some difficulty in placing Mr. Upham where he could render efficient service, but finally he was appointed teacher of the boys and young men, who had by them been taken to bring up and were mostly orphans. Mr. Upham in this role was an eminent success. He liked to teach, his pupils liked him, and made rapid progress in their studies. So far all went well. One of Mr. Upham's pupils was a youth named Samuel A. Burns, son of a Shakeress, and a boy of promise. As he grew to manhood it was nothing strange that one of the young Shaker women of about his own age should have regarded him with tenderness, and should have told him of her love, nor is it remarkable that he should have reciprocated her affection. That is, these things would not have been remarkable had they occurred in most communities, but at Shirley it was more unusual since the life of a Shaker must be the life of a celibate. Young Mr. Burns was in a quandary what to do.

Mr. Upham's Advice Brings Disastrous Results.

He consulted Mr. Upham, and his teacher advised him to marry. The couple lost no time in acting on the suggestion of Mr. Upham and so in Shaker costume Samuel A. Burns and Sarah E. Whiteley were quietly married by Rev. Mr. Dutton, a Baptist clergyman, at Shirley, Jan. 7, 1866. The contracting parties, with four children, are still living. Miss Whiteley was the daughter of the chief elder of the society, John Whiteley, familiarly called "Uncle John." He is now living, a man of

ability, an excellent administrator, a man of unblemished life, a Yorkshire Englishman by birth, and a life-long friend of the late Richard Sugden of this town, who was born near the same place in England. The marriage was a great shock to Elder Whiteley, as well as in a lesser degree to the whole community, and a meeting was at once called to see if any of its members had previous knowledge of the purpose of this young couple. Mr. Upham made a full acknowledgment, but it became evident that his usefulness in the community was at an end.

In previous years several young people had left the Shakers for the purpose of marriage, thus disarranging their plans and crippling their organization. When, therefore, Mr. Upham, knowing the facts, advised a course so subversive of what by them appeared to be the best interests of the order, it was clear that neither his example nor action could be condoned, and, since the position of teacher was the only one in the community he could creditably fill, he was for these reasons dismissed. He then repaired to the almshouse of his native town, where two years later, Nov. 10, 1867, aged sixty-four, he committed suicide, by severing the jugular vein with a penknife. A few days after his burial a letter was received from a wealthy though distant friend offering to pay for his support at some more congenial place of residence. Mr. Burns became an evangelist, and some may remember him as a worker in that capacity in a series of meetings held in the audience room of the M. E. Church during the pastorate of Rev. A. W. Mills. Later he became a commercial traveler.

Some years after Mr. Upham had abandoned his wife and home for the Shaker faith, Mrs. Upham supposing on the ground of desertion she had a legal right so to do,—married Joseph Dean, a citizen of Spencer. After a time, some of her most intimate friends suggested that her marriage was not only illegal but that she was living in violation of the Seventh Commandment. Becoming alarmed, she took the ease to Wm. T. Harlow, a lawyer then living in Spencer, who confirmed her fears. Proceedings were at once instituted in court praying for absolute divorce from both Upham and Dean, and after a full hearing her prayer was granted. This was the first case of the kind before a Massachusetts court and attracted much attention from the legal fraternity, nearly every lawyer in Worcester being present at the hearing.

The Old Church Bell.

In the belfry of the Universalist church, now remodeled and known as Hill's block, once hung a bell which for richness of tone has never been equalled in this section. The town of Spen-

cer used to pay thirty-five dollars a year for ringing this bell at noon and at nine o'clock in the evening of each of the working days of the week, and also tolling the same for each death in town, striking the age of the person deceased. This continued until 1858 when George H. Livermore and David A. Drury purchased the church for use as a boot factory, under the firm name of Livermore & Drury. They sold the bell to the Shirley Shakers through the instrumentality of Mr. Upham. It was taken overland to Shirley by Selby Richardson and placed by them in their church belfry, where ever since it has been rung morning and evening.

The Shakers for a hundred years or more have demonstrated their moral right to exist as an order by the consistent example they have set as to industry, frugality, honesty, temperance, kindness and every other virtue. No sect or people in any age have excelled and few have equalled them in those qualities according to universal testimony. Some object to their life of celibacy, forgetting there are thousands outside that fold who voluntarily have chosen the celibate life without adverse criticism. In reply to critics the Shakers adduce the fact that the great Teacher Himself was a celibate and the home he most loved to visit was that of Mary, Martha and Lazarus, the typical Shaker household.

Spencer Shakers Lead Exemplary Lives.

The Spence Shakers as a whole were consistent and exemplary in their lives, and their memory should be cherished by all who are interested in the practical demonstration of a high standard of living. The fact that those who lived and died in that communion averaged to live seventy-seven years speaks well for the possibilities of general longevity as a principle based on a strictly temperate life.

The Shakers are systematic in their affairs, and a copy of the rules for visitors is subjoined, taken from the History of Shirley, "to show the precision with which the United Believers, as they call themselves, conduct their minutest affairs."

"First—Those who call to see their friends and relatives are to visit them at the office, and not to go elsewhere except by permission of those in care at the office.

"Second—We wish it distinctly understood that we do not keep a public house, and wish to have our rules attended to as any would the rules of their own private dwelling.

"Third—Those who live near and can call at their own convenience are not expected to stay more than a few hours; but such as live at a great distance and cannot come often and have

near relatives here can stay from one to four days according to circumstances. This we consider a sufficient time as a general rule.

"Fourth—All visitors are requested to arise and take breakfast at half past six in summer and half past seven in winter.

"Fifth—At table we wish all to be at home, but dislike the wasteful habit of leaving food on the plate. No vice with us is less ridiculous for being in fashion.

"Sixth—Married persons tarrying with us over night are respectfully notified that each sex must occupy separate sleeping apartments while they remain. This rule will not be departed from under any circumstances."



GEORGE PROUTY.

How About the Future?

The present membership at Shirley and Harvard is very many less than it was fifty years ago, and is now composed of persons mostly beyond middle life. Increase in numbers, and houses, and lands is today largely a thing of the past. The commercial spirit of the age has appropriated to its own use and profit most of those industries which were first established by them and on which they long depended for support. The Shaker government is a religious commonwealth. In its past it has probably been the most notable example extant of practical

socialism, and there has also been all long through its history so much of the poetic, that pastoral tales rivalling even that of the Land of Evangeline might be garnered from its history, as well as opportunity for some future Goldsmith to find in its annals a rich field for the production of another "Deserted Village." There are those among them who predict a revival of interest in this once flourishing order when the waste places shall all be built up and prosperity smile again as in former days. But, should this not be the case, and, should the curtain fall, there will disappear from view, one of the most unique, gentle and charming peoples the world has ever seen.

To Be a Man.

BY W. O. BEMIS.

How hard for man to be a man,
 Severest struggle of his life,
 Though angels for his glory plan,
 He's never ready for the strife.
 His hands will grasp at shining gold
 To use it for some selfish end,
 Till his strange heart grows weak and cold
 And none the poor of earth befriend

Inclined to walk forbidden ways,
 To shun the clear and open light,
 Through length of years and toil of days
 And nowise aiming for the right.
 But sometime in immortal life
 He'll clearly see a better plan
 And deep regret that in earth's strife
 He strove no more to be a man.

Dividing the House.

Before Spencer owned a public hall the town meetings were held in the Congregational Church. When the voters appeared to be about equally divided on a question and each side thought they were in the majority the moderator ordered the voters out of doors and to arrange themselves into long, single file yea and nay rows, facing each other with a few feet intervening between, through which centre the moderator and tellers walked, counting all one side going and all on the other side returning. This was a more accurate method of getting at the real sentiment of each voter than has since prevailed, as each man showed his colors and stood his ground until the count was finished.

BIOGRAPHY OF JOSEPH FREDERICK WARD

Joseph Frederick Ward was the son of Dennis and Mary Ward, who in their day were among the most highly respected inhabitants of the town, and was born in Spencer, Nov. 26, 1843.

Col. Joseph Ward, of Newton, grandfather of the subject of this sketch, was one of Washington's most efficient and trusted officers during the long struggle for independence, and interesting letters from Washington to Col. Ward are still preserved in the family at their High street home. They also have as prized souvenirs, a pair of silver mounted pistols presented to Col. Ward by Washington as a special mark of his appreciation of Col. Ward's bravery and patriotism.

Mr. Ward attended in his boyhood days the old red school-house of Dist. No. 3, near the Aaron Watson place and later the grammar and high schools.

After this he worked at boot making until July 19, 1862, when he enlisted in the 34th Massachusetts Infantry, served in the regimental band throughout the Civil war, being in Sheridan's campaign in the Shenandoah Valley and with Grant during the Richmond campaign, including the surrender of Lee at Appomattox. He was mustered out July 13, 1865, and the month following, after a visit to his old New England home, turned his face towards the setting sun and started westward to seek fortune and a home of his own. Success along both these lines he has won, but not beyond what he deserved as the result of a consistent life and well directed effort. In Aug. 1865, he obtained employment with the large wholesale boot and shoe jobbing house of C. M. Henderson & Co., of Chicago, and continued in their service until Sept. 1899. He began work for them on the lowest round in the industrial ladder or as a worker in the stock room with the duty of sweeping out the store after the rest of the help had gone home, but by intelligent application and faithfulness to the interests of his employers he was enabled to rise one round after another until he became a partner in the company and at his retirement from business was manager of the sales department, had charge of the traveling men on the road, selected their routes and gave instructions as to their going and coming. It was also his duty to meet all the large customers of the concern when they came to Chicago. It was while in this department that by the aid of



JOSEPH FREDERICK WARD

large lithograph cards he not only advertised his employers' business and the "school shoe," but the little red schoolhouse of his youth was portrayed thereon and sent to every shoe store throughout the West and South. This was a most successful advertising idea and has since then been extensively adopted. When he left the Henderson Shoe Co. he purposed retiring from active business, but at the earnest solicitation of the citizens of the City of Evanston, Ill., where he resided, he was induced to take the presidency of the City National bank then being formed. This position he accepted and has continued to fill since that time with great credit to himself and satisfaction to the officers and patrons of the institution. On Nov. 10, 1869, he married Miss Ella Bradley of Chicago. They have five children and a model home, as those who have had the pleasure of a visit with himself and family can testify.

Cheerful Hearts.

BY W. O. REMIS.

Oh, when I was a merry boy
How often was I told
It was a very saddening thing
To grow sedate and old,
So when I looked upon a man
Whose hair was thin and gray
I said alas! I pity him
Whose youth has passed away.

I really thought there was no love,
No happiness, no joy
In all this bright and pleasant world
For any but a boy
Ah, then I often wondered why
We should grow sad and cold
When we had reached declining years
Or years that made us old.

The fields of grain are beautiful
That ripe and waiting stand
And bow their golden heads to meet
The sturdy reaper's hand.
The clouds that hang above the sun
To bid adieu to day
Glow with his golden radiance
Then gently fade away.

Tell not the gay and joyous youth
When he is old and gay
His heart will be both sad and cold
And life a sunless day
Hearts may grow cold and callous
Hearts can keep young and warm
And ever joyous as the lark
That soars above the storm

When the Jocktown Baptist Church was first sold, it was purchased by Capt. Daniel Green, a fairly well-to-do farmer living in the northeast part of the town. In his way he was a famous local character and a little unbalanced mentally. He took great pride in owning "a whole church" and often told what great works he was there going to have done. It is reported at one time during his ownership of the church that revival services were being held and he strayed into one of the meetings. When opportunity was offered for remarks, he arose and said, "I approve of these meetings. It is a good place to hold them. I don't know where in H-I you could find a better place." And this was said in all sincerity and with due respect in his own mind for both place and service.

REMINISCENCES

Of What Happened in Old
Spencer and at the Old
Jenk's Tavern

MORE THAN SIXTY YEARS AGO

BY AN OLD CITIZEN

In the first place I will state that I took tea with old Madam Jenks and I will tell you how it all happened. My old grandmother invited Madam Jenks, old Mrs. Mason and old Mrs. Watson, Squire Draper's wife's mother, to spend the afternoon with her and take tea, and I was called up to the table at supper and sat beside my grandmother. I recollect distinctly how old Landlady Jenks looked at that time. She was somewhat short in stature and walked with a cane. After tea my father walked with the old lady to her home at the Jenks Tavern and I followed along behind, being then about eight years of age. I recollect the old lady dropped her cane once or twice while going down the old Mason hill, which was very steep at that time and crooked around under where now George H. Marsh and Dr. E. W. Norwood's houses stand. I recollect hearing my father say that old Mr. Jenks was somewhat jolly and inclined to play jokes, sometimes upon travelers. At that time all travel from Albany to Boston by team and stage was through Spencer and Worcester, and some of the old teamsters were "so close," one old fellow in particular, that he made his brag that on one trip from Belchertown to Boston he did not spend but "four and six-pence." He took his provision and feed with him and only stopped at hotels to warm up. At one time he carried into the Jenks bar-room a panful of baked beans to warm at the bar-room fire, and while his attention was called away and he had temporarily left them, Mr. Jenks took the spoon that was in the dish, poked away the beans, put in a large quid of tobacco and covered it to be heated with and to season the beans. When that tight, parsimonious old teamster undertook to eat his dinner, he

found he could not eat the beans with any relish whatever, and went away very angry, swearing like a pirate.

Landlord Jenks had at that time a colored man servant called Elliot. Isaac Mason, then a young man, lived with his parents at the old Mason house in the I. Prouty & Co. shop yard. He was somewhat of a dude or dandy in his dress. He got himself a bright scarlet coat and buckskin breeches and a high silk hat to wear to church on Sundays. Old Landlord Jenks, to play a joke upon him, had a nice scarlet coat and buckskin breeches made for his negro, just like Ike Mason's, and then instructed his negro to start off and go right behind Isaac to Church, keeping step with him and marching like a soldier. The mortification of young Mason was extreme but old Jenks was exceedingly pleased. My father said Isaac went to court Betsey Muzzy and he and my Uncle questioned him about it and asked him what luck he had during his first visit. He said the first time he asked her to become his wife she refused him, but the second time he carried his pocket full of raisins and she assented quickly enough.

About that time a merry crowd assembled around the old tavern. They had a mock trial and had up old Hagar for stealing a pig and old Cunningham, an Irishman, was one of the witnesses. The lawyer, Mr. Lincoln, cross-questioned the witness and bothered him considerably. Finally Cunningham got out of patience, and says he, "Lincoln, Lincoln, keep your tongue; I am an older man than you are and I will tell my own story." It pleased the court and jury so much to hear the old Irishman that all burst out with loud shouts of laughter. I recollect the old sign that swung on its high arm from a post set in the ground down on the grass plot in front of the old hotel; also a liberty pole with a gilded spread-eagle perched upon the top. I also recollect the old bowling alley that was located on the west side of Cider Mill pond near the dam; also that on muster and town meeting days the old and young farmers about town chose sides and rolled tempins and the side that got beaten had to pay for toddy for the whole crowd. I recollect there was some feeling in regard to locating the Postoffice. Some wanted it down the hill at the old Jenks tavern, and those living on the hill wanted it at the old Harrington or Bemis hotel. I know there was a very careless mode of sorting and changing the mail at that time and I wonder that more letters and papers were not mis-carried. The bag, or bags, would hold three or four bushels of mail matter, all thrown into the bags helter-skelter, and the drivers threw them off the old stages in a hurry, they were then taken into a small office at the end of the bar, unlocked in a jiffy, and the contents dumped onto the floor in such haste that they

made mistakes quite frequently, having taken so much toddy they could not see straight nor handle the mail properly. I recollect that rum, gin and brandy were sold at all the stores at that time by the pint, quart and gallon, and for haying some old farmers would lay in a keg full or several gallons. I heard my father say that one old doctor, who represented the town at the General Court for seventeen years, always after the vote was declared had several pails of nice toddy mixed up down at Harrington's store and passed around after each town meeting, which was then always held in the Congregational Church. He said when he was a boy the town had a pair of stocks on the common in front of the Church in which to confine unruly and law-breaking men and boys. He said for a joke some of the men in those days put Andrew Morgan into the stocks and kept him there most all day but to make it more agreeable for him and to pass away the time pleasantly they took a mug of toddy to him quite often.

P. S. The above reminiscences were written, probably about 1875, by an old and respected citizen of Spencer, well known to the author. The manuscript after his decease was found among his papers. It is not known for what purpose he wrote, but he narrates exceedingly interesting events of a time more remote than can be recalled by the living and also of a time so meagre in details of village life, that these stories are well worthy a place in the history of the town as illustrating different phases of life at that period.

Andrew Morgan Jr. mentioned above, was a noted character who was born in Spencer in 1760 and died in 1841. He was a carpenter by trade, built and owned the house now occupied by the Misses Manning on Morgan hill. Named after him also was Morgan pond, located south of Rich's pond and southeast of Spencer village. The pond is not now flowed as a portion of the dam has been destroyed. The purpose for which the pond was made is not known. Andrew Morgan Sr. in the earlier days was often chosen deer-reeve by the town. The duties attending this office were to see that the existing laws relating to wild deer were obeyed. At that time those animals are said to have been quite plentiful in this part of the state.

Andrew Morgan Jr. was the story teller par excellence of his time. With his fertile imagination he fabricated stories with amazing facility. Had he lived in our day, his ability in that line, combined with a sober life, a determined purpose and good business ability, might have placed him in the front rank among professional men in that line. Some of his stories still live, having survived the lapse of years. One of them was to the effect that at one time he helped shingle the Congregational Church. The

eave course was laid and a long ladder from the ground to the roof placed in position. He was going up the ladder with one quarter of a thousand shingles under each arm. As he reached the top of the ladder it broke and fell. With great presence of mind, he clinched his teeth into the eave course and held on, with his feet dangling in the air, and the shingles held firmly under each arm until a ladder was obtained from the lower village, nearly a half mile away, with which he was rescued from his perilous position.

He also said when hunting one day along the Seven Mile river, he saw on its western bank near and south of the Powder Mill bridge, a row of pigeons sitting on the dead limb of a tree which projected horizontally over the water. He got into a position where he thought one bullet, if rightly directed, would kill every bird. His aim, however, was too low. The bullet struck the end of the limb, splitting it its entire length, which quickly closing again caught each pigeon by the toes. He then waded out into the stream to obtain his birds and on returning to land found a large quantity of captured fish in his overalls.

He also told the story of a novel coasting experience in the days when barns were frequently built eighty to a hundred feet in length and with double doors opposite each other along the sides. Such a barn stood at the foot of a hill nearly at right angles with the route over which it had been planned to coast. A merry crowd of young men and women succeeded in hauling a two-horse sled to the top of the hill, placed the same in position, the tongue was thrown over back, and the party started on their downward trip. They soon lost control of the sled and to their consternation it made headway towards the open barn doors. Seated on the end of the tongue, making it virtually a spring seat, was the story teller, Andrew Morgan. As the sled neared the barn, it ran over a pile of rails, making both a jump and a bounce and throwing young Morgan, so he said, entirely over the barn. He alighted just in time to secure again his seat on the tongue as the sled came rushing through the building and sped on its way down another hill.

On the island of Squantum in Boston harbor Thomas Lamb, ancestor of the Lamb families of early Spener history, opened in 1633 the first quarry in New England. The stones were extensively used for cemetery work as well as for general purposes.

BIOGRAPHY OF JOSEPH H. GREENWOOD

BY FRED W. PROCTOR

The list of Spencer's sons who have achieved distinction affords no more striking instance of advancement from lowly conditions to high achievement than that of this shoemaker, whose innate love of the beautiful, despite an early life far removed from the usual sources of inspiration, has led him to an enviable position among the foremost painters. The term "lowly conditions" I have used advisedly; for the need to struggle in youth entails no dishonor, but has ever proved the most efficient cradle of human energy. Such an environment is undeniably poor in incentives; but given the aspiration, which was in this case an inborn gift, and the advantages lie all upon the side of the young man whom necessity compels first to work; and who finds few opportunities for mental culture. These are likely to be all the more valued for being long withheld. History for history's sake is commendable enough; but this man's biography is rich in useful lessons. The keynote of his career has been the early learned task of self-reliance. Our schools are often elaborated along lines which do not give the truest development to character, and modern science amply demonstrates that that method best subserves the needs of education, which calls for mind and muscle to work conjointly. The trait of originality is often set down as a divine gift; but the fact is man inherits various qualities of mind, some of which, if vigorous at the outset, supplemented by judicious and constant cultivation may, as in Mr. Greenwood's case, lead to high attainments. The shoemaker's pinchers which he began to wield at a tender age have crept up with him in the industrial scale, and form his most approved implement for stretching a canvas. They are a hallowed memento of a busy youth and are moreover a fitting emblem of his success.

Joseph H. Greenwood is a native of upper Wire Village or Sugdenville, the more modern name, and was born of French-Canadian parents. His father, Moses, was a poor man and

among the earliest pioneers of his people to the states, and a brief account of him will throw light upon our subject. Reports had reached Canada of a land to the southward overflowing with opportunities. Families who emigrated hither would frequently be accompanied by the sons of neighbors; and in this manner Moses set out at the age of thirteen for this land of promise. He gave his entire fortune of seven dollars to a carrier for the privilege of travelling, partly afoot, as rough roads should demand,



JOSEPH H. GREENWOOD.

food and lodging included. Soon after starting, along with two others of his age, whether by accident or design, all trace of the party was lost, and they were forced to continue the journey afoot, dependent upon the occasional settlements for food. The larger part of the distance was a mere track through the forest. Winter was coming on and though the cold was severe, their bed was often but the bare ground, occasionally to wake with clothes partly claimed by the frozen earth. There came a long stretch of distance without a sign of habitation; and

during the third day without food save frozen wild apples, they came to the rude shack of an Irish settler, to be nursed back by him to a travelling condition. Moses found his first work with Sugden & Myrick, who had recently embarked in the wire business; and beginning as utility boy was afterward taught by Mr. Myrick to straighten card wire, which occupation he still follows, although now in his seventieth year. To this village, a few years later, he brought a bride from Southbridge. In the house now occupied by Alec Bouley, who here keeps the village store, Joseph was born in 1856, the second of a large family. It is interesting to note the changed conditions that a half-century has brought, especially as to the diffusion of general knowledge. As contrasted with the lavish helps to the mind of today the school was well nigh the sole source of information. Without the atmosphere of learning in the home, and with limited knowledge of English, little wonder if "Joe," as he was familiarly known, derived at this period scant benefit from books. In conversation about this subject, Greenwood refers feelingly to one teacher of exceptional qualities—Miss Marcia Hill—whose sympathetic kindness no less than her power to enlist the mind's best efforts, left a strong impression upon his memory. But his was not the sort of mind which readily responds to theoretical instruction. He early displayed power of concentration upon things practical, and developed a knack with tools. Boughten toys were not forthcoming, and so he instituted his own kindergarten. As a youngster whose toy carts, water-wheels, sky-darts, bows and arrows, kites and windmills always went properly, he won quite a prestige for mechanical deftness; so that his father was wont to remark with pardonable pride, "See what my boy 'Cho' has made." This early habit of doing things rather than acquiring a speaking knowledge of them, or copying the work of others, has always stood him in good stead through life. Of all professions, an oil painter must have expedients. Adaptability of means to ends—technique, as we term it—is the artist's stock in trade for procuring his various effects. He must work out his own method of manipulating colors. If the brush at hand is not adapted to his immediate wants, he makes one to suit the occasion. The average student of art, the matured product of schools, starts in with the soul of his pursuit, and is forever hampered by mechanical difficulties. As we proceed to review Greenwood's career, we shall agree that there could have been no smoothing over of life's path without a corresponding undermining of the essential conditions of his success.

To illustrate the difficulties attending his earliest aspirations towards art, he had at the age of eight never seen an oil painting, nor did he know of the existence of art in its higher sense. The

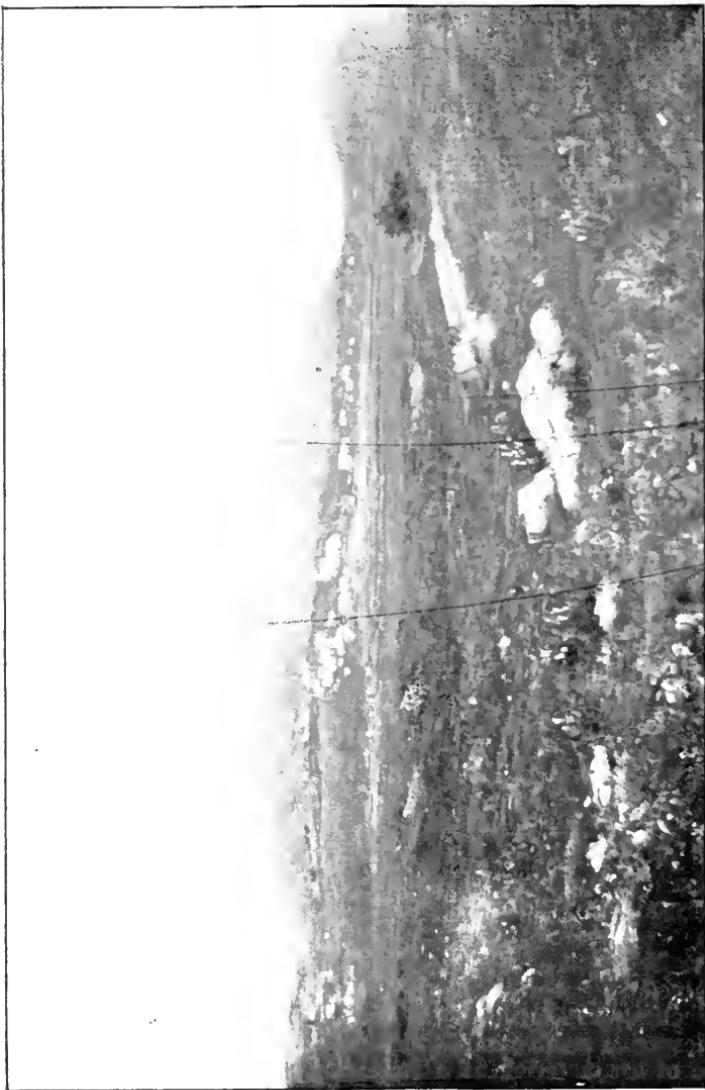
desire to depict objects seems to have been spontaneous, and not the product of example. He would spend much time prone upon the floor drawing pictures by the aid of such rude materials as were at hand. He had a keen color sense, but lacking the means for its expression this faculty lay dormant, until upon watching his father hang wall paper he was struck with the fact that the moistened remnants imparted their color to the floor. Here was a new and promising occupation. So he devised brushes from a hen's tail-feathers wired to a stick, and thus equipped started in upon his career as a colorist. Rather significantly, his first attempts were to depict trees. The tops of these were soon finished to his taste but when he came to their trunks he became puzzled as to their proper hue; so out-of-doors he went to look up the matter, and thus early showed a propensity to settle such problems correctly. In the loft of Jacob Bisco's barn he came across a gaudy landscape decoration upon the back of a disused sleigh, and with this discovery his sports were forgotten. The boys were properly intruders here; but often he stole back alone to feast his eyes upon this scene, trying to study out the process by which such work was done. From such first impressions the desire grew to do work of this kind. His father's sympathies were enlisted, and the promise won of a box of water colors. But John N. Grout's store at the center failed to produce the coveted wares, and the matter was postponed. However, from the carriage painter in the loft of Joe Goddard's blacksmith shop he obtained a small sample of each color kept in stock, which he took home in percussion cap boxes; and with such materials his first attempts in oil landscape were made.

But a busy life was ahead. At eleven he left school, to which he later returned only at brief intervals; and together with his brother Abe, two years his senior, started to peg boots for an uncle living in Hillsboro; and the boot bottomer's trade he followed some four years. At eighteen we find him employed as a wire drawer by Joel E. Prouty. He had long since supplied himself with approved materials and his spare moments were devoted to brush and palette. There is no cloaking the fact that his canvases at this period bore the marks of crudeness, but there were no accomplished critics among his circle of acquaintances. If his art was poor, his friends were happily oblivious to the fact. They recognized his efforts as the sincere outpouring of a nature attuned to the beautiful and imbued with a love for this work as its natural expression. They esteemed him for his companionable traits, embracing a jovial disposition that was infectious. An aspiring mind naturally wins friends. One of his shopmates became his first patron to the extent of

ten dollars for a picture. His reputation as a nimrod brought him at this time an invitation to join a hunting party held by pupils of the high school. When the spoils were counted, Joe's bag comprised a good proportion of the day's quarry. A hero is always warmly welcomed. At the feast which closed this event, young Greenwood made his first appearance in society which grouped about the high school. And from this time he never ceased to remain a hero in the eyes of a young lady pupil who here formed his acquaintance and eventually became his wife.

A growing dissatisfaction with his attainments led him to seek more advantages and his father allowed him to collect a part of his earnings at the wire mill for the purpose of attending school. A few friends, including his employers, helped to swell his funds; and he was enrolled for two terms at Wilbraham academy, where he made special study of English and oil painting. Lessons taken also in crayon portraiture gave him a working knowledge of that process, which for some years following he turned to good account. Frequent orders for that work encouraged him to leave the shop and devote his entire attention to art. Oil landscape engrossed his mind and he lost no opportunity to extend his familiarity with it. The modern or realistic school was already in the ascendant, a reaction setting in from the artificial coloring and conventional composition heretofore in vogue; and he resolved to abjure studio work and base his efforts upon such inspiration as Nature could afford. To keep the pot a-boiling he let out to neighboring farmers, giving a stipulated amount of labor for his board; and the balance of his time saw him early and late afield, working out for himself the dual problem of the essentially beautiful and how most effectively to interpret it. At this period the few mature painters he came in contact with only served to fix in mind what was artificial and to be avoided. One summer he spent in and about the White Mountains, but the conviction was growing upon him that the artist's proper field was the familiar scenes at his own door.

The story of Greenwood's life is not to be written without reference to the discouragements which ever beset the artist's career. In earlier life he had several times reached a conviction that the Fates were leagued against his success, and thereupon determined to cease all further effort. But as often he heard voices calling him again to his work. At twenty-four he made a most desperate resolve to abandon art as a fickle mistress, made a bonfire of art materials as a funeral pyre of abandoned hopes; and proceeding to Worcester sought some employment that promised a living. This he found as operator of a Bonnaz embroidering machine. Here his mechanical skill again befriended him and he speedily rose to the position of most expert



PRINCETON AND WACHUSSETT MOUNTAIN. (*By J. H. Greenwood.*)
It must be understood by the reader that without the coloring much of the beauty of such a landscape cannot be attained in a halftone engraving.

stitcher and foreman. Soon after coming to Worcester his marriage with Elizabeth Proctor took place. Whatever periods of despair had overtaken him, she had never ceased to picture for him success and recognition in the field of art. And under the inspiration of a happy home of his own the wings of his muse were again spread. He took a rambler's lease of old Peat meadow, and all spare time saw him in deep communion with Nature. Worcester's working talent in art had an organization, and presently Greenwood's work began to command attention. He limited his scope to the most unpretentious subjects, and these he handled with originality. "I haf a feeling of nature aboud hees work" their tutor from abroad said in commendation. A discerning few began to buy pictures, which he held at modest values.

After two years in the shop his health suffered from the confinement and nerve-racking exertion, and his physician said he must have out-door exercise and relaxation. These were days of discouragement. It occurred to him to attempt teaching. A date was advertised to form a class in out-door sketching. The appointed hour arrived, and one solitary pupil: but next class day saw an accession, and presently a good number. During the twenty years which have since elapsed his winters have been largely devoted to classes; and his teaching knowledge has doubtless been a factor in his artistic growth. Each summer sees him located in some rural retreat, most often in the northern part of the state; and each succeeding fall brings him back with much of his original work of the year, which never fails to show the well-defined marks of progress. At one time when sketching along our south coast, he was accosted by a pleasant spoken resident, who asked to examine his work in hand, and finally invited him to his own studio. This proved to be no less a personage than America's foremost painter, R. Swain Gifford, whose acquaintance was indeed a boon. Having himself, upon his unaided resources, evolved from a poor neglected boy about New Bedford's wharves, there was an instant bond of sympathy which has ripened into a time-proved friendship.

Greenwood brings to his task a strong individuality of character. His is a mind endowed with a supreme love of his chosen work rather than ambition for popular approval. His appreciation of beauty is not confined within his chosen field but embraces a taste for literature and the kindred arts. Well-nigh illiterate up to his eighteenth year, he later became a diligent student of the best literature. The works of Emerson and Thoreau have been to him full of inspiration. In fiction Hugo, Dickens and Thomas Hardy are his favorites. He has a well defined musical taste and although never heard outside the home

circle, he has for many years been a serious student of the violin. His is a mind untrammeled, free of superstitious dogma, whether in the field of art or outside it. Intellectual greatness has been defined as capacity to see the great side of small things; which is suggested by his choice of simple themes. It is along these lines that Burns and Wordsworth worked in literature. To discern and interpret the beauty of common scenes is Greenwood's forte in art. While his habit of independent work has resulted in a characteristic style, it conforms to the modern school of the French realists, as distinguished from the conventional composition of the near past. The art of today is not satisfied with gaudy effects, impossible or magnified features and themes of the magnificent order. A tree must not only be recognizable as a tree, but must be botanically correct. Each variety of tree or plant possesses its own character, generic as well as individual—a fact which former schools ignored, but the more critical standard of today holds essential. It was the habit of the studio-bred painter to confine himself, and the result was abortive, artistically regarded. Art has been epigrammatically defined as "man added to nature," but in the faulty manner of by-gone schools the human element was overdone and Nature ignored. It is at this point where Greenwood's work is conspicuously strong: absolute fidelity to his subject. For a long period his finished work was the original sketch, unaltered in any particular. Familiarity with nature gained in this way is the only correct foundation of landscape art. Upon one occasion Greenwood met by appointment a painter, much his senior, for a day of sketching. His companion was long defeated in his efforts to find a scene worthy his brush, dawdled laboriously over his subject with growing dissatisfaction, as one used to the irresponsible atmosphere of a studio, and finally threw up his job with the significant remark that "Nature put him out." To one trained to follow Nature, she presents but one difficulty—the multiplicity of themes at hand. The painter has only to eliminate the many, and upon a single theme build his picture. Correct composition demands simplicity. To omit all unessential elements from the range of vision and best subserve esthetic needs in rearranging the various features is the only sort of idealizing required.

Upon these lines has Greenwood built his work, and most successfully. At the outset of his career there were two roads. To cater to a cheap demand meant immediate sales, a short cut to popular favor. He chose the straight and narrow path beset with labor and scant approval. He put out only such work as consisted with his high sense of what correct art should be. He modestly refrained from seeking his public. Many an artist

of less acumen has whistled-up a larger vogue for his productions. He became the successful exponent of near-at-home art; and Worcester people with a taste for such things began to seek him out. It became a matter for congratulation that one self-taught in their midst, dealing with their own familiar scenes, should have his work welcomed in the highest art circles in America. For many years his pictures have been hung by the Boston Art Club and the Society of American Artists at New York. The Columbian Exposition accepted his offering, a realistic subject from Worcester's suburbs. In 1897 and again in 1900, he was honored by invitations to exhibit collections of his work in the art rooms of the public library. The following quotations from Worcester papers on those occasions indicate the appreciation which attends his work :

* * * "Wednesday night Mr. Greenwood gave a private view of his works, which are to be shown at the library in connection with the second of the series of exhibitions which are being given there this winter. Ardent admirers thronged to his side to express their admiration for the work upon the walls, but how few even dreamed of what the canvases meant to the painter. Few knew of the joy it gave him to thus receive recognition after years of work and struggle. With such an inborn, unquenchable love for art, with such a devout admiration for nature, is it strange that the canvases on the walls at the library stir the heart with tenderness and refresh and delight the eye?

* * * Some years ago a collection of his pictures was shown at the Art Students' Club, but it has passed by into indistinct memory to many. Since then the genius of the painter has blossomed into a sweet perfume such as can only come from a communion with nature which is close enough to feel every heart throb, to see every shifting mood, and to interpret every beautiful expression. Mr. Greenwood's paintings are paintings of the heart, of the soul. His brush is laden with love and tenderness. While he paints his whole being goes out to the subject before him, and he becomes a living, breathing part of it. How else could a painter secure such infinitely tender skies, such marvelous effect of atmosphere, such fragrant, refreshing color."—*Syr.*

* * * "His style is broad, and he freely expresses the truths of nature, dealing with masses rather than details, and handling his subjects, especially atmospheric effects, with a daring and insight that is seldom equalled in American landscape art. * * * In catching the gray effects of brooding skies seen in his "Signs of Snow," a picture owned by W. F. Kellogg, editor of the New England Magazine, Mr. Greenwood shows the genius of an Inness. The clouds recede in diminishing ranks through an aerial perspective of great distance and space, giving finished sugges-

tion of the approaching storm. * * * The bursting day as it breaks, the fading twilight as it wanes, the clouds that chase each other in the air, or their shadows over the hillside or meadows, the ever-changing movements of nature are always subjects for Mr. Greenwood's artist eye. His pictures are excellent examples of tone and harmonious relation of color. Every one of his landscapes seems to communicate human sentiment. Mr. Greenwood's success has been very great indeed. He thoroughly believes in his pictures while he is painting, and paints to please himself. He does not paint to exhibit his technique or to please



WOODLAND SCENE.

(By J. H. Greenwood.)

the masses. He is living a devoted life here in Worcester, and now that his genius is being recognized abroad, his pictures will do much to make the pastoral beauties of Worcester county famous."—*Telegram*.

The degree of success which has attended Greenwood's efforts in the world of art is most gratifying alike to himself and his friends. He has never reaped a large pecuniary harvest for his work; nor yet has he sought it. To have had his canvases regularly accepted at the highest exhibitions of original work is indeed a high honor. The conditions are favorable for anticipation of many future triumphs. Painters proverbially carry their

development into a much riper age than he has reached; and an enhanced appreciation of his present work is a natural expectation. The successful painter is a prophet, in that he elevates the artistic standards of his times. Greenwood's personality in art has already made itself felt, and the best endowed minds in the various callings delight to bestow upon him their appreciation. His recognized mission as an intellectual factor in the community is to perceive and impart to others a sense of the beauty which pervades nature. The pursuit of material advantage that engrosses the attention of individuals and of nations, is, after all is said and done, a poor thing compared with the development of correct sentiment. To the intellectual mind sentiment is the only thing which makes life worth the living. As a successful creator of beautiful sentiment and promoter of the highest form of happiness, Greenwood's life deserves to be chronicled in the list of those who better their fellows. In bringing credit to himself he has brought honor upon the town of his nativity. He has helped to teach a higher use of material things than the plainly practical, and for this we esteem him as a public benefactor.

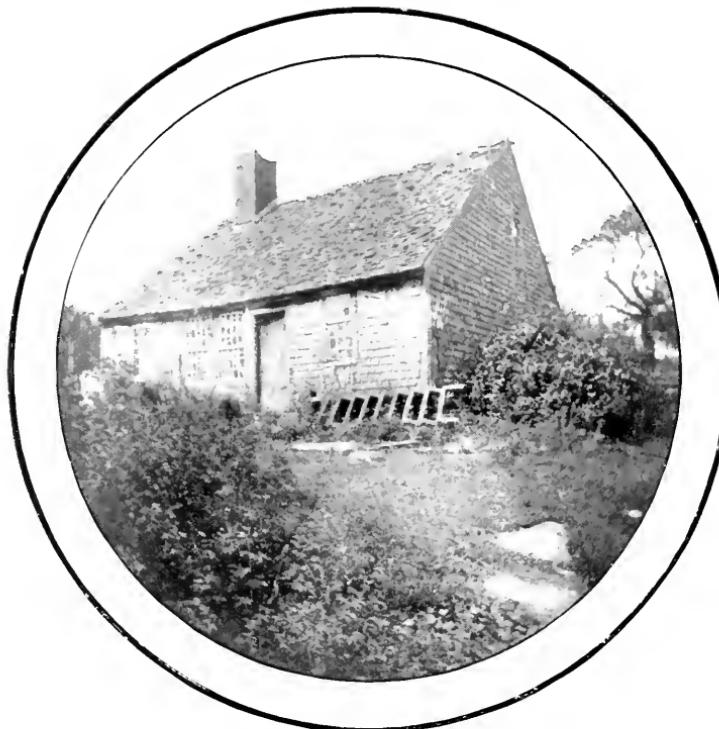
During the pastorate of the Rev. Joseph Pope over the Spencer Congregational church a man by the name of Hagar lived on what is now known as the Aaron Watson place. He was in the habit during the summer months of going early Sunday morning to Moose pond and catching a fry of fish for breakfast. This fact was known to Mr. Pope, but one of his well-to-do parishioners thinking the practice a sinful one called his attention to the same. "Well," said Mr. Pope, "I suppose when Sabbath morning comes some one of your family goes into your cellar, takes the meat hook and fishes around in the pork barrel to get a suitable piece of meat for breakfast?" The man allowed this was the truth. "Now," said Mr. Pope, "Hagar is a poor man and has no meat stored in his cellar, and so, instead of meat he catches fish; the pond is his pork barrel, and I see no substantial difference between his case and your case." The parishioner was silenced. The story was told and for a long time Moose pond was known as Hagar's pork barrel.

In explanation of Mr. Pope's attitude in the case it may be worthy of note to record that he was a much more liberal man in his thought than most clergymen of his time.

Cole & Wood were proprietors of a boot factory on Wall Street about 1861 and later Lamb & Bacon were proprietors of a meat market in Union Block.

ANOTHER EARLY MILL FOR DRAWING WIRE

It has been learned that another early mill for drawing wire was built on the Enoch Ludden farm in the northwest part of Spencer by Daniel Ludden son of the original settler. About the time the mill was completed the wire business had become so depressed that the project was abandoned. The building was then moved away and used for other purposes. Enoch Ludden



THE ABANDONED ENOCH LUDDEN HOUSE AS IT APPEARED IN 1900.
(Photo by H. M. Towner.)

built the house shown in the cut in 1810 in the then primeval forest. While his house was in progress he lived in a dwelling long since gone which stood on the southwest corner of the agricultural grounds. All trace of its location appears to have been obliterated. From this place Mr. Ludden and son Daniel, then about ten years of age, went daily to attend to the building of their new house into which the family moved on its completion in the fall. Mr. Ludden died Oct. 25, 1848. The farm descended to his son Daniel, then to Daniel Jr., and thence to Myron Ludden the present owner.

The Missing Hen Coop.

Some sixty years ago a man by the name of Richard Mills owned what is now the Joseph Butler place at the foot of Pleasant street. He occupied the old two-story red house, long since torn down, which stood a few rods north of the present dwelling. He was a mason as well as farmer and was frequently employed in the village to relay chimney tops. He had a habit of often calling to his tender in a loud voice for more mortar, which he contracted to "More mort!" This attracted the attention of boys and young men and they took up the cry so that it soon became a byword, and ended by their calling Mr. Mills "Old Mort." This was not agreeable to him; in fact he was wrathy and threatened to horsewhip all offenders. In addition to this it is said he committed an unjustifiable act at the swimming place of the boys at Moose pond. On his farm south of his house stood a good sized hen coop which one morning was missing. During the night it had been transported on poles in the hands of indignant young men and placed on the common in front of the Jenks tavern. A sign also had been nailed to the building which read, "Hen Market." Some of the tavern boarders were up earlier than usual that summer morning to know the meaning of such vociferous cock crowing notes as came wafted in through open windows. In the dim twilight they discerned the outlines of the coop and in a short time a crowd had gathered to see, hear and discuss the unusual affair. After considerable sport Capt. Jeremiah Grout, a kind-hearted gentleman living opposite and owning an ox team, offered to transport the coop to its owner if the crowd would load it onto an ox sled. This was done with hearty good will and the team moved the same slowly homeward attended by the usual crowd of small boys.

BIOGRAPHY OF EDDY WARNER PROUTY

This distinguished violinist is a son of Joel Eli and Minerva Prouty, and was born at Proutyville, or Lower Wire Village, Spencer, June 27, 1860. Mr. Prouty, who has met unusual success as a musician, seems to have inherited his passion for a violin from his grandfather, Liberty Prouty, a pioneer wire manufacturer at Proutyville and likewise his love of music from his mother, a good alto singer of local repute. From his earliest recollection, Mr. Prouty longed to possess a violin and was so persistent in making this want known that his parents gratified his desire when only six years of age, and purchased, as good enough for a boy, a small sized instrument of ordinary make, which they hung for him on a Christmas tree at the M. E. church in the winter of 1866. This proved to be a most acceptable present, but did not wholly meet his wishes. At the age of eight, he took up piano practice with Edward L. Sumner. His love for the violin, however, was strengthening with his years, and at the age of ten, his father purchased for him from his brother Henry the violin of his grandfather, Liberty, and this souvenir is still in his possession. Now for the first time he possessed an instrument that was satisfactory to his young mind, and commenced taking lessons of John Eastwood, an Englishman, living at Proutyville, a wire worker by occupation.

His first lesson was "Yankee Doodle" which was executed to Mr. Eastwood's evident satisfaction, after struggling with it for a week. The next lesson, "Money Musk," was too difficult for our young violinist, and after many trials and little progress he became discouraged and abandoned further effort for that time. He has, however, since then many times regretted that he could not then have been placed under the direction of an experienced teacher, as he believes it would have made a vast difference in his musical career. This discouragement prevented any further attempt at getting a musical education until he was seventeen years of age, except for a short time when at Wilbraham academy, where he was sent at the age of twelve, and in addition to his regular studies took lessons in harmony and on the piano under

Prof. Hastings who was at the head of the musical department there at that time.

On account of a contagious disease breaking out among the scholars he left the school during the second term. He returned home and after his strength returned, attended the high school for three years, but did nothing with music except to sing alto one year with his mother at the M. E. church. After leaving the high school, he attended Howe's commercial college at Worcester and acquired a knowledge of book-keeping. He then



EDDY WARNER PROUTY.

worked a year for D. A. Drury in his boot factory with the promise of a situation as book-keeper at the beginning of the second year. For some reason the promise was not kept, and a situation as book-keeper and cashier was obtained from Bemis & Prouty, a Spencer concern then doing business as provision dealers in Worcester.

During the early winter of 1877-8, Mr. Prouty was sick with lung fever and confined to the house until spring. It was

during this time that he again took up his neglected violin work, which led on to success and fame, and has since then never been abandoned. He practiced scales and church music on the violin until he was well enough to go out, and then took lessons of Chas. Muzzy, a noted local violinist, but Mr. Muzzy advised him to seek a more competent teacher and through the counsel of Wm. Sumner, he placed himself under the instruction of Carl Eichler of Boston in June 1878 and made rapid progress. In August he organized his first orchestra, known as Prouty & Benis orchestra, Harry E. Benis being a partner. Their first appearance in public was in the vestry of the M. E. church at a festival on December 18 and 19, 1879. They put on Gilbert and Sullivan's "H. M. S. Pinafore" with all local singers, which was quite a success and probably the first opera ever produced in Spencer by home talent. Mr. Prouty conducted, and Sarah W. Dyer, daughter of Dr. Edward C. Dyer, sang the leading part.

On December 31, 1879, this orchestra played at the sixth annual concert and ball of the Spencer firemen, an engagement of which they were very proud, as it was the first time the firemen had not been obliged to send out of town for their music. Mr. Prouty remained in Spencer during the year 1880, teaching and during engagements with his orchestra, at the same time continuing his studies in Boston. His first appearance as a soloist was October 26th of that year, when he played De Beriot Concerto in D Major at a concert given by the Spencer Cornet Band. The winter of 1880 and 1881 was a very successful one for his orchestra, their time being well booked for parties in Spencer and adjoining towns. In the spring the name of the orchestra was changed to Prouty & Belcher, and went under that name for two years, since which time it has been known only as Prouty's orchestra, Mr. Prouty assuming full control. He soon made arrangements with the proprietors of leading summer and winter resorts and between seasons had so many calls that he made his headquarters and permanent address with the Oliver Ditson Co., music publishers of Boston.

Prouty's orchestra filled two seasons' engagement at Cottage City, Martha's Vineyard, during the summer of 1881 and 1882. They were at Poland Springs Hotel, Maine, during the summers of 1883 and 1884. The fall seasons of 1881 and 1883 were filled by engagements at the San Souci Gardens, Providence, and the New Bedford Opera House. At the close of his first season at Poland Springs, he accepted a position with the Germania Orchestra of Boston, still studying with the leader, Carl Eichler. He also took lessons that season of Bernard Listemann. During Mr. Prouty's first season at Poland Springs, the manager of the

St. James Hotel at Jacksonville, Fla., then stopping there, heard his orchestra and was so well pleased that he offered him an engagement for the winter of 1883-84, and continued to employ him for eighteen consecutive seasons, or until the hotel burned.

During the fall of 1884, he made a tour of the middle states and Canada. His connection with the St. James brought him an abundance of calls to other places, his orchestra having been heard there and favorably commented on by hotel managers from all over the United States. To this cause he owes his engagements at the Magnolia hotel, the Bay Point, Hotel Champlain, Owl's Head, Princess Anne, Va., Magnolia Springs, Fla., and the Ocean House, Swampscott. During the summer of 1885 he was engaged as a soloist with Schmidt's orchestra on the Fall River line of steamers to New York, and during that season studied with two of the leading violinists of New York city. Later he was leader of the orchestra at the New York Academy of Music.

During the summer of 1899, Mr. Prouty received an offer from both the Florida East Coast Hotel Co. and the Plant system for the winter following and accepted the one from the first named party to play at Nassau, N. P. Bahamas, at the Colonial and Royal Victoria, where he has been the past three winters and is engaged for the next season. He has also been engaged to furnish music for the four Magnolia hotels and at Masconomo at Manchester-by-the-Sea this summer.

It is probable that Mr. Prouty's orchestra has filled more engagements at resort hotels than any other orchestra in the country, and what is particularly worthy of notice is that these have largely been unsolicited. That his work has been and is eminently satisfactory may be judged by the frequency with which he has been engaged for succeeding seasons. That Mr. Prouty has been a hard worker in his chosen field is quite evident; that he has been a good manager is equally clear, and that he has accomplished so extensive results for a man of his age is creditable alike to himself and his native town.

Mr. Prouty married Sarah W. Dyer, Feb. 14, 1883, and has always had his home in Spencer, where he spends his vacations in needed relaxation and rest.

MEDAL OF HONOR COMES TO SPENCER

One hundred and sixty thousand soldiers went from Massachusetts into the Civil War. To twenty-one only of this large number of men, an army in itself, Congress awarded medals of honor for distinguished bravery on the field of battle. One of these came to a Spencer man by birth and residence, Charles Adams Hunter, who was born August 26, 1843, in an old house now torn



CHARLES ADAMS HUNTER

down, but then standing where John M. Newton lives. It was known as the Howland place and was at that time owned by Otis Howland. It must not be supposed that these twenty-one men were any more brave than hundreds of other men in the same service only there came to them a time or times, or opportunities for action which, quickly embraced, made their bravery more

conspicuous. Mr. Hunter is very modest in his statement of service performed. He writes from Hopkinton, where he now resides:

"I was color guard or color bearer in all the engagements my regiment was in except the first, and only did my duty as I understood it, not thinking myself more brave than many of my comrades. I suppose it was for this duty that Congress awarded the medal, but never have known definitely as no explanation was given."

It is said by others that at the battle of Fort Gregg, Corporal Hunter not only planted the United States colors on the top of the Fort but the State flag also, which he had picked up on the field on the death of the color bearer carrying it. It is also related that an order to march coming unawares, he went into one battle barefoot and without a musket, refusing to go back though ordered so to do. After a while he secured the musket of a soldier who had been shot.

Charles A. Hunter enlisted July 19, 1862; was mustered into service as a private in Co. E, 34th Massachusetts Infantry, July 31, 1862; made corporal, Nov. 13, 1863; sergeant, April 30, 1865; 2d lieut., June 18, 1865.

The first battle in which he was engaged was at Rippon, West Va., Oct. 19, 1863. Subsequently he participated in the battles of Newmarket, Piedmont, Lynchburg, Snicker's Ford, Winchester, July 24, 1864, Martinsburg, Halltown, Berryville, Winchester, Sept. 19th, 1864, Fisher's Hill, Stickney's Farm, Cedar Creek, Hatchies' Run, Fort Gregg, Appomattox Court House, April 9, 1865.

His most intimate comrades during the war were George P. Clark, Liberty W. Worthington, Walton Livermore, Henry Bemis and Ira E. Lackey. The exposures and privations of the war gradually developed a leg trouble which made amputation necessary, the particulars of which are related in the following extracts from a Natick paper, as follows:

"The citizens and many friends of Mr. Charles A. Hunter of this town will be pained to learn that on Sunday, Feb. 26th, it became necessary to amputate his right leg as a last resort to save his life. The circumstances in connection with this sad case are as follows:

"About two weeks ago, Mr. Hunter consulted Dr. P. R. Manuel, complaining of an unnatural coldness and numbness of his right foot, which was also purple. After a few days treatment, Dr. J. H. Wright was called for consultation when a diagnosis of embolism of the femoral artery was made with the advice which was concurred in of amputation. The case being such a rare one, Dr. S. J. Mixter of Boston was sent for and performed

the operation, assisted by Drs. Manuel, Cook, Wright and Sylvester. The leg was amputated a little below the knee.

"Mr. Hunter was a veteran of the late war with a valiant record as a soldier. He enlisted in Co. E., 34th regiment, Massachusetts Volunteers, from Spencer, Mass., as a private, and was promoted through the several grades of corporal and sergeant and



ARMY MEDAL OF HONOR.

received a commission from Governor John A. Andrew, dated June 18, 1865, as 2d lieutenant, but was never mustered in. He was awarded a bronze medal by Congress for bravery and gallant service on the field of battle, when a corporal of his company. This medal was presented to him just previous to his discharge

at the close of the war, June 13, 1865, and was placed on his breast by the wife of the Commanding General of the 24th Army Corps, Major General John Gibbons. The medal is in the form of a five-pointed star, on the face of which is a representation of the Goddess of Liberty protected by a shield, defending herself from the serpent of treason. On the reverse side is inscribed the following:

THE CONGRESS
TO
CORP. CHARLES A. HUNTER,
COMPANY E, 34TH MASS. VOL.
THIS MEDAL OF HONOR
WAS AWARDED BY AN ACT OF CONGRESS,
APPROVED JULY 12TH, 1862, FOR DISTINGUISHED
SERVICES DURING THE REBELLION.

This modest and unassuming man who has been so frequently seen upon our streets, is only known by a few to have been indeed a recognized hero of our late war. He has the sympathy of all who know him and deserves the gratitude of a reunited Republic. Such soldiers make the fame of our great generals possible."

Early Chair Manufactory.

At the end of the road leading westerly from the house of William Pratt at Hillsboro stands the old residence of Joshua Hill. Six hundred feet perhaps before the house is reached, the road crosses a fill of earth and stone once used as a dam, and flowing a pond the north side of the road. Opposite on the south side may now be seen the foundation of stone where once a small mill was located. This mill was built by members of the Hill family and used as a place for the manufacture of such parts of chairs, settees or bedsteads as needed to be sawed or turned, and was operated as late as 1859 by Sullivan Hill, son of Joshua, and father of Edwin A. Hill. The furniture was put together or otherwise completed in a shop near his dwelling. The stream supplying the pond was a very small one, and the time of flowage and use of the mill was chiefly confined to the early spring. The water was drawn off later and a crop of hay annually raised on the pond bottom. Some wag composed a few lines of doggerel in regard to this mill which, while not wholly true, served as sort of a nursery rhyme for children in that section of the town for many years. The stanza is as follows:

"Sullivan Hill
Built a mill
Upon a sandy plain,
There was no water
Within a mile and a quarter,
Unless there came some rain."

WASHINGTON'S VISIT TO SPENCER, OCTOBER 22, 1789

POEM WRITTEN FOR THE ONE HUNDREDTH ANNIVERSARY OF THAT OCCASION
BY MRS. L. H. UPHAM.

The day is long past,
Far away is the scene,
But backward we'll glance,
Though years intervene.

What hopes and what fears,
What smiles and what tears,
Have filled out the cycle
Of the last hundred years.

Generations have come,
And as time onward sped
Their course they have run,
They now sleep with the dead.

But seed-time and harvest
Each year to our land
Has been graciously dealt
By a bountiful Hand.

For His merciful gifts,
With glad hearts we raise
To our glorious Maker
Thanksgiving and praise,

And pray that His wisdom
May show us the road
And guide our weak feet
'Till we dwell with our God.

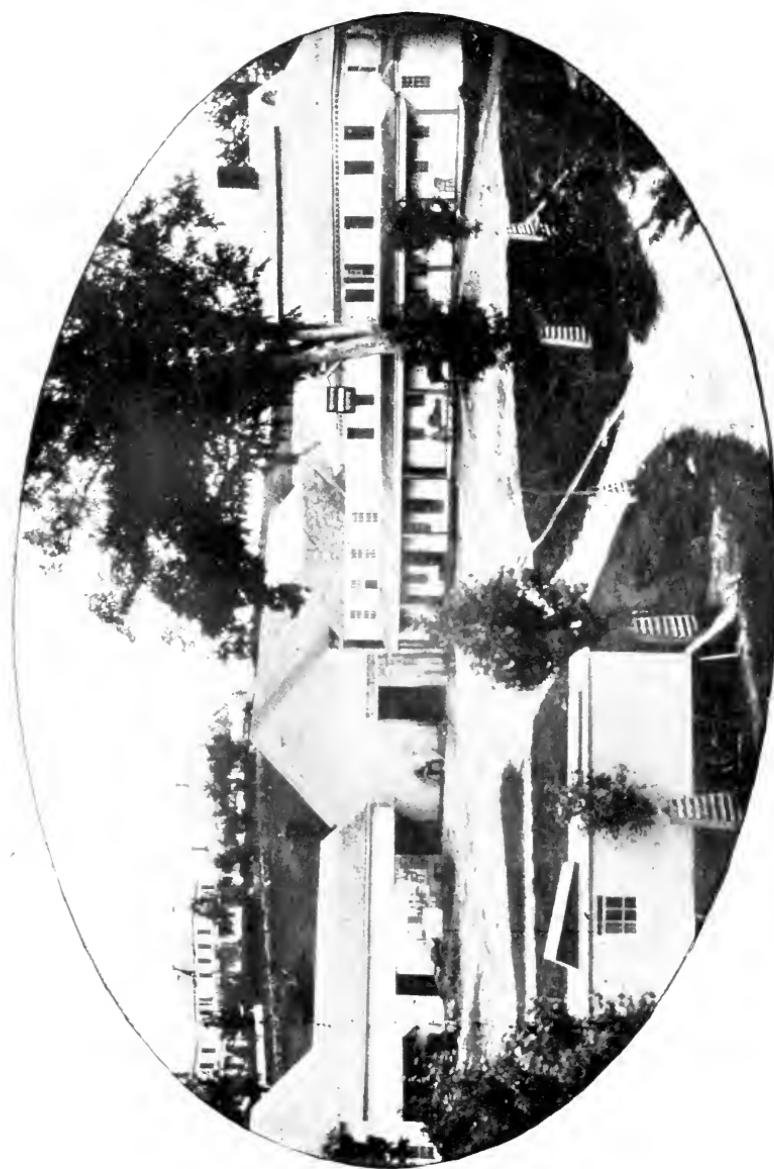
Our Nation's first great President,
As all the records show,
Visited New England
One hundred years ago;

Thus setting an example
To the rulers of our nation,
Which has been largely followed
By each administration.
He established here a precedent
It would be well to mind—
He was careful of his lovely wife.
And she was left behind.
He needed not the prestige
Of her presence and her grace,
She was wise as well as beautiful
And knew her proper place.
Whene'er it was her duty
To be in public seen,
With great homage she was welcomed
As any foreign Queen.
It was the month October
Of seventeen-eighty-nine.
The fifteenth day, on Thursday
"About the hour of nine,"

He started on his journey
Accompanied part way
By Hamilton and General Knox
And chief justice Mr. Jay.
When past the city's limits,
Their course they homeward turn,
With good wishes for his journey,
And a very safe return.

He had his scribes and servants,
His retinue was eight,
With horses four, and chariot,
You see he rode in state.
It was the finest carriage seen
In continental days,
On this occasion it was drawn
By four Virginia bays.

It was for Washington imported.
And was of English make:
It was a rich cream color,
And globular in shape.
Its ornaments on panel work
Resembled fairy bowers,
They were cupids each supporting
Festoons and wreaths of flowers.



JENKS TAVERN

The whole was well encased
In clearest crystal glass,
And was a wonder and delight,
To all who saw it pass.
His groom and stalwart coachmen,
And four outriders, too,
Were dressed in handsome livery,
Their hair worn in a queue.

On Narragansett pacers
Rode his secretaries near,
One was a Major Jackson,
And one Tobias Lear.

View of Jenks Tavern

taken about 1860, and substantially as it looked when Washington stopped there an honored guest. The building stood on the present site of the Massasoit Hotel. Josiah Robinson of Uxbridge purchased the land in 1743 and is supposed to have erected the eastern end of this Tavern house the same year. In 1775 Isaac Jenks came to Spencer, purchased the property and there kept hotel, presumably until his death, Sept. 27, 1818, forty-three years later. Draper's History records that Mr. De Wareville, a French traveler passing through Spencer in 1788 and stopping for the night at this Tavern, speaks of it as "half built in a new village in the midst of woods." The uncompleted part was the western end of the main building then in process of erection. Later quite a large ell was built extending north. This old landmark which in its day was the centre of more history making than any other structure in town, ancient or modern, was totally destroyed by fire Sept. 20, 1870.

But Washington his own account
Freely and tersely wrote,
And from his journal now and then
Some passages we'll quote.

He "met four drove of cattle,"
Well fatted, large and sound
With thirty in each drove,
For New York market bound.
The roads were rough and stony,
But the "land did freely yield
Luxuriant corn and pompons,
Yet ungathered in the field."

And on nearly every hill-side,
 He finds the farmers keep
Not only many cattle,
 But immense flocks of sheep ”
He “scarcely passed a farm house
 That did not abound in geese”
And thirty miles he rode that day,
 The wonders did not cease.

He dined at Kingsbridge with one Hoyatt,
 And as the eve drew nigh
They reached the “neat and decent inn”
 Of Mrs. Haviland at Rye.
On Friday morn, through rough Horse-neck,
 Six miles, up hill and down,
Then six miles more ere they partook
 Breakfast in Stamford town.

To Norfolk ten —to Fairfield twelve,
 And here, he speaks of finding
The farmers busily employed
 In apple gathering grinding
And pressing out the rich, clear juice
 For winter’s cheer, and housewife’s use.
From here, he says, the chief export
 Is horses, cattle, beef and pork.

He passed the night at Fairfield,
 Rose early in the morn,
And breakfasted at Stratford,
 Some ten miles farther on.
And here the happy people made
 “Effort to honor with parade.”
Three miles to Milford village,
 West Haven he passed through,
Arriving at New Haven
 Before the hour of two.

He dined, and heard addresses
 From the clergy of the place,
And committee of assembly,
 Who did his escort grace.
It was here he spent the Sabbath,
 That day, with reverent mien,
Twice in the house of God
 His noble form was seen;

The Governor and noted men
 Escorting him each time;
Then by his invitation
 These worthies with him dine.

On Monday morn; the nineteenth,
 At early dawn of day,
By cavalry escorted,
 He started on his way.
Rode thirteen miles to Wallingford,
 They reached at half past eight,
With an appetite for breakfast,
 Of which they there partake.

They took a walk about the place,
 See "mulberry grown from seed,"
For the greedy silk worms that they raise
 With white mulberry leaves they feed.
Then Middletown and Wethersfield,
 Where there was great display
Of citizens to honor him,
 Escorting all the way.

To Hartford, where he passed the night,
 Left after ten next day—
He wished to leave at early morn
 But rain caused great delay.
The woollen factories at this place
 With pleasure he did view.
Ordered some broadcloth for a suit,
 Some cloth for servants, too;
A kind I think the present day
 Makes no great effort to display,
But at that time acquired a fame
 For "everlasting" was the name.

The morning rain had made the roads
 Muddy and hard to travel o'er;
Windsor and Enfield he pass'd through
 Reached Springfield glad to stop at four.
As on the conquering hero came
 Booming of guns the fact proclaim.
Here on the hill above the town
 Were buildings which the nation owned.
Here continental stores he viewed,
 And found them kept in order good,
Powder and balls, muskets and guns,
 In case of need to arm her sons.

October twenty-second
 Of seventeen-eighty-nine,
From Springfield unto Spencer;
 It was a day so fine,
Although a century ago,
 Its radiance still doth shine.
It was glorious Indian summer,
 And the foliage by the road
With colors of the rainbow
 In gorgeons beauty glowed.

Each brook did sing a pean,
 All nature seemed to raise
In sweet harmonious music
 Songs of exultant praise.
And our nation's noble ruler
 In every little thing
Discerned the wisdom and the power
 Of his Almighty King.

The day was full of beauty—
 We find he noted down
The impression here received
 Of every little town.
We can only give in general way
 Account of what he saw that day.
I wish his journal all might read
 He nothing lost worthy of note,
But to advantage used his eyes
 And full account of all he wrote.

He there describes the average farm,
 The style of fences by the way,
And how the horse and oxen worked
 Which "had no other feed but hay."
How many churches in each town,
 Whether or not they had a steeple:
How many mills and factories,
 The number, he should judge, of people;
And that there seemed few opulent,
 And none he would consider poor;
While honest ways and good intent
 Their happiness and peace secure.

The general fashion of the house,
 They "showed a great similitude"
With "one large chimney, stone or brick."
 The building chiefly made of wood

Thirty to fifty feet in length,
Entry and stairway which divide
The parlor from the living room,
A kitchen and an L beside.

But you've all seen just such a house
There's one just like it on the hill;
As Washington then saw it,
You can see it standing still.
But I am traveling on too fast;
His chariot wheels we see
Are drawing near to Brookfield —
I think there then were three.

He came to Brookfield town
Hoping to pass the night;
But good old Mrs. Barnister
Was in a sorry plight;
She had a dreadful headache,
The landlord was from home,
She thought 'twas from a college,
A president had come

And so without inquiry
She sent the message down
She "could not well accommodate
He must go to the next town."
But when a little later
And he had passed from sight,
She heard 'twas General Washington
Who wished to pass the night —

With sorrow and dismay
And great chagrin she said:
"Bless me! one look at that good man
Would have cured my aching head."
We thank old lady Barnister
And will prize her memory
For letting our first President
Try Spencer's hospitality.

The messenger in haste rode on
To announce the coming guest,
For cool and chilly was the air,
The sun low in the west.
His ride that day was forty miles —
He surely needed rest.

And Spencer was the proper town,
The apex of his tour;
Of Worcester county she's the Hub
Or ought to be we're sure.

Her seven grand hills are higher land
Than any town can show
On what was called the "old post road
To Springfield" years ago.
And going east it's just the same,
There's less up-hill than down
To go by rail or go by road
Till you reach Boston town.

The glory of the setting sun
Upon these grand hills shone
And as the horseman came in sight
And made his errand known,
Good Landlord Jenks with courtesy
And ready speech replied,
"An honor to this house 'twould be
If they would there abide."

And then in haste he gave commands—
To servants, children, all,
Michael and Lydia, Isaac, John,
Soon answered to his call.
Quickly the parlor fire-place
A cheerful blaze did show,
Its andirons of polished brass
Reflect the ruddy glow.
Its huge arm chairs inviting stood,
The weary guest to charm,
Its mantel trimmed with golden-rod,
And gentian, phlox and balm.

And Madam Jenks in her best cap
Was very soon arrayed.
Lydia and Hannah, charming girls,
Their Sunday garb displayed,
And baby Otis six months old
In embroidered robe was dressed.
For all desired to honor give
And do their level best.

Now Landlord Jenks was keen and bright,
For wit had great renown;
Three years in legislative halls
Did represent the town.

Had converse held with learned men
Who wore powdered wig and gown
And therefore could with courtly grace
Welcome the travelers to the place.

Isaac and John, the landlord's sons,
Soon spread the news around,
And every crony in the place
Within an hour was found.
The three Pope boys, Joe, Charles and Will,
Joe Mason, Nathan White,
The Muzzy boys, Sardine and John,
Each had the word that night.

Good Landlord Jenks a messenger
Unto the pastor sent,
Thinking that he might wish to call
On our first president.
The minister was very glad
A welcome to extend;
For General Israel Putnam
Was to each a well-loved friend:
To Washington an ally he,
Whose prowess oft was tried,
To Mr. Pope made relative
By Hannah Pope his bride.

Now Parson Pope was loyal man
And had as chaplain served
To Spencer's forty minute men
Who ne'er from duty swerved.
But April nineteenth, seventy-five,
Their country's call obey
For eight months service in the ranks,
To Cambridge marched that day.

And some of them we know did fill
A patriot's place at Bunker Hill,
The noble general they had seen
Review his troops at Cambridge green.
Longfellow's house in Cambridge then
Was his headquarters, near his men.
The travellers, their day's journey o'er,
Did ample justice to the store
Of wholesome food and viands sweet,
A well cooked culinary treat;

For Madam Jenks, good thrifty soul,
Her larder kept well stored
With flesh and fowl and potted meats
She had an ample hoard.

Such flaky pastry, apple, mince,
And pumpkin pie and cheese,
With cake and tarts and quince preserve
Would any palate please;
And fragrant coffee, rich with cream,
And good old Bohea tea.
She always kept a canister
For her choice company,

And then her bread, both brown and white
It was so nice and sweet,
Our nation's first great president
Did compliment the treat,
And Mistress Jenks with harmless pride,
She was both wise and dutiful
Would oft repeat his pleasant words,
"Madame, your bread is beautiful."

And that spare room with bed of down,
And linen white as snow,
Acquired a grandeur on that night
A century ago;
Which four score years, though many hosts
Its open door had kept,
That room, was always known as one
Where Washington had slept.

Refreshing sleep, a quiet night
In our clear bracing air;
The General wakened with the light,
The day was bright and fair,
And here he did a different way
From what he'd done before;
He liked Dame Jenks' bread so well
He wished to have some more;
And said, "we'd better here abide,
While they our breakfast can provide."

We wish to emphasize in song
At but one place he stopped as long,
Excepting where he spent the Sunday--
And then he left ere breakfast, Monday.

But here to be historian true
I'll tell what he had planned to do;
Remain at Brookfield Thursday night,
Arriving here at morning light;
Breakfast, and rest an hour or two,
Refreshed, his journey then pursue.

The President that Friday morn
Was loath to go away;
So restful was his sojourn here
He would gladly longer stay.
No "effort" here the people made
To honor him with great parade,
He liked the quiet, simple way
Our townsmen their respect did pay.

In fancy's eye we see that Inn:
A grand old elm stood near the door,
A grateful shade for man and beast,
Friendly alike to rich and poor;
From the huge branches which o'er hung
The path, a sign-board gently swung;
By the same zephyr all the trees
Wafted a matin in the breeze.

Here stood our first chief magistrate,
Our Washington, wise, good and great,
First in all hearts, through our wide land
His memory ever to abide,
First in war, and first in peace
Our nation's hope and joy and pride,
His manly form, tall, nobly built,
His calm, attentive, thoughtful mien.

Always polite and dignified,
And to be loved, need but be seen,
When on that morn a little band
Of citizens respectful stand,
He gave each hand a friendly clasp,
Which was returned with hearty grasp.
Their grateful hearts obeisance pay,
And watch his chariot roll away.

The village boys keep with him still,
And follow him quite up the hill;
And with another smile are paid
For here his chariot wheels are stayed
While he can take another view
Of the charming country just passed through,
Forty miles west they plainly see
Mount Tom and Holyoke clear and free.

And to the north the sun's bright rays
Lighted Monadnock for his gaze,
And north by east some eighteen miles,
He saw our own Wachusett smile,
He turned and said, "I like it well,
A charming place for man to dwell."

And this is all that's noted down
About that visit to our town.

The theme deserves a poem fine.
I give you only simple rhyme;
I'll let some abler pen relate
His journey through the old Bay State,
Of all the pomp and great parade
Her citizens so gladly made,
One says -this presidential tour
"Was one prolonged triumphal march,
Unparalleled in history,"
By the great man who won all hearts.

Spencer, Oct. 22d, 1889.

Early Spencer Patent for Drawing Wire.

A patent was granted by the United States Government in January 1822 to Russell Prouty for an improved method of wire drawing. Mr. Prouty at that time was operating a wire mill at Proutyville in company with his brother Liberty, father of Jonas R. and Joel E. Prouty. The mill stood near the northwest corner of the present lower mill dam. The patent must have been valuable as one deed at least is on record in which he grants the use of his invention for a money consideration to Robert Watson of Leicester, who operated a wire mill on Shaw pond brook. Mr. Prouty saw, or thought he saw, greater opportunities for money-making as a farmer, sold out his wire mill interests and went to Steubenville, Ohio, where he became wealthy raising castor oil beans. A number of his descendants are still living at that place.

Mr. Prouty used to make occasional visits to the home of his childhood and is remembered as spending his vacation time here chiefly in trolling for pickerel in the numerous ponds in this vicinity. He was a most enthusiastic fisherman for this particular kind of fish, a sport he could not enjoy in that part of his adopted state where he lived, as but few ponds or lakes are to be found in that section.

SPENCER AS WASHINGTON SAW IT

BY JOSEPH W. TEMPLE.

The charming aspect of the average New England town is found in the diversity of its scenery; consisting of picturesque mountains, in miniature, finely rounded hills joined at long or short intervals by well watered valleys or plains. These beauties in nature are the pride of the New Englander of the present, although he mourns the loss of the magnificent forests that covered these hills with their beautiful foliage and tall swaying branches, as they added so much to the grandeur of the landscape from any point of view. This devastation, however, is no more noticeable in the town of Spencer than in many other towns and villages in New England, as probably all have shared the same fate and have been subjected to like changes, to make way for the various internal improvements that have followed.

The first inroad into this wilderness for the purpose of planting a habitation here, was made by one Nathaniel Wood, who purchased one hundred acres of land near the Brookfield line and built a dwelling upon it for himself and family, and this was the first house in town. The second was erected by Samuel Bemis and was near that of Mr. Wood, while a third was built in 1726 by John Graton in the southeasterly part of the town. From this time on little by little the forests were cut away and new homes located, but it was not until after the close of the Revolution, or more particularly as affecting this vicinity, that local disturbance called Shay's rebellion about 1787, that the town started upon an onward, and what has proved to be, a prosperous march.

Perhaps it would not be uninteresting to the generation of today to note, in a general way, the condition of Spencer as it appeared one hundred years ago and to make some few comparisons between the "then" and "now." There were then but nineteen buildings (exclusive of barns) along the entire line of road, between Leicester and Brookfield boundaries. The "Center" was then designated as "upper" and "lower" villages, and the only dwellings in the former were the "Pope Mansion," built in 1744, now owned and occupied by Mrs. L. H. Upham, and the

house of Josiah Carey, now standing at the west corner of Main and May streets, and better known to the present generation as the Oliver Morse house. (In 1815 a part of this house was occupied by "Honest" John Davis as a law office. He was afterward Governor of this state four years and United States Senator two terms.) The meeting house and a small school building occupied a portion of the ground then used as a "training field," and is the same upon which the Congregational church and High school building stand at the present time.

In the lower village were three dwellings kept as taverns and owned by Capt. Ebenezer Mason, Isaac Jenks and James Livermore. The latter stood upon the site of the present residence of J. W. Temple. Standing in any part of these "villages," but two other dwellings were visible, one was that of John White, the present residence of Alford Wilson, and the other that of Capt. Samuel Lamb, better known as the Thos. B. Clark place, John Muzzy's, near the Catholic church, and the Wm. Drake house on the site of Harvey Sibley's house.

This, then, was the condition of the central portion of the town at the beginning of the century of which we write, and if one could close his eyes and in imagination see this "new village in the midst of the woods," as a traveler of that day styled it, the contrast between the "then" and "now" would be clearly apparent. It certainly has been a marvelous growth, situated as it has been away from railroad facilities, and in this respect it stands almost at the head of the column of country towns throughout the state.

The early condition of the roads was intolerable. They were, in many instances, not equal to the cart path of this day, as the rock or stump that could not be conveniently removed with an ordinary iron bar, was suffered to remain. These paths, for they were nothing better, followed the general contour of the hill or valley through which they passed, crossing the stream over fallen logs, or possibly by fording it, and up hills that could only be ascended by "main strength."

The great post road, (now our Main street) from the Brookfield line ran past the Amasa Bemis tavern, near Westville, now so called, in a direct line to the "Summer Hill," and took the same general course through the village that it does at the present except from the "Mason house" it passed south and the original road bed lies under the houses of Mrs. S. C. Marsh and Dr. Norwood. From the house of Aaron Watson it was south of the present road and came out near the house of Edward Proctor, thence down through "Hemlock Gutter," and in a direct line over the hill to the Leicester line. This gutter was a terror to teamsters, as it was very difficult to pass at any season of the

year. The difference between this primitive road and the highway of today is, that the hills have been cut down, the valleys filled and the stones and stumps removed, making traveling by wheel now comparatively easy.

The barns were situated upon the opposite side of the street from the houses, the one belonging to the Rev. Mr. Pope stood where the house of F. E. Dunton now stands and the Mason barn, stood upon the site of Mr. Marsh's hardware store, and it is said that at the close of a "training day," nearly every male inhabitant of the village was laid away in it from the effects of too much toddy.

There were stately elms planted at nearly every house, but those now standing in front of the Mason house are the only ones that have survived the march of improvements.

The schoolhouse for the use of the scholars of the lower village was situated at the foot of "Sumner Hill" near the house of T. J. Bemis and was known as the "Old Red." This was No. 9. That for the upper village was of the same style of architecture and was situated on the hill southeast of the house of Aaron Watson, on the old road before mentioned. This was afterwards removed to a site about equal distance between the houses of Rufus Sibley and Aaron Watson. This was No. 3. The size of the school building standing near the church was one-story high, 16x20 feet with $6\frac{1}{2}$ foot ceiling. This was used for a higher grade than those in the outer districts. In 1788 the appropriations for schooling purposes amounted to £20 or \$100. During the century this item has increased as the growth of the town has demanded until the round sum of \$150,000 has been expended, while in the place of the miserable buildings, the best that could be afforded in those days, the town has schoolhouses, from fair dimensions to palaces in size and comfort, at a cost of more than \$100,000.

Every department of business enterprise during this period has shown the same relative increase, as the statistics of the town will show.

Writing this as a century article, we are reminded that the 22d of October, 1889, was the centennial anniversary of an event of great importance to the inhabitants of the towns a hundred years ago. George Washington, in his first presidential year making a tour through Massachusetts passed the night (Oct. 22, 1789), beneath the hospitable roof of Landlord Jenks of the old Jenks tavern which stood where the Massasoit hotel now stands. He was very much gratified at his cordial reception and spoke in terms of praise of the bread of Madam Jenks.

BIOGRAPHY OF JOSEPH WARREN TEMPLE

Joseph Warren Temple, son of Col. Alonzo and Adaline (Rider-Sibley) Temple, was born in Spencer, February 17, 1833. Received his early education in the district and high schools of Spencer, supplemented by several terms at Leicester Academy. At the age of twelve he entered the country store of Dexter and Lo-



JOSEPH W. TEMPLE.

renzo Benis as a store boy and for the sixteen years following, his time was devoted to a mercantile life, the early portion of it in the interest of others, the latter for himself.

His first venture in this line was in Leicester, Mass., in 1850, the firm known as Fairbank & Temple. Later, with his brother,

William Henry, he continued the business of a general store in Spencer and at Charlton Depot, as Temple & Co., and after the decease of his brother he formed a partnership with George E. Clapp, formerly of Spencer, and they purchased the stock and good will of a store in Brookfield, Mass., run in connection with the shoe firm of Kimball, Robinson & Fales. He returned to Spencer, and on April 19, 1859, married Sybil Ann, daughter of Josiah and Sybil Green.

From 1861 to 1864 inclusive, he entered the same line of business again, viz: a general store at the old stand of Temple & Co., the same store now occupied by A. G. Pease & Co., with Thomas R. Whittemore as partner, the firm being known as Temple & Whittemore.

Later he took an interest in the boot business of Emory Shumway & Son of Warren, Mass., moving the works early to Spencer, occupying what was known as the Universalist church building, now Hill's block, and the firm was known as Shumway, Temple & Co.

Next he purchased the interest of Isaac Prouty & Co. in the firm of Bullard & Boyden, boot manufacturers, where he remained until 1883. The closing years of this business was carried on under the style of Bullard & Temple.

In the winter of 1883-'84 he represented the town in the General Court, was appointed clerk of the mercantile committee and at the close of this session he, with Mrs. Temple, spent several months traveling through the British isles and on the continent. Three years later he was elected treasurer of the Spencer Savings Bank and occupies that position at the present time.

In 1849 the town purchased a new fire engine, a Hunneman machine, and he became an active member of the company, continuing in the fire department for thirty-five years as private, clerk, treasurer and member of the board of engineers; was also active in the inception, progress and completion of the branch railroad connecting the village with the Boston & Albany at South Spencer.

Has served the town several years as assessor and town clerk. In his early life he was closely identified with all the social movements of the young people having for their object the betterment or improvement of the village in various ways. In musical matters he was a recognized factor. He has been a Justice of the Peace since 1875 and an ardent republican since the creation of the party.

Mr. Temple has considerable literary ability and stands well as a local historian. He has written quite a number of interesting

papers, relating to Spencer history. His most notable effort along this line was an extended article on the History of Spencer, his native town, published some years ago in an elaborate work on Worcester County. This was written with great care and fidelity to the truth and in a very pleasing style.

Memorial Day.

BY W. O. BEMIS.

Once more the apple blossoms fling
Their sweetness on the air;
Once more the thrush and robin sing,
Again the sky is fair;
The earth in one exultant swell,
Its joyous psalms repeat,
From mountain high to grassy dell
In buoyant glory beat.

But all our hearts feel sad today,
While bending o'er the grave
Of those who fell in deadly fray,
And life to freedom gave
Flowers may serve to heal the wounds
Engraven on the heart;
And music, with its plaintive sounds,
A soothing balm impart.

When this fair day of May comes 'round,
We sadly drop a tear
On the brave soldier's grassy mound
To hold his memory dear
And pray that on this blessed land
War's fiendish, fiery breath
Shall come no more, with smiting hand,
To scourge our homes with death

Large Landowners.

The town of Spencer contains 21,594 acres of land, of which amount William A. Wilson last year owned 910 acres or one twenty-fourth of the whole. George Wilson had 466 acres and Rufus A. Sibley 443 acres, each holding about one-fiftieth of the town's area.

AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF REV. ALBERT LIVERMORE

Rev. Albert Livermore, A. M., son of Lorenzo O. and Chloe D. (Bemis) Livermore, was born Sept. 3, 1843, in Spencer, Mass., in the house on lower Main street where his aged mother still resides. His grandfather, on his fathers' side, was David Livermore, a Minute Man in the Revolutionary War; on his mother's



REV. ALBERT LIVERMORE.

side, his grandfather was Joshua Bemis, grandson of Samuel Bemis, Spencer's second earliest settler; said Joshua Bemis was a selectman and, for his day, accumulated a handsome estate.

His first attendance at school was in the "Old Red School-house" below the homes of the Sumners in District No.

9. In the second term of its existence he became a pupil of the High School established by the town in the old town hall, and taught by N. P. Pond, recently deceased. He continued in attendance until 1860, when he became a pupil at Wesleyan Academy, from which he graduated in the summer of 1861. Previous to this, a short time after his father's death, in the autumn of 1860, he taught in districts Nos. 3 and 9. Entered Amherst College in the autumn of 1863; at the end of the Freshman year, he enlisted in the 60th Regiment



MRS. CHLOE L. (BEMIS) LIVERMORE

of Massachusetts Volunteers and at the expiration of his term of service, Nov. 1864, was honorably discharged. During the closing winter of the Civil war, he served at City Point, Va., under the United States Christian Commission, teaching contrabands and serving the varied needs of the soldiers. Resumed his college studies in the autumn of 1865, to complete them in 1868, teaching during two winters in the town of Hubbardston to secure means for the completion of his education. After graduation, for over two years he taught first at the N. Y. Deaf and Dumb Institution, afterwards at White Plains Military Insti-

tute and was principal of Nichols Academy, Dudley, Mass., during the autumn before he commenced his studies, preparatory to an entrance upon the work of the gospel ministry. Of his theological course, one year was spent at Bangor, Me., and the last two at the Theological Seminary at Andover, Mass., of which he is a graduate.

His first field of labor was Miller's Falls, Mass., where he was ordained in November, 1874. In 1876 he went west and located at New Richmond, Wisconsin, a city largely destroyed by a cyclone July 12, 1899. Here his labors were greatly blessed, large numbers coming into the church. The church building was renovated and the society attained self-support. From Wisconsin he went to Michigan, where he labored for five years at St. Ignace, Nashville and Williamston. In the autumn of 1885, a call came from the Presbyterian Church in Spencer, N. Y., where he labored for more than twelve years. At the expiration of his service, he went to Montour Falls, the birthplace of David B. Hill and three miles from the famous Watkins Glen, leaving there after more than three years residence. In Feb. 1902 he became stated supply of the Presbyterian Church at Canaseraga, N. Y. In the opening weeks of his ministry, it was his privilege here to receive the largest addition on any one communion Sabbath in the whole thirty years history of this church.

Amherst College bestowed on him the degree of A. M. in 1871. He represented Chemung Presbytery, of which he was a member for sixteen years, in the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church, held at Washington, May, 1893. This was the church court which convicted the famous Dr. Briggs of heresy. Mr. Livermore acted with the minority in this famous case.

He married August 9, 1884, Mrs. Mary E. Bell of New Richmond, Wis., whose birthplace was Longmeadow, Mass. He has a step-son, Judge Frank A. Bell of Waverly, N. Y., special county Judge of Tioga County, the county of the famous "Tom Platt."

The Practical Joker.

The Practical joker doubtless lived in Spencer at an early date but his most active work commenced with the introduction of the small boot bottomers' shops about 1830 and virtually closed at the beginning of the Civil War.

Since then the newspapers have given his active mind plenty of material to engross his thought and attention. The boot factories during the above period enforced but little if any discipline and were open to itinerant pack peddlers who went about

from room to room vending their wares. The crimpers in the third story of the old Grout & Bush boot shop, which stood on the site of the present J. E. Bacon factory, concluded to play a practical joke on all peddlers coming into their room, not wishing to be annoyed by the persistent solicitations of these sons of Israel.

And this story of the practical joker is only one of many that might be narrated. The crimping room had only one door for entrance or exit, and near this, one of the crimpers had his work bench.

They so arranged the latch that it could easily be removed and when so removed the door was securely locked. As each peddler came in, exhibited his goods and passed on, the latch was quietly withdrawn and hidden. The peddler having gone the rounds and finding himself unable to open the door, naturally called attention to the fact and all hands apparently would come to see what the difficulty was. Not being able to find the latch, no one could think of a way to open the door and could suggest only two ways of exit. One way was by a rope already on hand for the purpose if required, and the other, to go up through a scuttle door into the attic, from whence access to the street could be attained easily by stairways. The peddlers always chose the scuttle outlet. Boxes already at hand were then piled, one on top of another, until a man standing on them could with his hands easily reach the floor above. It was purposely arranged not to have boxes enough to make the exit easy. The peddler then mounted the pedestal, his pack was passed up and by him thrown onto the floor above and then came the more difficult task of getting up himself. This could not readily be done without assistance, which was always generously volunteered. While he pulled up with his hands the crimpers were supposed to be pushing him upward by his legs, but like untrained horses they did not always work together; some would pull downward while others were pushing upward. At last, after trying exceedingly the patience of the victim, they would give a final altogether push, which generally landed him in a heap on the attic floor.

He was a wise peddler who refrained from using vigorous expletives at this treatment. Some however were not wise, and their wrath only amused the crowd below.

The red letter day in this sport occurred when a Jew and his wife came in together. Out of respect for the woman no rough treatment was attempted on this occasion, although the exit of both was by the scuttle as usual.

It is certain none of the peddlers, who passed through this experience, ever again ventured into that shop. It is supposed when in town, if they came at all, they passed by on the other side of the street.

RUFUS ADAMS SIBLEY

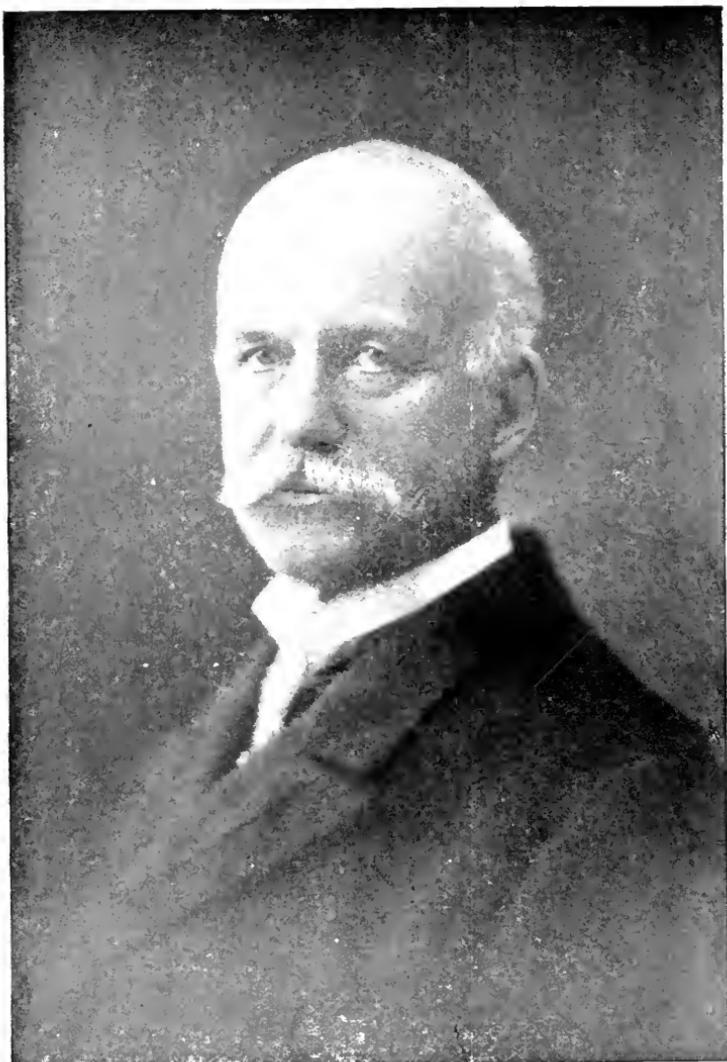
Rufus Adams Sibley, son of Brigham and Adaline (Adams) Sibley was born in Spencer, Mass., Dec. 3, 1841; taught district school in the autumn of 1858, also 1859. Entered the store of Grout, Prouty & Co. in 1860 as clerk and bookkeeper; after remaining there five years he accepted a position as bookkeeper with Messrs. Hogg, Brown & Taylor of Boston, Mass.,



VILLA OF RUFUS SIBLEY ON MOOSE HILL.

(Photo by Emerson)

where he was employed until March, 1868, when a copartnership with Alexander M. Lindsay and John Curr was formed under the firm name of Sibley, Lindsay & Curr, for the purpose of conducting a wholesale and retail dry goods and manufacturing business in Rochester, N. Y.



RUFUS A. SIBLEY.

This firm erected the twelve story, fire proof, office building known as the Granite Building, and afterwards incorporated the Granite Building Co. with a capital of \$1,000,000 to hold real estate, and the Sibley, Lindsay & Curr Co. with capital of \$2,000,000 to continue the dry goods business at Rochester, with interests in Minneapolis, Minn., Erie and Titusville, Pa.

Mr. Sibley has been identified with many of the financial, educational and charitable institutions of Rochester for the past twenty-five years, and has maintained for several years a summer residence at Moose Hill Farm, Spencer, Mass.

Punishing a "Copperhead," as Sympathizers with the South were Called During War of Rebellion.

Northern men now living who were born since the Civil War have little conception of the intense spirit of patriotism that pervaded the north during that great struggle, and how little opposition to their views it took to arouse their indignation. This is well illustrated by an incident that occurred in Leicester.

After Abraham Lincoln had been shot and Andrew Johnson became President, a well known Spencer farmer went by team to Worcester to make purchases. In addition to useful merchandise, he purchased and drank an immoderate quantity of ardent spirits. By the time he reached Leicester in the evening on his way home he was exceedingly talkative. He put up his team at the Leicester Hotel barn and was preparing to go into the hotel bar-room, when on passing a few citizens seated on the piazza the political situation somehow was broached. He then took occasion to remark that if Johnson followed in the footsteps of Lincoln he ought to suffer the same penalty. This was his real sentiment, although had he been free from the influence of liquor, he would not thus have revealed it. This saying was so obnoxious to the citizens that they at once procured his team, loaded him into it and started him homeward. By the time he had gone as far as the postoffice, he felt the fighting spirit within, turned about and drove to a small public resort at the foot of Leicester hill, whither the citizens, now thoroughly aroused, followed. By the time they had reached the place, they found he had engaged a room and obtained a copy of the assessors' report in order to get the full names of the parties who had ordered him home. Refusing to open the door, they forced entrance, took the drunken man out of doors and asked him if he would salute the flag, and then go home. With a profane oath he refused. They then got a rail, carefully rode

him around the dooryard, let him off and asked him again to salute the flag. Still more angry and profane he again refused. They gave him another ride, with some roughness. He again refused. They then gave him so rough a ride that he cried out in a loud voice, when asked once more if he would salute the colors: "Yes, I'll salute anything." He then made a salute satisfactory to the citizens, was again placed in his wagon and went directly home a sobered man.

He was unable from lameness caused by this experience to get away from his house for over two weeks, but next day he sent a complaint to Trial Justice Luther Hill for the arrest of the leader of the rail ride, Edwin L. Sprague. Deputy Sheriff Nathan Hersey went to Leicester either to arrest him or to get a bond signed by citizens guaranteeing his appearance at court May 13, 1865. Capt. John D. Coggs-well, then just returned from the war, Edward Sargent, card clothing manufacturer, Charles B. Brown, Marshall Snow and Henry Eddy were, besides Sprague, leaders in the affair on the night in question. Coggs-well and Sargent guaranteed to produce Sprague at court the next day, which they did, coming themselves to act as witnesses if need be. Sprague, however, plead guilty to the charges, whereupon Hill fined him one cent without costs. This irritated the farmer so much that he called Hill thereafter "The One Cent Justice." The next evening after the trial some one from Spenceer, driving a span of horses, called at the house of Sprague, contributed to him the amount of his fine and congratulated him on his patriotic work. The name of this party was never known. The farmer and all who helped give him that evening ride are now dead except Mr. Sprague, who is still living in Leicester.

Capt. Daniel Green and His Religious Meeting at Jocktown Church.

Calvin D. Woodbury of North Spenceer relates that Capt. Green, elsewhere mentioned, and at the time of this incident owner of the abandoned Baptist Church, on a certain date caused notice to be given out that services would be resumed the following Sabbath. A fair sized congregation assembled, supposing there was to be preaching. When the usual time came for service to begin, Capt. Green ascended the pulpit, read a chapter from the Bible, then descended remarking: "Now if each one will do as much as I have done, we will have quite a meeting." No one else appearing ready to take an active part in the service, the meeting dissolved by mutual consent and to the real grief of the projector.

BIOGRAPHY OF JOSEPH CHAUNCEY LYFORD

BY HON. ALFRED S. ROE OF WORCESTER

Among the many sons of Spencer who have reflected credit upon their native town few deserve greater note than the man whose name forms the subject of this sketch. His vocation is not one to excite popular applause; he is himself the most modest of men, but as a teacher in the neighboring city of Worcester he has made for himself a name and reputation that anyone might envy. Few men come nearer to realizing the progress of the typical American than J. Chauncey Lyford who, in his career, has passed through all grades from the humblest beginning to, if not competence, at least comfort and respect.

He was named from his father, and from a maternal uncle, Chauncey Howe, who having gone south in the early 50's was there lost in the war of the Rebellion. The elder Lyford was a Maine man who had worked at tailoring and bootmaking in Lynn and had followed the latter vocation in Natick and North Adams whence, about 1850, he came to Spencer and finally located near the railroad station in the south part of the town. Having married Esther V., daughter of Francis Howe, he here carried on the business of bootmaking and, having bought land, farmed the same with added acres as long as he lived. He was a man of the strictest integrity and the greatest industry, but the changes in business ways and the physical results of years of overwork, added to the care of a family of nine children, reduced him to a semi-dependent condition long before his time. During the war of the Rebellion, he bottomed hundreds of cases of boots worn by our Boys in Blue. He died in 1879 at the age of fifty-seven years. His widow still survives.

Chauncey, the oldest child in the family, was born Oct. 12, 1853, and burdens were early laid on his shoulders. He remembers that one of the first duties performed by him was the holding of the cow's tail while his father milked. As the lad looked on and saw how easily the fluid ran into the pail, he thought he could do that task himself. His opportunity soon



J. CHAUNCEY LYFORD.

(Photo by Himself)

came, for one night the father was late in returning from a village trip and when he essayed to take the milk pail for his accustomed chore, he was surprised to learn that some one had anticipated him. He could not believe the statement till he had had ocular and manual evidence, but the boy had gotten himself into business. Thereafter he did the milking but there was no one to hold the switching tail. While he nominally attended the district school, he was very early inducted into the art of working on boots and from practice in playing at pegging soles, he soon advanced to doing the real thing. The senior Lyford was accustomed to work from the earliest morn to late at night and what more natural than that his boy should keep him company. Help was employed in the home shop, for in those



JOSEPH ADAMS LYFORD,

Born in Livermore, Maine, December 17, 1821; died in Spencer, May 17, 1879.



FRANCIS HOWE,

Grandfather of J. Chauncey Lyford, was born in Spencer, February 22, 1801; died in same town May 26, 1873.

days the big central edifices, devoted to manufacturing, had not been erected. Here for years, father, son and help labored often from four o'clock in the morning till ten o'clock at night, yet the lad made himself ready for the village high school when somewhat past twelve years of age. The school was not graded and furnished as now, but pupils came and went when they chose. There he continued to study, working at home meantime, till he was nineteen years old, in that period having had no less than six high school principals. At that age he graduated with his sister Ella and Alice V. Proctor in the first class ever sent out from the school. It is somewhat remarkable that several years later the members of this class formed a part of the first output of the State Normal School at Worcester.

Working in the shop as many hours as his father's men, doing chores besides, our Spencer boy yet found time to study nature in her many forms and to lay the foundation for his future success. His father looked with disfavor upon the visits of his boyish friends, hence he early grew self-centered and independent. At thirteen he owned a gun and soon began to



ELLA JANE LYFORD,
Born in Spencer, May 5, 1856; died in same town January 30, 1891.

secure specimens of animal nature for preservation. His love of the flowers came from Grandmother Howe, whom he helped in care of her floral friends. His favorite route to school, two and a half miles away, was through the woods and ere long he learned to snare partridges and rabbits by whose sale he secured all the spending money his boyhood possessed. By trapping muskrats and selling their pelts, he secured some coveted books and appliances.

Just at this time he began to bring from the woods and way-side such trees and shrubs as attracted his attention, and to plant

them on the grounds around the old home. The names of many of them were unknown to him, and he well remembers his first instruction in botany, a study in which afterwards he was to become much interested. Mr. George A. Craig had been employed by the grandfather to run a line through a long stretch of woodland on Bare Hill, and our boy went along to carry the chain and cut brush. It was while on this holiday that he first had pointed out to him a Cornel and a Viburnum, and heard them named and characterized. Seedling apple trees were brought home and set out in picturesque confusion, and later he helped his father graft them, using scions brought from various orchards lying

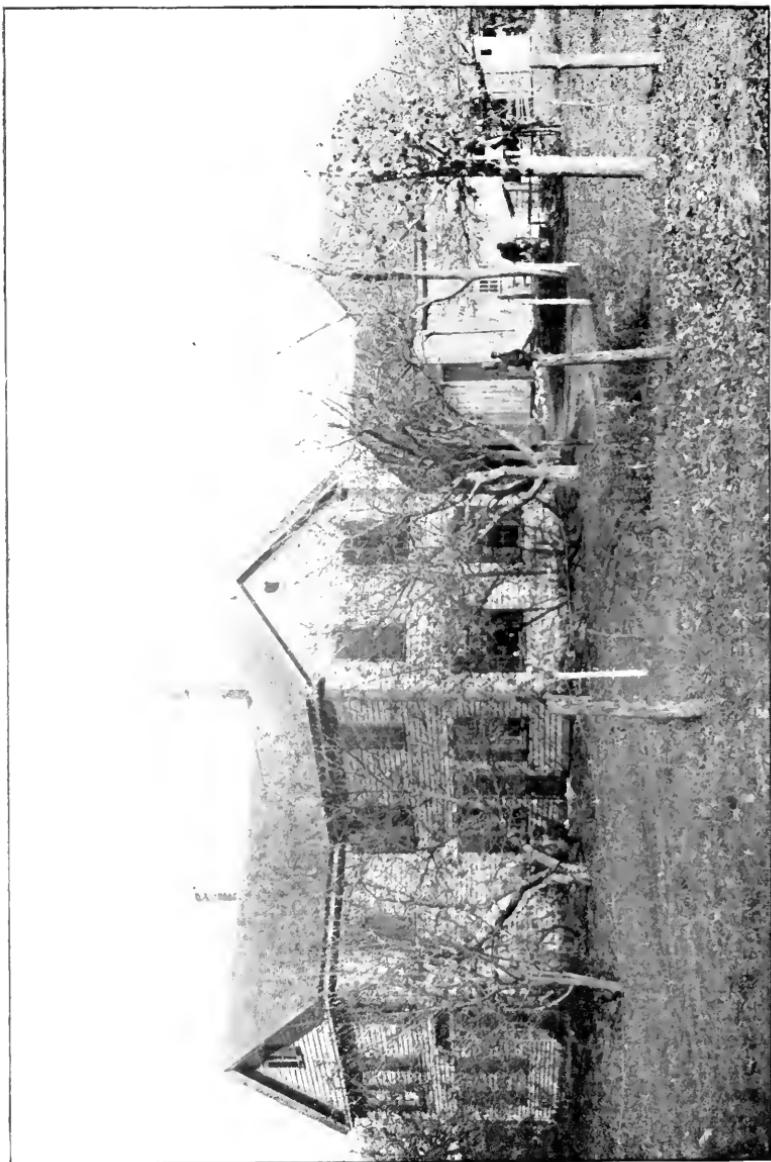


HANNAH (ROBBINS) HOWE,

Grandmother of J. Chauncey Lyford, was born in Dudley, December 31, 1801; died in Spencer, July 22, 1884.

within the sphere of his investigations. The varieties secured were such as satisfied a boyish appetite: Hubbardston Nonesuch, Fall Porters, Gravenstein, Sops of Wine, etc., and were never chosen because of their possible market value. The picture, page 142, briefly repeats this story, every tree shown in it having been planted in this way.

From 1861 to 1865, one of his earliest morning duties was to go to the railroad station and get from the first western train a



THE JOSEPH A. LYFORD HOMESTEAD AT SOUTH SPENCER.

copy of the Springfield Republican and carry it to his father who would take time enough from his work to read the headlines and thus know what the state of the war was. The boy next took it to a neighbor who had time to read during the day. In the evening the same paper was brought back and the father, with candle in hand, went through its columns most carefully. In this way every line of the sheet was utilized and the facts of the strife were deeply planted, not glossed, in the minds of parents and children. Our friend remembers his interest in a large map of the seat of war hanging upon the wall back of a stove in the village gristmill. He was wont to study this at each opportunity, till at last the miller said to Mr. Lyford: "Why don't you buy a map for that boy so that he may study it all he wishes?" The father acted on the suggestion and secured a copy which straightway became one of the choicest of treasures. It was so thoroughly marked at every move in the long years of fighting, that today the Worcester Teacher has the names and data of the terrible struggle ineffaceably impressed upon his memory.

The so-called laboring man of these later years, with his clamor for shorter hours, has little conception of the anxiety this future leader of young Worcester had in finding something to do that he might put a little money in his purse. It must be remembered that he had school as much of the time as he could give to it. Then there was work in the shop, alternated with labor on the farm, so timed, he says, it seemed as if he were sore in a new spot every day of his life. Nor was this all, for he found time when off home duty at night to unload grain and coal from the cars near by at \$1.50 per load of twelve tons a car. He shoveled snow from the railroad tracks and when the tracks themselves had to be moved, he worked Sundays for double pay, but as he was not accounted a skilled navvy he was assigned to the back breaking task of carrying the rails. Where did the hours of rest come in for this young student, for such he was during all these experiences? He took only such time for sleep and recuperation as seemed absolutely necessary and only regretted that the days were no longer and that he had not more hands and feet with which to work. With his money earned so honestly and yet with such pains, he bought his clothes and began his library. Quackenbos' School History he already knew by rote, and the home store included Rollins' Ancient History, The Columbian Orator, Scott's Lessons, The American First Class book, an old book about pirates, an old book of plays in prose and a single volume of The Spectator. These were his only standbys and were mostly books from his grandfather Howe's collection who was once a schoolmaster. How-

ever, such as they were, they led up to the well selected collection of books which today fills many shelves in his comfortable home.

Mr. Lyford is, aside from his work as a teacher, an artist of much local repute. He does not know where he gained his liking for pictures, but he recalls the regular visits of a peddler at his father's home and his own delight when, through this



(Photo by J. C. Lyford)

ESTHER VILETTA (HOWE) LYFORD,

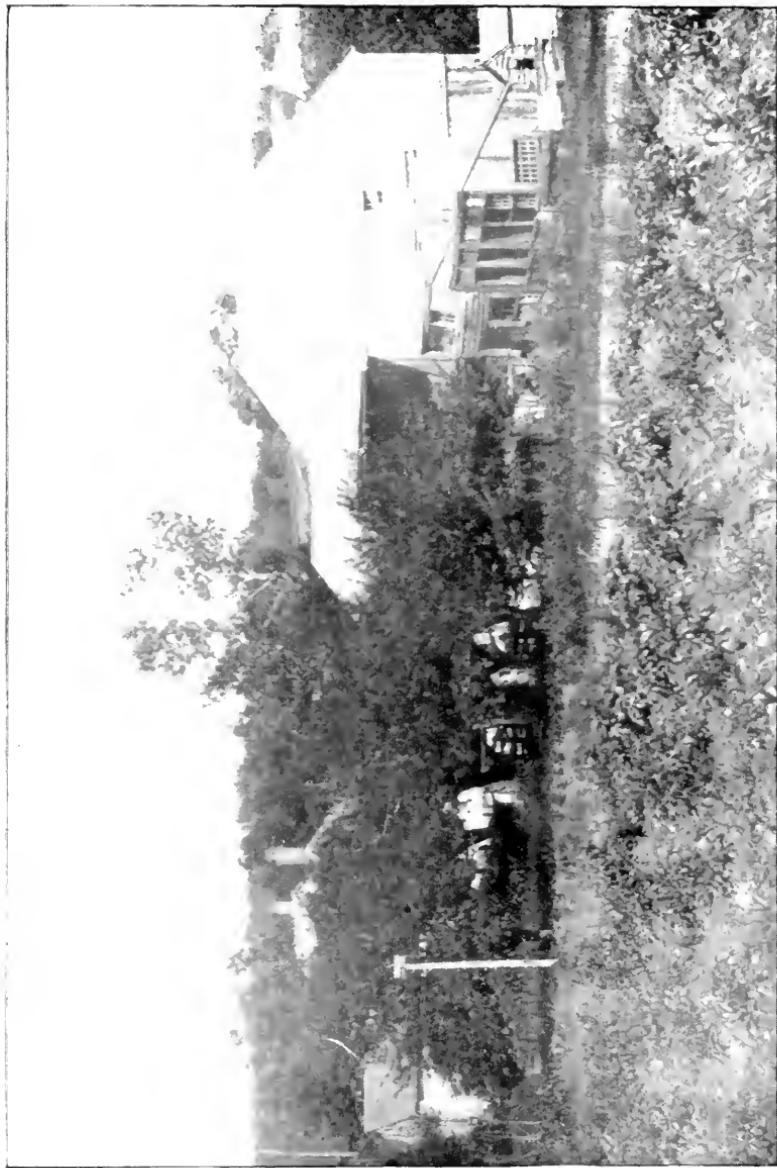
Mother of J. Chauncey, was born in Spencer, Dec. 5, 1835. Still living at South Spencer.

travelling merchant, he became the possessor of a portrait, very simple and plain, of Abraham Lincoln. His regard for the martyred President was like that of a child for a near relative, for had he not followed every step of the War, during its weary length and had he not, on that memorable morning of April the

15th, 1865, heard the railroad man from whom he obtained his regular Republican say: "There is great news today, but it will make you feel unhappy?" He was one of thousands of loyal Americans, young and old, men and women, who shed tears as they read how the great man had fallen. From that print of the President, to drawing and painting for himself, progress was direct and sure, till now homes in his adopted city are deemed all the more beautiful for the possession of coloring from his hand.

After the war, his father's business flagged and his health failed, whereby the duties of his first born were in no way lessened. His boyish merit was not without recognition in his own town and several times he might have gone into the great boot shop of Isaac Prouty & Co., but various circumstances prevented till, at the age of nineteen, he actually did engage to work in the office, but the desire to gain a better education overcame all other aspirations and he declared his determination to study more. His employer was quick enough to see a future for the boy and said: "Go and I'll help you."

Then came the struggle. The young man kept books at the railroad station for some time. The new Normal School was about to open in Worcester and here seemed to be the opportunity for Chauncey Lyford and his sister, Ella. But where was the money to come from? He worked in the Howe box shop, standing behind a planer till he had earned \$75.00 with which he bought some clothing and a railroad ticket to Worcester, and in September, 1874, he and his sister began their daily trips to the city. They reached the school each day three-fourths of an hour late and returned on the earliest train possible. At home, such demands were made upon their time that all their studying had to be done upon the ears. The elder Lyford was in rapidly declining health and much of his work, the son had to do. There were many children to care for, so that Ella, the sister, was absolutely necessary to the mother. Thus the work went on, till the time arrived for apprenticesing, when they must come into the city and stay. Then came the good offices of Mr. Charles N. Prouty, for he readily loaned the needed money to pay the outlay, and further said: "You can have money to go to college with if you desire." Finally graduating July, 1876, in the first class from the Worcester Normal school, the brother and sister began their life work with Ella, to end all too soon in 1891. The credit attaching to such graduation, may be estimated from the fact that the Lyfords were among the ten survivors of sixty-nine members, first and last of the class. Survival of the fittest applies. Chauncey secured a position in the Washington Street school, where he was



REAR VIEW OF THE JOSEPH A. LYFORD HOME; TAKEN AT SOUP IN SPENCER,
Taken about 1870, and the one of all others preferred by J. Channing Lyford on account of the associations connected with it.

with Mr. Haynes one week, when he went down to Lamartine street. The place had a reputation, not altogether enviable, and it was expected that the teacher would have a chance to show of what material he was composed. It was not long before the test was made, nor was the Spencer boy found wanting. He came out literally at the top of the heap and though much turmoil was aroused and an investigation followed, the school authorities had discretion and appreciation sufficient to retain the young man in his place. Having won his spurs, here he continued for seven years, the last two as principal. When the new Winslow Street grammar school was opened he was placed there at its head and for nineteen years in that building he has been making men and women of the young people committed to his care.

Though the hardest of his work days were behind him, he never forgot the folks at home and at the first Thanksgiving, following graduation, the brother and sister sent to their dear mother, whose patient fingers had done all the sewing for her large family till that time, a Howe sewing machine. It was by no means the best, but pride in the family name induced the selection. Then, when Christmas followed, they took home a clothes-wringer, for no such labor saving utensil had ever been used in the Lyford domicile before. And today, it is the height of the teacher's ambition to contribute something which shall make happier the mother who is looking towards sunset.

The love for Nature study was unconsciously developed in earliest boyhood, when he went to the pasture for the cows. He then began his lessons in bird knowledge. Plumage, song and nests all made their impression and along with Dr. C. P. Barton of Spencer, he later took up taxidermy. With gun and dog they were able to secure, mount and preserve fully sixty specimens of local varieties and in later years, there being nothing of the sort at the Normal school, this Yankee "Tam" Edwards was able and pleased to present to the institution a large number of nests and eggs. Plant life and its infinite range soon appealed to him and Thoreau's "Week on the Concord and Merrimack Rivers" became one of the choice treasures of his early Worcester life. Becoming the owner of a set of water colors he became desirous to depict, in their proper hues and shape, the leaves described in Emerson's "Trees and Shrubs of Massachusetts," Early in his teaching came Walter Perry to direct the drawing in Worcester's public schools and he proved to be a friend indeed. Our tyro became a member of the Art Students' Club before he had used a brush at all, but he sketched with Perry and soon set about using water colors and then put in some of the hard work to which he was so used. Perhaps he worked too hard, but he sought success and succeeded.

Photography became a popular diversion. He made his own camera and went to work. He saw how lantern slides might enhance the interest in school work and he made them by the hundred till now he has more than 3000 to illustrate almost every thing attempted in school life and, what is equally worthy, this has been done with no expense to the city. Let us hope that some day the city will recognize and reward such devotion and ardor.

Years ago, Joseph Jackson, now Principal of the City's English High School, then teaching in Millbury, came up to Worcester to conduct before the Natural History Society a class in botany. Its popularity was phenomenal from the start. The numbers were away and beyond the direction of any one man. The President of the Society said to Mr. Lyford: "You are the man to take the overflow;" and always ready to work where work was to be done, the young man stepped in and there he remained in this arduous evening labor for seven years, sometimes having as many as two hundred people in his class. The late H. G. O. Blake, ardent student and friend of Thoreau, was wont to look in upon him, and so was formed an acquaintance which afterwards ripened into a pleasant friendship. When at last the teacher felt compelled to give up his labors, there was given him a one hundred dollar bill which he proceeded to invest in an excellent compound microscope, still used by himself and family.

Mr. Lyford has for many years been a speaker before teachers' associations and has contributed liberally to educational publications. His talks, accompanied by lantern exhibitions, are always popular and for three successive years he helped make Lyman School boys better. Before churches and all sorts of societies, he has given his representations of New England life and of Natural History. While his own book-making is confined to Geography of Massachusetts in the Natural Series, published by the American Book Co., his name as an efficient helper appears in the preface of several popular works. Principal Jackson in his "*Through Glade and Mead*" found Mr. Lyford's illustrations invaluable and Dr. C. F. Hodge of Clark University, in his "*Nature Study and Life*," acknowledges his obligations to our schoolmaster.

In the "*Organization of the Public Schools of Worcester*" he is put down as one of eight supervising principals exercising certain duties in connection with all the schools in the city. In the capacity of supervisor he comes into direct relations with eight separate schools; while at the same time he is in active charge of three large buildings as principal. He is personally responsible for the work of twenty-three teachers, and upwards

of a thousand children. He also does regular supervisory work in the evening schools.

In 1879, Mr. Lyford was married to Miss Nettie E. Adams of Fitchburg, a member of the fifth class at the Normal School and with her and their five children, three boys and two girls, he finds the happiest of homes in their Pleasant Street residence west of Newton Hill, where several years ago he was a pioneer in building. His home is his society and club, though he is a charter member of the Bohemians and has been President of the Worcester County Teachers' Association. When the day's work in school is done, he seeks rest and enjoyment among his growing children who with music and all phases of art make home an earthly paradise.

An Unusual Spring Freshet.

An unusual spring freshet occurred in Spencer about 1852 which carried away the Alpha Benis mill pond dam and his saw and grist mill which was completely destroyed. This building was quite a large one, two-stories high with an upstairs tenement from which the Bixby family, known in the annals of Spencer, had removed only a few days previously. This stream, anciently called Pigeon brook, after leaving the pond winds its way to the Boston and Albany railroad, and thence passes underneath through a large culvert past Still valley into Howe's upper mill pond. This freshet was of such strength that it carried portions of the mill up against the culvert, almost preventing the flow of water through it, and compelling its accumulation. When the pond thus made had gathered sufficient weight it burst through the culvert walls, destroyed the same quite a distance underneath the railroad and carried all the stone through into Still Valley. The town employed Abraham Capen to rebuild the road at this point, and believing possession to be ownership in this case, appropriated the stray culvert stones at hand for the use of the town's culvert.

Errata.

Page 36, third paragraph, second line, read lieutenant instead of half-tenant.

Page 80, end second line, last verse, read gray instead of gay.

Under picture page 136, read died in Worcester.

Under picture page 137, read died at Stafford Springs, Conn.

BIOGRAPHY OF REV. CHARLES EDWARD SUMNER.

BY DR. L. E. GAYLORD OF WORCESTER, A FORMER CLASSMATE AND FRIEND

Charles E. Sumner was born in Spencer, December 29, 1836. His parents were Cheney Sumner and Mary B. Coyle of Brimfield, Mass. He fitted for college at Leicester and Monson academies and graduated at Yale in the class of 1863. After leaving college he was assistant principal at Delhi academy, New York, for one year. The year following he was called to be principal of Walton academy, New York, which was in special need of a good disciplinarian as well as teacher. He remained there three years, fitting a class of young men for the various colleges, and then resigned to fit himself for the ministry. He took the full course at Andover Theological Seminary, graduating there in 1870.

In 1872 he became pastor of the Lincoln Park church, Chicago, and was ordained and installed there in 1873. This church was then young and struggling with difficulties, one man having failed in the effort to build it up. Mr. Sumner entered upon the work with a determination to succeed, and the church was brought into a prosperous condition. The church passed through the ordeal of the famous fire and when it was seen that the edifice must perish in the conflagration he with one other man buried the pulpit, carpet and papers. They were subsequently recovered and can now be seen in the edifice afterward erected. This church is now one of the strong churches of the city.

After leaving Chicago he traveled extensively for more than a year, in Europe, Egypt and Palestine, bringing home with him many foreign views. In the course of his travels he met many noted men, and always was received with great courtesy and respect as a scholar and a gentleman.

On returning he became pastor at Raymond, N. H., from which he was soon called to Lancaster, N. H., where in 1883 his health failed and he again traveled in Europe. Subsequent pastorates were at Alton, N. H., Brooklyn, Ct., Wilmot and

Northwood Center, N. H. After he gave up pastoral work, he often preached as temporary supply, and among his last remarks was heard to say: "Tell them I will go a great ways to preach Christ." On the Sabbath before his death he preached in one of the Spenceer churches.

Mr. Sumner was a man of noble character, of fine Christian spirit and genial and pleasant ways. As a young man in college his conduct was such as becomes a disciple of Christ. The temptations and follies which are perhaps generally supposed to be greater



CHARLES EDWARD SUMNER.

Photo taken about twenty five years ago, and the only good picture of him extant.

in college than they really are, had no power to lead him from the path of virtue. His manhood was consistent with the promise of earlier years and in his native town where he had been known from childhood, and where he spent the last part of his life, he was regarded with universal respect and esteem. As a minister of Christ his tastes and habits were scholarly, and he was very earnest and faithful, and loyal to the truths of the gospel. He was so genuine, so conscientious, so positive in his faith, so abiding in his trust, that he could not be taken by surprise. He was always watching.

During the latter years of his life he was a member of the Spencer church and was very useful in that relation, and at his death the church felt deeply his loss. He was never married, but while in Spencer lived with two sisters. He died suddenly March 26, 1902, probably of heart disease, at Fitchburg, whither he had gone on business.

The funeral services were held in the church on the following Sabbath, which was Easter, and were largely attended.

The Regulators.

The regulators was the name given some fifty years ago to a voluntary organization of young men who undertook to regulate certain village affairs according to their own standard of right. Opposite the present Boston Branch Grocery, at that time, lived a man who had little regard for esthetic notions, or for what persons thought about his methods in life. An appeal to his so-called better nature, to remove grievances of public concern, on him had no effect. At one time he had a large quantity of white pine logs scattered all around on the fine natural lawn in front of his house. These he let lay year after year until they became worm-eaten and partially decayed, and presented an unsightly object to the eyes of the citizens. The Regulators thought it time the lawn had a chance to develop its beauty, and so put in a pretty good night's work between the hours of twelve and three, pulling and hauling every log to the mill pond then occupying land where the Spencer Gas Works now stands and which covered several acres in that vicinity. They were not again placed on the lawn.

The same party owned quite a tract of land on the east side of what is now High street. The road had been laid out and for quite a distance from Main street the old division wall that marked the western boundary of his land was in the town's highway, and ran at an angle that made its presence unsightly. It was clearly his business to have removed the wall and rebuilt the same on the line. He, however, refused to take action and the regulators considered this another opportunity for legitimate work, so again gathering their members together in the small hours of a summer morning, they removed the obstructing wall by rolling or throwing all the stones helter skelter down grade into his mowing. It may be needless to say that the owner of the wall caused it to be rebuilt on his own land and paid the bills, but not without a vigorous mental protest at the usage to which he had been subjected. Poison ivy grew all along the wall and the swollen hands and faces of the regulators, which developed in the days following, rather gave them away, but no legal action was brought against them and probably had it been could not have been maintained.

REV. MICHAEL A. O'KANE S. J.

BY WILLIAM J. HEFFERNAN

The people of Spenceer have been justifiably proud of the distinction which has been earned by Rev. Michael A. O'Kane S. J., as the town may with propriety call him one of her sons, though the first three months of his life were spent in a small township in County Clare, Ireland, his native place.

The influences of heredity and of careful parental training show themselves in the life and character this distinguished priest. His parents, Michael and Bridget O'Kane, were of the best type of the Irish immigrant. The father, a genuine old Irish gentleman, came to America in the spring of 1849, and was one of the first of those of his nativity and of his religion to settle in Spenceer. He immediately began the preparations of sending for his family and settling them here. His family must have arrived some time within the next twelve months, for in 1850 he purchased the property at the corner of Chestnut and Valley streets, which was the home, until a few years ago, of the O'Kane (or Kane as it is familiarly abbreviated by most Spenceer people) family.

Michael O'Kane first found employment as a farm hand with Otis Howland, who lived at the farm now occupied by John M. Newton. He very shortly changed this pursuit for a place in the finishing department of one of the woolen mills on Valley street, which was his vocation until age compelled him to relinquish active manual labor. He was shrewd - or in the common parlance of the day, forehanded - in temporal affairs. He made some money in real estate, prudently watched for opportunities, husbanded his resources, was of correct habits, with the result that the O'Kane family was soon recognized as thrifty and considered eminently respectable. At that time the larger part of the Irish Catholics coming to Spenceer clustered their homes in the section of the town near the woolen mills. The O'Kane family was the first to own a piano - the members of the family all being musically inclined and in those days the ownership of such an instrument, among the people of that section, was sufficient title to a claim of the next thing

to opulence. Though Michael O'Kane diligently attended to business and husbanded his resources, yet he was most kind and charitable, with a "heart as big as a house." The O'Kane dwelling was the gathering place for the Irish immigrants coming to Spencer in the earlier years of emigration. Mr. O'Kane would extend an old country welcome to every son of the old sod who would come along, and house and entertain a fellow-

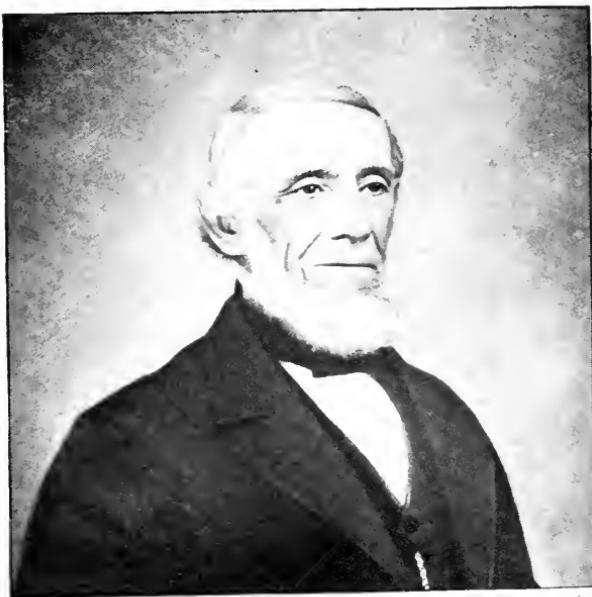


REV. MICHAEL A. OKANE S. J.

countrymen until they found employment and could stand for themselves. At one time, it is related by an old resident, there were thirteen chests in the O'Kane barn, belonging to people of this character, whom Mr. O'Kane was assisting in their start in life in the new world. One grateful old man, Mr. Patrick Eagan was wont to state in after years that "Michael O'Kane did as

much for the Irish Catholic people in Spencer as Daniel O'Connell did for the people of Ireland."

If, however, Rev. Father O'Kane's friends are able to trace some of his traits of executive ability and power over men to the influences of the parental side of the house, they can with great justice attribute to the maternal influence much of the pious zeal and fervid faith which seems to have animated the eminent preacher in his work of saving souls and educating young men. Bridget O'Kane, his mother, also a native of County Clare, was known throughout her life for humble piety and devotion to



MICHAEL O'KANE.

(Copy by Curran.)

Born in County Clare, Ireland, 1801; died in Spencer, 1875.

family and faith. She was born in 1810 and passed to her eternal reward in 1885.

The pioneer priests in this section made the O'Kane household their headquarters and possibly from this source young Michael may have drawn some of his inspiration—at any rate we find him in early years one of the sanctuary boys in old St. Mary's church. In later years this acquaintanceship with the clergy has kept up and the O'Kane family is widely known among the men of the cloth as one of the representative Catholic

families of Spencer. There were nine children, but only four survive. The surviving members of the family living in Spencer are Patrick, Mary, wife of Hugh Kelly, and Richard M. The names of those deceased are: Sarah, John, Bridget, Thomas and Eliza.

Rev. Michael A. O'Kane was born in County Clare, Ireland, July 12, 1849. He was but three months old when his mother brought her little family across the Atlantic.

After passing through the common schools and the Spencer High he entered Holy Cross college. Always he had been studiously inclined and early showed great aptitude for mathematics, in which he was a recognized authority in later years, when acting in the capacity of a teacher. His father would have him become a secular priest, when young Michael early showed an inclination toward the church, but the young man had an ideal in mind and stuck to it, even refusing financial assistance, often tendered him, toward his education, telling those who proffered such that "he preferred to work out his own salvation," and by teaching largely helped himself through college. In 1867 he left Holy Cross college and joined the Society of Jesus, (Jesuits) in which organization the members give up all title to things temporal and are devoted exclusively to the work of the Master

-and the tasks are by no means of the nature of a sinecure. At Woodstock college, Maryland, he pursued philosophical and theological studies, spending nine years devotedly to this education. In 1876 he was sent to Georgetown college to take the position of professor of classics and remained there six years, alternating in the professorships of philosophy and classics. For the next four years he was prefect of studies at Georgetown and for two years vice president. In August, 1887, he was made rector and master of novices at the novitiate at Fredericksburg, Md., the home of the Jesuits. This position he held for two years and then in 1889 was appointed president of Holy Cross college at Worcester, a great gratification to his Spencer friends because of the high honor thus conferred, reflecting credit upon himself and the town, and because they were thus able to get more frequent glances at the humble yet eminent divine, as he occasionally visited his home here.

Holy Cross college, during Fr. O'Kane's administration of four years, made some great strides and a number of radical changes in its policy. Fr. O'Kane found the college with 250 students, but saw it grow until the 300 students cramped its quarters and the great addition which doubled the facilities and equipment of the institution was planned and begun. Fr. O'Kane was then and still is a great lover of pure athletics and as a result the fine base ball ground and grand stands at the

west of the college were built, a magnificent gymnasium completed in the new building, including swimming tank, etc. The exterior of the college addition had been completed when Fr. O'Kane was transferred to the arduous tasks of the Mission band.

In 1893, he joined this band, which has traveled through all parts of the United States reviving dormant religion in the hearts of the Catholic people by their "missions." In 1894 Fr. O'Kane was made leader of the band, with headquarters at 16th



MRS. BRIDGET O'KANE.

(Copy by Curran.)

Born in County Clare, Ireland, 1810; died in Spencer, 1885.

Street, New York. He has proved a tremendous power in this work. Not long ago the Ontario, Canada, papers contained a magnificent tribute to the results of a mission held there by Fr. O'Kane and his helpers, when 900 men took the total abstinence pledge from him. A Bridgeport, Conn., paper recently told of his work there, when after one week's mission 460 people were confirmed and thirty converted. He has a deep powerful voice, a manner so honest, convincing, eloquent, fervent and spiritual that today he is recognized as one of the greatest powers in mission work in the church.

The work at Holy Cross college perhaps brought Fr. O'Kane more notoriety and placed his talents before the public in a man-

ner, but today he probably is achieving the greatest work of his life, though he does it with apparent small effort. There are no breathing spells in the work of the mission priest; it is one constant, steady grind, day in and day out, with long hours and little recreation; but Fr. O'Kane appears to have that perfect equipoise of temperament to do this work easily—the mental to comprehend, the motive to push forward and the vital to endure. This harmonious balance of temperament enables him to make extended and sustained effort without friction between mind and body and thus accomplish an amount of work which would break down the majority of men not so happily endowed by nature. He is a great and good man.

Stone Buildings.

A cotton mill built of stone once stood below the dam near the gas house. Here Henshaw & Eldridge carried on business some fifty-five or more years ago and until the factory was destroyed by fire.

Just south of the present Waldo House, on the edge of the mill pond which at that time covered several acres of land, stood a stone blacksmith shop, built and owned by Capt. Jeremiah Grout. At the west end was an extension built of wood and used as a wheelwright shop. In this building worked Henry B. Hale, father of Franklin M. Hale of High Street. His little daughter Hattie, about four years of age, had been to the shop with a brother to carry their father's dinner. Stopping outside to see a horse prancing, the little girl became frightened, backed off into the water, and at once floated toward the penstock then located in the northwest corner of the pond, in the same place as the one at the present time.

Mr. Henshaw and a hired man witnessed the accident and took measures at once to rescue the girl who had now passed out of sight. They first shut off the water but this plan continued would have left the little one stranded and unconscious in the penstock. They then let on the water full head and Mr. Henshaw got into the square upright open penstock connected with the one from the pond and stood ready to catch the girl as she came through. This she soon did, having passed one hundred and sixty feet underground. It took some time to resuscitate her, but it was at last accomplished, amid general rejoicing.

DEDICATION OF THE SAMUEL BEMIS MONUMENT

BY ALONZO A. BEMIS, D. D. S., SECRETARY

The unveiling of the monument to the memory of Samuel Bemis and Sarah Barnard, his wife, and the dedication of Bemis Memorial Park, took place Tuesday, October 29, 1901.

Exercises of much interest to the descendants, in which the citizens of the town heartily entered, were then carried out in the presence of a large number of people, on one of the most charming days ever conchisafed to New England.

At two o'clock in the afternoon the chairman of the committee, Mr. John G. Avery, called upon Rev. Charles E. Sumner to lead in prayer, after which Mr. Avery in behalf of the Board of Trade Committee, extended a cordial welcome to the descendants and all others present.

He spoke of the generous provision of funds by Mrs. Phoebe Anna Bemis, whereby land about the site of the first frame house had been purchased of Walter C. Bemis for park purposes and which "we dedicate today."

Appropriate selections were sung by pupils of the Ninth grade under the direction of Miss Estelle Ward, Supervisor of Music in the public schools. Mr. Henry M. Tower then delivered the dedicatory address as follows:

"One hundred and eighty years ago, on this tract of land, in a primitive log cabin, surrounded by the primeval forest, Samuel Bemis and wife dedicated a pioneer's home, and consecrated themselves to a life of endeavor, in harmony with divine law. It was here they reared their children, subdued the wilderness, overcame all obstacles of environment, climate, savages, and wild beasts, and wrought from the soil an abundance wherewith to supply the necessities of life. The gospel of honest toil they daily exemplified, and with exalted purpose pursued their work with unflinching devotion, until the consummation of their purpose was reached, and then, having become matured by discipline, like shocks of corn fully ripe, they were gathered to their home in the spirit world.

"It is for their achievements that we esteem them; it is for what they did that we today dedicate these grounds and this monument to their memory. But this granite shaft and this spot of earth can teach but little of value to us, unless we associate these objects with those who once lived here, become acquainted with their history, enter into sympathy with their lives, and find in their deeds and example useful lessons for ourselves. We



PHOEBE ANNA BEMIS.

(Photo by Currier.)

honor Samuel Bemis as the father and founder of the town of Spencer. He was here when the town had its origin, and when its future was uncertain. He was here and extended the hand of welcome to each succeeding settler.

"He saw from year to year its gradual development as a community, first as a part of Leicester, then as a separate precinct, and then as a full fledged town having an independent government such as we have today. His voice and his deeds were

influential in building this structure, in establishing law and order, in sustaining morality and religion, in practicing industry, frugality and temperance, and for these acts he deserves to be honored, and we honor him. Samuel Bemis and wife were wise master builders of the fireside, that cradle of virtue, that center of patriotism, that bulwark of liberty, and the example they set was followed by their children, men and women who established homes of their own, homes that were the abode of integrity and virtue, homes that were the abiding places of love, cherished as the brightest spots on earth, and homes that were vigorously defended with the musket, when the hour of conflict came.

"But beyond that, perhaps, the greatest practical lesson we can learn from their lives, is the example they set in every day putting forth their best effort. Theirs is the old story of the talents illustrated by action. The human family cannot develop their natural ability, there can be no great unfolding or growth of substantial character without effort, constant, well directed, persistent effort, grappling with and mastering the difficult problems of life, overcoming all tendencies that are bad and building up along every line that is good. The pathway of endeavor leads through evolution to development, victory and life. The pathway of indolence leads through inaction to inefficiency, paralysis, decay and death.

"The reason in many cases why sons are not the equal of their fathers in ability, is because they have been reared in the enervating lap of luxury, and have not passed through the same severe school of trial and discipline. So far as the human mind can comprehend the divine plan, men and women are placed in the world to begin, continue and end life with work, and as a result acquire growth and success. By this is not meant a success that can be counted in dollars, or that can be read only on the world's inscriptions of fame, but a larger and more valuable success, acquired in fulfilling the purposes of life, and gaining those choice qualities of mind and heart, which will qualify the soul for a fitting entrance into the future life.

"So far as we can discern, Samuel Bemis and wife embodied in their lives the chief virtues, and were examples of consistent practice worthy of all emulation. And it may well be said of them in the paraphrased language of England's greatest poet, 'They who did the best their circumstances allowed, did well, acted nobly; angels could have done no better.' When the old Israelites had crossed the Jordan, and reared on its opposite bank a heap of stones taken from the bed of the river, it was done that all generations following might see that memorial, and have the story told them of the great deliverance of their fathers from the hand of Pharaoh. So here are memorial stones erected to com-



SAMUEL BEMIS MONUMENT.

(Photo by Corria.)

memorate achievements of our early pioneers that are worthy of remembrance, and of being repeated to the young of each succeeding generation.

"Samuel Bemis and wife were types of workers that have made our nation what it has been, and today is, a conquering nation, a nation of intelligent and skillful mental and physical workers. In the past, kingdoms and empires have arisen and flourished, but getting away from the divine system have become corrupt, and have been overthrown by some more virile and worthy power. And so we know not how long this republic of ours shall endure, but we trust through the wide diffusion of knowledge that our people may not only understand, but practice wisdom, so that our integrity and power shall remain unimpaired as long as civilization shall last. And we hope that will be as long as the sun in his daily rounds shall shine, or the moon shed her silvery light on this park, and on these memorial stones, so that as one factor in our system of education they may for all time teach lessons which will better prepare the living to serve their day and generation, and help maintain forever this republic in its purity and strength.

"We live in deeds, not years;
In thoughts, not breaths;
In feelings, not in figures on a dial.
He most lives, who thinks most,
Feels the noblest, acts the best."

The monument was veiled by the Stars and Stripes and at a given signal Roger E. Bemis and Florence L. Bemis, children of Walter C. and Nellie M. Bemis, grandchildren of the sixth generation from Samuel Bemis, drew the folds of "Old Glory" aside while Miss Gertrude Smith sang the "Star Spangled Banner." *The recitation of a poem followed, written for the occasion by Mrs. Nellie Thayer Bemis, and entitled "Our Ancestors." It was delivered by Master Everett Morse, also a grandchild of Samuel Bemis of the sixth generation. The afternoon exercises closed by all present singing "America." The remainder of the day was spent in renewing old acquaintances and in visiting historical sites.

In the evening exercises were held at the town hall before a gathering of about five hundred people. *The historical address as prepared by Henry M. Tower was read by Dr. E. W. Norwood.

Dr. Norwood at this time paid Mr. Tower a well deserved compliment upon his recent book, both for the historical information it contained and for its literary merit. No one could have been better fitted than Mr. Tower to undertake this work, he being a descendant of Samuel and Sarah Bemis and having not



(Photo by Craig.)

DEDICATION DAY AT BEAMIS MEMORIAL PARK.

only collected a great store of historical matter, but also had the courage to assume the risk and expense of publishing a thorough work, containing an unusually large number of illustrations.

A solo, "My Native Land," was sung by Miss Ethel Bemis of Worcester, daughter of Edgar W. and Minnie Rice Bemis; piano accompaniment by Mrs. George H. Burkhill, all descendants of Samuel Bemis. The pupils of the Ninth grade rendered a musical selection and the festivities of the day closed with "America."

A very pleasant feature of the evening was the acting as ushers of the young women descendants of Samuel and Sarah Bemis. Their names are as follows: Mrs. E. J. Starr, Mrs. L. H. Bacon, Misses Bertha M. Bemis, Anna J. Bemis, Alice Bullard, Florence Howland, Anna L. Curtis, Emma Bemis, Ida B. Tower, Mabelle A. Clark, Sue Morse, Minnie Howe, Marion Jones, Amy J. Bemis, Ina F. Capen.

The home-coming of *Hon. George W. Bemis of Independence, Iowa, to Spencer, renewed a love for his native town and ancestors. A love that could be expressed in no broader way than by the erection on the Samuel Bemis lot of a monument to his paternal ancestor, Capt. Edmund Bemis, who served in the early colonial wars and rendered distinguished service by discovering a way to utilize spiked cannon.

This monument is a plain granite shaft standing on a substantial base and bears on its face a bronze tablet with this inscription:

"This memorial is in honor of Captain Edmund Bemis, son of Samuel Bemis, founder of Spencer. He settled near this place



EDMUND BEMIS MONUMENT

II

(Photo by Currier.)

in 1750, served in the French and Indian wars, was a lieutenant at the reduction of Louisburg in 1745, and captain of a Spencer company in the expedition to Crown Point in 1755-6. He rendered the Massachusetts colony distinguished service by discovering a way to utilize spiked cannon. Born at Watertown, 1720; died at Spencer, 1810. Erected by his great grandson, George W. Bemis of Independence, Iowa., A. D. 1901."

Through the efforts of Mr. John G. Avery two large cannon on trunnion beds mounted on granite blocks have been placed



A TYPICAL LOG CABIN,

Showing hexagon end enclosing the fireplace. Photographed by H. M. Tower at Pinehurst, N. C.

either side of the monument. These guns are typical of the valuable service Capt. Edmund Bemis rendered his country and were loaned by the United States government to the town of Spencer for this purpose.

From a small beginning, the thought of a memorial stone has resulted in Bemis Memorial park. Mrs. Phoebe Anna Bemis, in memory of her husband, Chandler Bemis and his brothers and sisters, indicated a broad and lovable nature by providing funds to purchase the land for said park, and further of furnishing the means for making many improvements thereon. She wished to act the part of those who had gone before and do what they



THE HOWE FAMILY AT THE DEDICATION OF THE BEMIS MONUMENT.

MRS CORNELIA HAWKINS, of Springfield, daughter of Elias Howe Jr.,² MRS JANE CALDWELL, of New York City, daughter of Elias Howe Jr.,³ MRS FANNIE BARRI, of Springfield, Sister of Elias Howe Jr.,⁴ MRS LYDIA HOWE BLISS, of West Newton, daughter of Tyler Howe,⁵ MRS LORINDA LYKE BLISS, of West Newton,⁶ MISTER TAYLER HOWE BLISS, of West Newton,⁷ JOHN AMEE, of Cambridge, married Jennie Teele, daughter of Eliza Howe Teele, and granddaughter of Amasa Howe Sr.,⁸ Mrs. Jennie Amee,⁹ CHARLES YEELE, of Cambridge.

(Photo by Clegg.)

might have done had they lived. Yet with a natural modesty and reticence she wished to do all this and have her plans remain unknown. This the committee deemed inadvisable, therefore the name of our benefactress is given. By her direction a substantial stone wall has been built along the entire boundary of the north side. The old barn cellar filled in (one in no way connected with the Bemis history), much grading done, and in the spring



SARAH ANN HOWE.

Daughter of Elijah Howe and sister of William and Tyler Howe, aunt to Elias Howe Jr., and great granddaughter of Samuel Bemis Sr. She was born in Spencer, April 9, 1812; died in Brooklyn, New York, April 14, 1880. She married Allen Newhall of Spencer in 1830. In the sphere of woman's work she was as expert as her brothers in their chosen fields of labor. Beside this she was a woman of such loveable traits of character that her memory is today affectionately revered by all who knew her.

of 1902, a coping with iron railing placed around the historic cellar of the Amasa Bemis Sr., old-time tavern, said cellar in time to be converted into an old-fashioned flower garden.

A granite stone, part of the underpinning of the "Old Hostelry," has been lettered to perpetuate its history, and placed across the corner near the cellar to be used as a seat by those visiting the park. A boulder has been raised on the site of the first frame house in Spencer, and bears the date 1726. All the expense for these improvements has been borne by Mrs. Bemis.

It seemed wise that the park should have the supervision of the descendants and such as are interested in local historical matters. An organization was effected consisting mostly of the original Board of Trade committee with additional members chosen by Mrs. P. A. Bemis. This Board of Trustees was legally incorporated January 8, 1902, under the laws of Massachusetts, as the Bemis Memorial Park Association. The corporation is to care for and beautify the park as opportunity and funds allow.

Officers for the year 1902: John G. Avery, president; Henry M. Tower, vice-president; Dr. A. A. Bemis, secretary; Geo. A. Craig, treasurer; executive committee: Dr. E. W. Norwood, Henry Bemis, Joel S. Bullard, E. Harris Howland, Walter C. Bemis.

Under Article VIII, Section 4 of the By-Laws of the association, is the following: "The name of any person contributing



THE BEMIS ELM.

The original log cabin of Samuel Bemis was built near this tree in 1721.

twenty-five dollars or more to the association for any of its uses and purposes, shall be entered on the records as a benefactor of the association." The following have been elected as benefactor members: Mrs. Phoebe Anna Bemis, Spencer; Mr. George W. Bemis, Independence, Iowa; Mrs. Lydia Howe Luke, West Newton, Mass.

The Bemis family in its direct and collateral branches is said to represent several millions of dollars. It is therefore hoped and expected by the trustees that the benevolently inclined and well-to-do among them will in the future either by direct donation or by bequest contribute of their wealth for the purpose of erecting a primitive log cabin on the memorial grounds for occupancy by a care-taker, or for other purposes, also for erecting a monument to the fourteen members of the family who served in

the Continental army and for embellishing the park in order to make it an attractive resort for descendants and friends of this old historic family for all time to come.

*Mr. H. M. Tower's historical address may be found on page 35, "Historical Sketches relating to Spencer, Mass.," Volume I; Life of Hon. George W. Bemis on page 159, and the poem, "Our Ancestors," written by Nellie Thayer Bemis, on page 32 of the same book.

The David Knapp Place.

In the northwest corner of the pasture west of Ruel's pond and the Wire Village road, is the cellar of a house built by David Knapp in 1747. He is said to have been both farmer and blacksmith, and later removed to another part of the town. Who succeeded him in the occupancy of this place is not now known, but the children of the family in summer time used to attend the village church, going barefoot as far as the north road now called Pleasant Street. In those days shoes were said to have been too expensive to be worn all the time, so in this case they were carried in the hand until a main highway was reached, where out of consideration for an appropriate appearance before the public, shoes were put on.

The road or cart path in those days that led to the Knapp home was by way of Grant Street. Near its intersection with Pleasant Street, stood a small boulder and using this for a seat these children here put on their shoes when going to church and took them off when returning from church. The rock may now be seen opposite its original location, in the bank wall on the east side of the road.

THE OLD GUILFORD HOMESTEAD AT SOUTH SPENCER

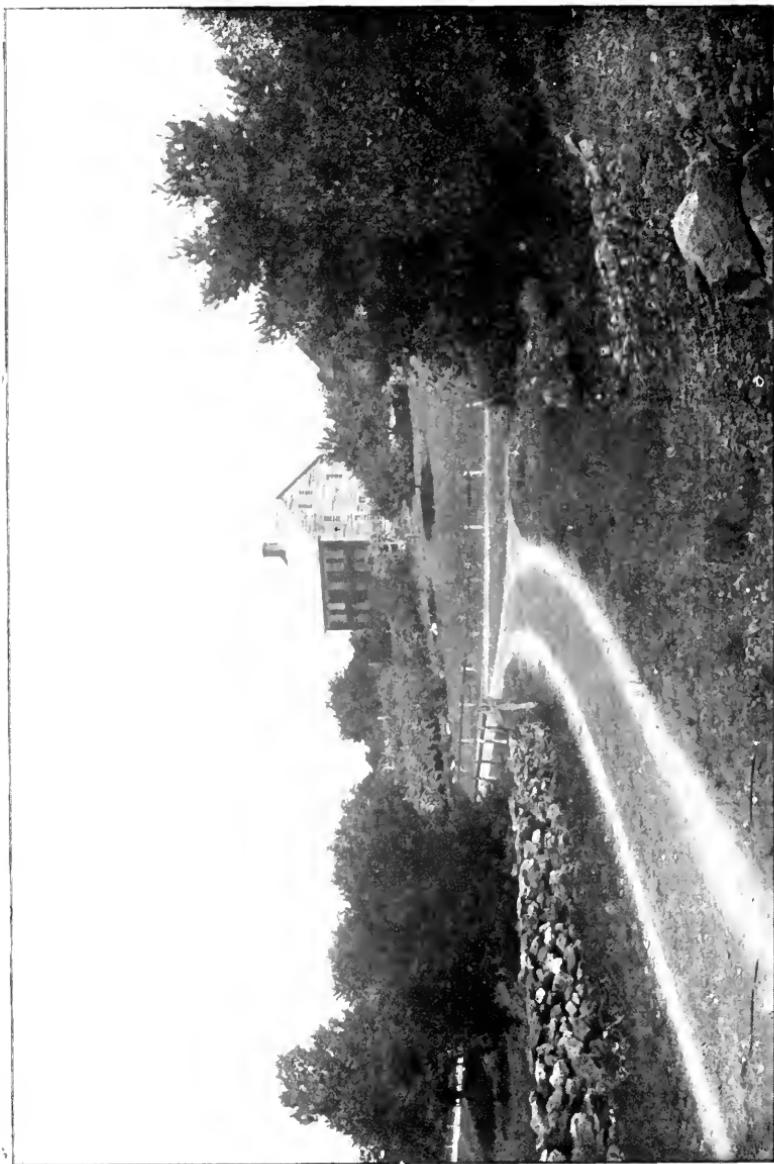
Dr. Jonas Guilford Sr., in his day, was one of the strong and influential men of the town and built at South Spencer the mansion house shown in cut, which afterwards came into possession of his son Asa, and was for many years known to citizens now



JONAS GUILFORD OF MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.

living as the Asa Guilford place. The house has long since been torn down and a more modern dwelling erected which is now the property of Mr. Plouff.

Dr. Guilford built this house in the early years of the last century, probably between 1803 and 1805. In its environment it



THE ASA GUILFORD PLACE, SOUTH SPENCER.

(Photo by L. J. Ford.)

made one of the most picturesque farmhouse scenes in town. The lumber was all cut on the farm and the doctor paid out for labor, and hardware wrought from iron by the village blacksmith the sum of twelve hundred dollars. At this time the purchasing power of a dollar was far greater than it is today. Dr. Guilford died at this place July 17, 1809, aged fifty.

Dr. Jonas Guilford Jr. succeeded to his father's practice and lived at the old homestead, where most, if not all, his children were born, a family of girls. Such men as Charles E. Denny, David Prouty, Asa T. Jones and John G. Avery sought wives and found them in this family.

Dr. Jonas Guilford Jr., however, finding his location somewhat undesirable from a business standpoint, early purchased a farm at the Center, afterward known as the Baxter Clark place, where he continued practice until late in life.

Asa Guilford, son of Dr. Jonas Sr., then took the farm at South Spencer, which he continued to occupy until his removal West. He is said to have been a well-to-do farmer and money-lender while living here and to have amassed wealth rapidly by fortunate investments in his adopted state. His genealogy is as follows: Asa Guilford, born in Spencer, August 17, 1802, married in 1837 to Mary Adams of Brookfield, who was born March 31, 1804. They lived in Spencer until May, 1867, and then removed to Minneapolis, Minn., where they resided the rest of their lives. Asa Guilford died Sept. 3, 1891. Mary Guilford died Aug. 31, 1884. Children: Jonas Guilford, born Sept. 17, 1839; Mary Ann Guilford, born Oct. 19, 1844, died Aug. 8, 1851;

Jonas Guilford, son of Asa, was born in Spencer, Sept. 17, 1839; fitted for college at Spencer High school and Leicester academy. Graduated at Amherst college in 1864. The same year he spent a short time in the army of the Civil War, being a member of Company F, 60th Massachusetts Volunteers. He graduated from the Albany Law school in 1866, and commenced the practice of his profession in St. Louis, Mo., the same year. In 1867 he removed to Minneapolis, Minn., where he has been in the practice of his profession since that date. Mr. Guilford has three children, a son practicing law, another medicine in Minneapolis, while a daughter is a recent graduate from a Minnesota college.

HISTORICAL SKETCH OF LADIES' CHARITABLE SOCIETY

BY MRS. J. W. TEMPLE AND READ AT THE CELEBRATION OF THE ONE HUNDRED
AND FIFTIETH ANNIVERSARY OF THE FIRST CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH

In 1810 the A. B. C. F. M. was organized. Sixteen years later in 1826 the American Home Missionary society followed. The missionary spirit of those days must have been awakened in our own town, for midway in the years intervening between the beginnings of these parent societies, the society whose history I am asked to chronicle, was begun. On May 21, 1821, a number of young ladies met at the house of Dea. Wm. White (the house now owned and occupied by Wm. O. Watson) and organized a society under the name of "The Female Literary and Charitable Society." Its object was two-fold, for not only was missionary work to be done but also intellectual exercises were combined. In those days literary privileges were few and scanty, so while the hands were busy with charitable work, one of the number read aloud an original composition or some selection chosen by the president.

It would seem that from the first this society was considered as a child of the church by the importance attached to its work. The work of the first year was preparing a box to send to the American Board. The box was packed May 4, 1822, at the house of Dea. White and a sermon was preached by Rev. Mr. Phelps of Brookfield to a large audience. The next year, after packing a box at Dea. White's for the American Education Society, the anniversary sermon was preached in the church by Rev. Dr. Nelson of Leicester. There is no record as to the number of years this practice was continued, but each year boxes were sent away, varying in value from \$35 to \$115, besides assistance rendered to individuals in town. As time passed on the responsibilities of maturer life claimed more time and the members felt obliged to give up the literary part of their work, as the record says, "hoping to accomplish more good, although sacrificing much intellectual enjoyment." In 1828 this change was made and from that time until 1862 the society was continued without material change, meeting at the houses of members in

different parts of the town. The meetings at the farm houses three and four miles from the village were often as fully attended as those in the village.

At the breaking out of the war of the Rebellion the hearts of all loyal citizens turned to caring for and ministering to the needs of the soldiers. This society united with the other churches and formed the Soldiers' Aid Association, in which all the people of the town joined, and many boxes and supplies were forwarded to the army. In 1867, there being no farther need of its work, the Soldiers' Aid Association was given up.



SYBIL (UNDERWOOD) GREEN.

Born in Spencer, March 7, 1797; died October 14, 1872.

and the ladies of our church reorganized this society, taking the name of The Ladies' Benevolent Society. For three years meetings were held through the summer in the vestry once in two weeks.

In 1870 the Society resumed the name of The Female Charitable Society and changed the place of meeting to the Y. M. C. A. rooms in Bank block, then newly fitted up. One year only were meetings held there. From 1871 to 1881 meetings were held at the houses of members as invited, with attendance varying from fifteen to fifty. It was the early custom to begin the season's work in April or May and continue until

October. For several years meetings were suspended during the heat of the summer, thus making a break which seemed to detract from the interest in the work.

At the annual meeting in April, 1881, it was voted to change the time of meeting from the summer to the winter months. During the summer of this year alterations were made in the church, giving a ladies' parlor and kitchen. These were furnished by the ladies at an expense of \$318, and on Dec. 14th, 1881 were used for the first time. Thirty-five sat down to the



HANNAH (NYE) GROUT,

Born in New Braintree, December 10, 1801; died in Spencer, October 10, 1886.

first supper served in the parlor. In 1885 still further improvements were made in the church building by which a smaller vestry was added, since which time that room has been used and supper served to numbers varying from fifty to one hundred and sixty-five. In 1892 the constitution was revised and some slight changes made.

The records of the early years of the society are incomplete. Of some there are no records and of some the amount of work is not given. But each year something has been done. In 1871, at the close of the fiftieth year of the society, it was recorded that

boxes amounting in value to nearly \$2000 had been sent away, besides work done for the soldiers and much home work. Since then barrels have been sent to missionaries amounting in value to \$4485, besides gifts in money of more than \$1000 to various organizations and home work amounting to many hundreds more. Of the hearts cheered and strengthened by the various ministrations of the society we can form no estimate, but the words received from time to time from the recipients of its bounty have shown that not in vain have been the efforts to help those needing help. The interests of the town have often been considered. Thus we find in the records that an adjourned meeting was held on the evening of Oct. 31, 1849, for the purpose of forming a society for improving the "Burying Ground." Fifty were present at this meeting.

The gifts of the society have been confined to no one field—home and foreign missions, the sailor, the soldier, the freedman, the Indian, with the unfortunate in hospital, have all been remembered in this work. Of the many boxes and barrels sent away but one has ever failed to reach its destination. This was sent out in the early part of the war to West Virginia and doubtless fell into the hands of the Confederates. In 1887 the society received a liberal gift from Mrs. Mary B. Prouty, who deposited \$1000 in Spencer Savings Bank, the interest of which is to be used in carrying on its work. In 1892 Mrs. J. N. Grout presented \$100 to the society. Aside from these gifts the work has always been sustained by the annual tax of members, from supper fees or private donations.

Mrs. Hannah N. Grout and Mrs. Sybil U. Green were original members and both were present on the fiftieth anniversary meeting of the society.

Jonathan Bemis is Shipwrecked.

Capt. Edmund Bemis of Spencer married for his second wife a Mrs. Smith of Charlton. James Draper does not mention the names of any children as the result of this marriage, but it is certain there was a son Jonathan, who went to England and after the death of his father wrote the following letter to his half brother, which is in possession of George W. Bemis of Independence, Iowa:

"To Jesse Smith of Charlton in the County of Worcester, in the State of Massachusetts Bay.

"Dear Brother and Sister:—

"We write to let you know we are well and hope this will find you so. This is the first time I have written to you. I have had great misfortunes lately in being shipwrecked. I have been fifteen years in the East India service and had great luck until

these last five years, when I have lost seven hundred pounds and having a young family makes it rather hard for me. We have had six children, four girls and two boys. The girls are dead but the boys are alive and fine boys they are. John is nine, George is seven. I wish very much to see you but times are so I cannot well come. I have written to Joseph to send me what little money father left me. I hope he will.

"You have no children to leave your estate to but nieces and nephews. I always thought as you and I had one mother you were a nearer brother than any of the rest although I had the name of Benis. Dear brother I hope you will not forget me in your will. Father most likely is dead and the money he left me is due; Joseph I hope will send it to me as there are always ships coming to London. Dear brother, I hope you will write to me by the first ship coming to any part of Great Britain. I suppose you have forgotten me. My love to your wife. If I don't hear from you I will come and see you next summer.

"Adieu. This is from your loving brother and sister, Jonathan Benis and wife, London, March the 10th, 1813.

"You will direct your letter to No. 40 Friesole Street, Nourse-lay down, Southwork, London. This comes by the ship Zaling, Captain Tracey of Boston. She is a constant trader. She will be in London in July."



LUCY C. (PROUTY) MATTHEWS,
of West Brookfield, at one time a member of the Shaker Community. See page 70.

SPENCER CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH

HISTORICAL PAPER BY MRS. L. H. UPHAM, READ AT THE CELEBRATION OF THE
ONE HUNDRED AND FIFTIETH ANNIVERSARY

As a descendant of the second pastor of this church, and one whose name has been enrolled among the list of members longer than any other woman now living in the town, I am asked to testify of the past, to rejoice with you that for one hundred and fifty years the sanctuary of the Most High has been with us, that we have been blessed with faithful, earnest pastors who have not shunned to declare the whole counsel of God.

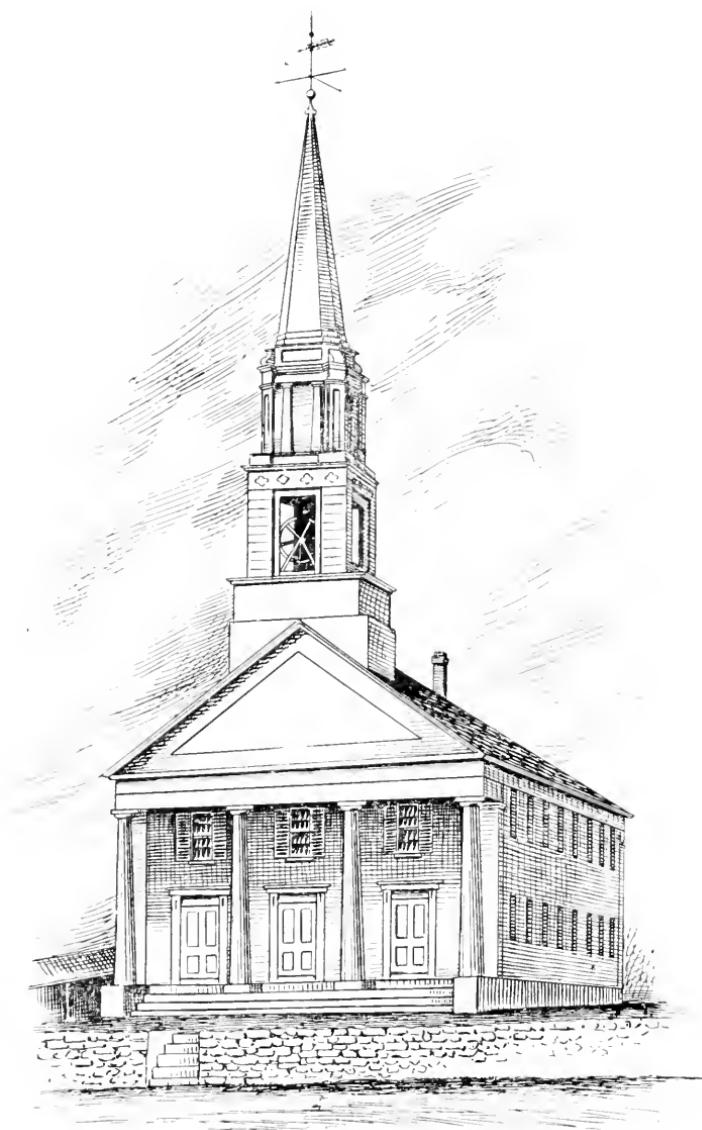
The history of a church may include its buildings, its pastors, their doctrine, its deacons, music, Sabbath school and benevolent organizations. But it is our purpose to speak only of the church building, the pastors and their wives, for do not those noble women who for more than a century lived among and loved this people, deserve more than honorable mention? I will speak of those only who have finished their work on earth.

The Church Buildings.

At the time of the formation of this church, what is now Spence was part of Leicester, and was called the "West Precinct," and the people paid their proportion of all parish taxes.

About the year 1739, the people of the West Precinct, feeling the need of a place of worship nearer their homes, began to take measures looking to the erection of a suitable church building. In 1740 Mr. Nathaniel Cunningham, who owned two lots of land containing five hundred acres, gave the inhabitants of Spence a deed of two acres of land, including the site of the present church edifice and the old burial ground.

In 1743, a building forty-five feet long by thirty-five wide was erected. The walls were covered with unplaned boards and was without clap-boarding, no inside finishing with the exception of laying the floor. The next year fourteen pews were built next to the walls, four long benches each side of a center aisle, called "body seats," for the elderly women on the east side, and



SPENCER CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH AS IT LOOKED IN 1858.

the elderly men on the west. And in the gallery were seats for the younger people, girls on the east side and boys on the west.

In those early days everybody who was able went to church, and those who lived the farthest off were generally the first there, some walking three or four miles without thinking it was any particular hardship. Some riding on horse-back with a pillion behind the saddle on which the mother sat with a child in her arms; the larger children would walk cheerfully the same distance.

In summer the old ladies and young people would collect in groups and impart to each other the news of the day, while the men sat upon the grass under the shade trees, which then grew upon the common, and discoursed upon the sermon and hard times. That part of the common west of the meeting-house was then limited to a space about five or six rods square. In the winter time the men went to the tavern and the women to the minister's house to eat their lunch and get warmed, and returned to the church with tin foot stoves filled with live coals to sit another hour and a half. At the close of the religious services the town clerk made proclamation in a loud voice of those who were about to enter the state of matrimony.

In 1772, a new house was built on the same site, fifty-six by forty-seven feet, with forty-six pews on the floor, and twenty-two in the galleries, and two rows of seats for singers.

In 1802, it was improved by the addition of a spire and bell on the west end. There was no way of heating the house until 1821; then two stoves were placed near the deacons' seats; the stove pipe was secured by a wire suspended from the galleries until it passed through the windows on the east and west side. Some here can remember the church of sixty years ago, the main entrance on the south side having large doors opening directly into the broad aisle; on the north side, the high pulpit with its huge " sounding board " overhead, apparently held up by a wooden ball. A large window behind the pulpit overlooked the grave-yard. The communion table was a half circle in front of the pulpit attached by hinges, and could be lowered except when needed for the sacred service. And those square pews with a handsome balustrade, a chair in each pew for the aged parent. The seats, hung on hinges, were raised to allow the people to stand during the prayer, and a great clatter was made at the close when they were dropped all over the house. In nearly all the pews were two seats in which the occupant had to sit with the back to the minister.

In 1838 the meeting-house was repaired by turning it quarter around, and fronting the south. The square pews were re-

placed by new pews of modern style, the seats were cushioned and a handsome damask curtain draped the back of the pulpit. There were also curtains in front of the singers seats, drawn together when they sang, hiding all but their heads, to relieve their embarrassment when the congregation turning their backs to the minister looked them in the face during the first and closing hymn, though the audience faced about again to receive the benediction.

This church, where our people had worshipped for ninety years, was destroyed by fire in January, 1862, at midday; in less than one hour it became a mass of ruins. A new house was built and dedicated to the service of God, April 8th, 1863; a clock and an organ were given, principally by private subscription. In 1881, a church parlor and kitchen were fitted for Sabbath school and society gatherings.

In 1885, the church was again enlarged and changed into our present attractive edifice, at an expense of \$18,500, not one dollar of which came from the parish money. Five thousand dollars were given by the sons of Capt. Isaac Prouty, in remembrance of a request of their father, and \$13,500 were given by private subscription from a comparatively small number of our generous-hearted people.

Our church has been the recipient of numerous other gifts. In 1819, Mrs. Olive Stebbings gave two silver cups, which have now been used seventy-five years at the Lord's table. Mrs. Stebbings died at the age of ninety-six years. Her husband, Mr. John Stebbings, died in 1821 and left to this church two thousand dollars, which has been called the Stebbings fund.

Mr. Charles E. Denny died in 1856. He gave two thousand dollars to the church, besides five thousand which was paid after the death of his mother; two thousand of this sum was to be a fund for the poor of the church. Three hundred dollars were also left by Miss Lucy Prouty for the poor of the church.

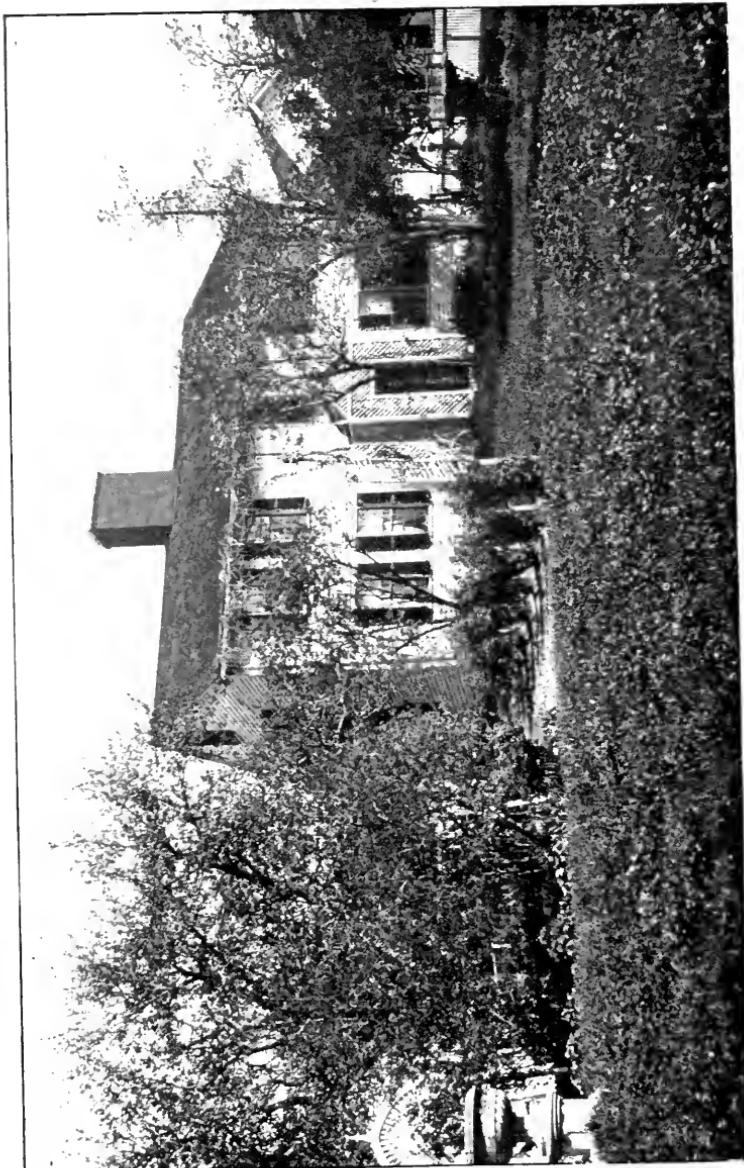
Mr. David Prouty left four thousand dollars to the Congregational church.

The Old Vestry.

About the year 1832 there was felt to be great need of a suitable place for evening meetings. The church could not be lighted or heated without much trouble and expense.

William Pope, Esq., gave the land to the parish for a vestry "so long a time as the building should be used for that purpose."

Rev. Mr. Packard drew up two subscription papers, his name heading the list with fifty dollars. The names of forty-six men and 102 women are found on these papers. Some men



PARSONAGE BUILT BY THE REV. BOSHUA FAYON IN 1744
(Photo by C. L. H.)
After his decease it became the property of the Rev. Joseph Pope. At his death it descended to his son, William Pope Esq., and is now the residence of his daughter, Mrs. L. H. Upham.

gave their subscription in lumber, and some of the ladies were allowed to give theirs in hat braiding, credited to the building committee at the stores. A convenient and substantial one-story building was erected. This building was also used for schools. It was removed and a high school building erected on the site in 1859.

This building was removed in 1888, and now our beautiful David Prouty high school building marks the spot.

In the church records is this statement in regard to the formation of this church: " May 17th, 1744, at the request of some brethren in the West Precinct of Leicester the church of Christ in Sutton, Uxbridge, Grafton, and the First church in Leicester, sent their reverend pastors and delegates, to assist in gathering and settling a church among them, who accordingly met and formed into a council, and then examined those members of churches who offered themselves to be embodied into a church, and accordingly eight persons members of other churches, were embodied into a church and a covenant was drawn and subscribed by them."

This was called the Second church of Christ in Leicester.

The first pastor, Rev. Joshua Eaton, was born Dec. 15, 1715, O. S., was graduated at Harvard university. After two years of law study, he practiced his profession in Worcester about five years, and was the first lawyer who established himself in that town. About the year 1740, he received a powerful impression on the subject of religion, and decided to devote himself to the ministry. Mr. Eaton was ordained as pastor, Nov. 7th, 1744. His salary was very small, about one hundred and fifty dollars a year, but it gradually increased, until six years before his death it amounted to \$244 annually.

The relation between pastor and people was always harmonious. There were added to the original eight members during his ministry of twenty-eight years, twenty-four by letter and ninety-two by profession. He performed the marriage ceremony for 120 couples. Rev. Joshua Eaton died April 2, 1772, aged fifty-seven years. Upon his grave stone in the old burial ground is this inscription:

Adieu to sickness, pain and death,
Adieu to vanity and cares,
Submissive, I resign my breath
And rise to bliss beyond the stars.

Almighty Father, hear my prayer,
And send salvation to this land,
May this my people be Thy charge
And ever dwell at Thy right hand.

The wife of the first minister, Mrs. Sarah Elliot Eaton, was of "an ancient and honorable family," a descendant of Rev. John



HEADSTONE IN OLD CEMETERY AT GRAVE OF REV. JOSHUA EATON.
(Photo by Currier.)

Elliot the apostle to the Indians. She was married to Mr. Eaton in 1739, while he was a lawyer living in Worcester, where he was acquiring wealth, and a great and good name in his profession. She left her pleasant home and many friends to fill the position of minister's wife, in a small place "in the woods," that could not even be called a town. Mr. Eaton had property, and bought land and built a house as soon as possible after he was settled as pastor; a house that in those days was considered very elegant. In Mr. Eaton's journal is found this entry:



MRS. ANNA POPE.

(Copy by Currier)

From an oil painting on glass, made at Hanover, N. H., when she was 60 years of age.

"October 4, 1745. This day moved into my own house. Blessed be God who has given me an habitation. May God dwell with us."

Rev. Mr. Eaton in his family record writes: "Oct. 28, 1770. My dear wife died in the fifty-seventh year of her age."

One year and five months later, Rev. Joshua Eaton followed his faithful wife to the eternal home.

The second pastor of this church, Rev. Joseph Pope, was born in Pomfret, Conn., Sept. 28, 1745. He was graduated at Harvard university in 1770. In literary attainment he stood high in his Alma Mater, and his descendants have many volumes which were given to him by Harvard university as prizes for superior scholarship. After leaving college he was employed a



REV. JOSEPH POPE.

(*Copy by Currier.*)

From an oil painting on glass, executed at Hanover, N. H., about the year 1804.

year teaching a Latin school in Worcester. He then completed a course of study in theology. He was ordained in Spencer, Oct. 20, 1773. His salary was to be two hundred and forty-four dollars annually "so long as he shall continue in that office in this place." In those days the mode of settling and dismissing ministers was very different from that of the present time. Un-

less there was something objectionable in their character or doctrine they were settled for life.

It cannot be supposed two hundred and forty-four dollars a year would be sufficient to support a minister's family, where an open and liberal handed hospitality was always maintained. The minister's house was considered a minister's tavern with free refreshments for man and beast. The home of the Spencer minister was a half-way house between the western part of the state and Boston, and many a minister urged on his tired horse in order to get a lodging and supper at Mr. Pope's hospitable table. When Mr. Pope was settled as pastor, his father bought of Mr. Eaton's heirs the homestead and gave it to his son, and this farm produced much of the living, but for many years he increased his income by preparing young men for college.

During the Revolution and for seven or eight years after was a time of universal distress. The town was taxed to its utmost limit. During several years the minister's salary was paid in Continental money; and this depreciated currency was the only available money; no cash was to be had. In the beginning of the year 1780, forty dollars of Continental money was equal to one dollar in silver, and before the close of the year it had depreciated to such an extent that two hundred and forty dollars Continental, was equal to one dollar in silver. This will account for the truthful statement that the whole of one year's salary was taken to buy a block tin tea pot, and was not sufficient even for that. The pastor suffered in common with his people and their affection for him was thereby strengthened.

There were no "donation parties" in those days; but several times they gave the minister what they called a "chopping bee." Half a dozen or more of his parishioners would come with axes and sleds, and for a day his wood lot resounded with the blows of those stalwart men; and a year's supply of fuel was the result. A good dinner prepared by the minister's wife made them feel they were having a veritable Thanksgiving.

In personal appearance Mr. Pope was dignified and commanding. He had fine social qualities, and his society was enjoyed by old and young, but he never laid aside the dignity of a clergyman. In his religious sentiments he was thoroughly Calvinistic, though more liberal in his views than many ministers of that day. The truths of the Gospel were preached with energy and zeal. During his long ministry nothing of a serious nature occurred to disturb the harmony between him and his people.

After forty-six years of active labor, he was stricken with paralysis. Though it did not impair the vigor of his mind, it prevented him from occupying the pulpit. In suitable weather

he was able to be taken in his rolling chair to the church, and it was a great comfort for him and his people to meet together in the house of God. By the terms of the contract when he was settled, he was still entitled to his small salary, but when he could no longer supply the pulpit, he relinquished his claim and depended on his son for his support. During seven years of patient suffering he had the love and sympathy of his people, and was their wise and trusted advisor and faithful friend.

Rev. Joseph Pope died March 8, 1826, in the eightieth year of his age, and fifty-third of his ministry.



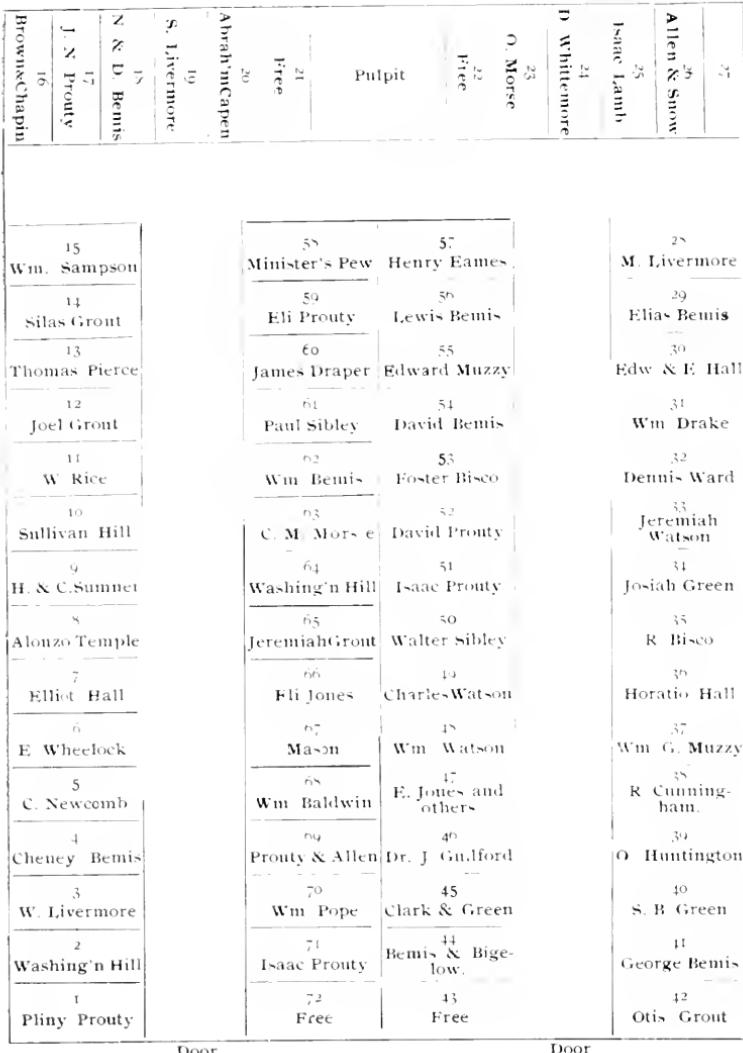
MRS. ANNA POPE,

(Copy by Currier.)

At the age of 90. From an oil painting executed at Boston.

There were admitted to the church during his ministry of forty-six years, twenty-seven by letter, and two hundred and forty by profession of faith in Christ. Two hundred and thirty-two marriages were solemnized by Rev. Mr. Pope.

Mrs. Anna Hammond Pope was born in Newton, Dec. 16, 1754. She was the daughter of Col. Benjamin Hammond, a soldier and patriot, who with his company of minute men was in



PLAN OF GROUND FLOOR OF THE CONGREGATIONAL MEETING HOUSE IN
SPENCER IN 1855.

Negro									
A. L. Benis	A. Benis	B.	R. J. Mason	P. Allen H	I.	Free			
B. W. Drake	J. Green	C.	F. T. Draper	Levi Packard G	J.	Free			
T. J. Cheever	Eli Prouty	Q.	P. D. Benis	N.C. Gleason N	K.	Free			
S. A. Howland	E. Muzzey	R.	O. W. Pope	L. Packard M	L.	Free			
Negress									
singers									

PLAN OF THE GALLERY.

the battles of Concord and Lexington. During part of the time, while the American army was stationed in the vicinity of Boston, Rev. Mr. Pope gratuitously performed the service of chaplain for fifty-six Spencer men who had marched as minute men for the defence of the colonies, all of them being members of his parish. On one of these occasions Mr. Pope was introduced by his friend, Dr. Spring, to Miss Hammond. He was so much pleased with the lady he was very glad when his turn came again to go to Boston to act as chaplain. But on his way to



MRS. ANNA POPE.

(Copy by Currier.)

At the age of 100 years and one day, taken December 17, 1854. The anniversary of her one hundredth year was celebrated at her home with ceremonies befitting the occasion. The next day being a pleasant one and sleighing fine she was taken by relatives out for a sleighride and as they passed a picture gallery, located on the common in front of Jenks' Tavern, the idea suggested itself of having a photograph of the venerable centenarian taken. A picture was then secured of which the above is a copy.

Newton that he might press his suit he met Dr. Spring and found he was on his way to the same house with the same intent. The situation was delicate and perplexing. After some deliberation Dr. Spring generously said: "Brother Pope, you have a parish and I have none, I give way to you," and the lady was wooed and won by Mr. Pope.

Rev. Joseph Pope and Anna Hammond were married Oct. 9, 1777. Miss Hammond had a superior education for those days.

She was accustomed to refined and intellectual society. Her beauty, her dignified and gracious ways immediately won the hearts of his parishioners and for over eighty years she held the esteem and love of this people. She was the friend of the old, and the advisor of the young, and for more than forty years within a reasonable distance from her home there was not a birth or death but she was present with aid and sympathy. It was said her appearance by the sick bed had healing power like that of the best physician.

She taught her children to read and recite the catechism while very young. Her second son when eight years of age had read the whole Bible, sitting by her side. She was never idle and with all her company and family cares she did more than her duty as a minister's wife. In those days the minister's wife was settled for life also, without a salary.

When Mr. Pope attended the conference of ministers in Boston, she sometimes went with him to visit her relatives and generally came home dressed in the fashions of the day, which occasioned a flutter among the wives and daughters of Spencer. The skillful fingers of the minister's wife made cloaks and bonnets, frequently trimming the bonnets with artificial flowers of her own manufacture. In one year she made happy ninety-seven Spencer women with a bonnet or a cloak she had made.

Mrs. Pope early learned to trust in the Lord and do good. She gloried in the old doctrines of the New England faith. Taught at her mother's side the Westminster catechism, it was familiar to her as the alphabet, and often she occupied the slow hours of night by reciting its articles and reflecting upon them.

Her longevity was owing in a great measure, it is believed, to her habitual cheerfulness. She never wasted her energies in pining over unavoidable or imaginary troubles. She believed she had the best husband that ever a woman had, and "no minister ever had a better parish; and so her life was one continual hallelujah."

Mrs. Pope delighted in reminiscences of the past, and even after one hundred years of age, would surprise her family telling some incident of her youth, or reciting verses she had learned when a girl which had never been in print.

She heard Whitefield preach in 1770 and repeated the text: Romans 8: 15, "For ye have not received the spirit of bondage again to fear; but ye have received the spirit of adoption whereby we cry Abba, Father." She also recited the text of the first election sermon she heard when a young girl: Micah 7: 3, "That they may do evil with both hands earnestly, the prince asketh, and the judge asketh a reward; and the great man, he uttereth his mischievous desire, so they wrap it up."

When Mrs. Pope completed her one hundredth year her descendants met with her to celebrate the event. The following Sabbath she attended church with them and wore a bonnet and cloak she had made herself, which had been carefully preserved for many years. After passing the century line she was able to read her Testament and Psalms by catching a word here and there, her memory supplying the rest. Mrs. Pope was called to pass through severe affliction, her husband and only daughter dying the same week. More than thirty-two years she was a widow.

Probably no minister's wife in Massachusetts ever lived to such an advanced age. She died as she lived, a witness to the power and beauty of the Christian's faith and hope. Mrs. Anna Pope died July 14, 1859, aged one hundred and four years, six months and twenty-eight days. "Precious in the sight of the Lord is the death of his saints."

Rev. Stephen Crosby of Thompson, Conn., was ordained and settled as a colleague of Rev. Joseph Pope, June 9, 1819, with a salary of six hundred and fifty dollars.

There was a difference of opinion in regard to the terms of settlement which afterward caused unfriendly feelings. This trouble conflicted with his usefulness as pastor, and it was deemed advisable by a council of ministers from eleven churches that his services as assistant pastor in Spencer should cease and he was dismissed May 31, 1825, after serving as junior pastor five years.

Mr. Crosby was married and had one daughter born while in Spencer. He went from Spencer to Connecticut and died in 1839. At the time of his settlement, from 1818 to 1820, there was unusual interest in religion in nearly all the churches of Brookfield association and this church had many additions, thirty-five being added to the church by profession during the five years of his ministry.

The fourth minister of this church, Rev. Levi Packard, was born in North Bridgewater, February 4, 1793. He was graduated at Brown University in 1821. He preached as a candidate several Sabbaths, when the church and society gave him a call by a unanimous vote to be their minister, offering him a salary of \$550 per annum, on condition that the contract should be dissolved after six months' notice by either party. Mr. Packard accepted with the qualification that the society pay him \$475 and furnish him with a house while he remained their minister.

He was ordained June 14, 1826. Mr. Packard was a gentleman of a generous and benevolent disposition and in his daily life strictly exemplified his religious principles and profession. As a citizen he gave liberally of time and money to any object that would promote the best interests of the town. The cause of

temperance found in him a zealous advocate and our schools a faithful and earnest helper. In pastoral visitation Mr. Packard excelled; he knew and loved all his people and endeared himself to them by his interest in their home life and surroundings.

There were several seasons of especial religious interest while he was pastor. At these times what was called "protracted meetings" were held, sometimes continuing three or four days and



REV. LEVI PACKARD.

(Copy by Curran.)

people from adjacent towns attended. In the church records is found this entry by Mr. Packard:

"January 1, 1832. Six years ago today I preached in Spencer for the first time. On this day forty were added to the church, twenty-five females and fifteen males; five men who are heads of families. Twenty people were baptized, the day was solemn, the meeting was large. May God be praised for the recent effusion of His Spirit."

In Rev. Mr. Packard's ministry of twenty-seven years there were added to the church seventy-four by letter, and one hundred and thirty-nine by profession. He resigned his pastorate September 23, 1853, and was afterward installed over a society in Woonsocket, R. I., but was soon obliged, on account of sickness, to resign his charge. He retired to Stafford Springs, Conn., where he died January 11, 1857. By his request he was buried among the people he loved in Spencer, in sight of the church whose welfare was dear to his heart.

Two months after Rev. Levi Packard was ordained he was married to Miss Clarissa Sandford of Medway and all who remem-



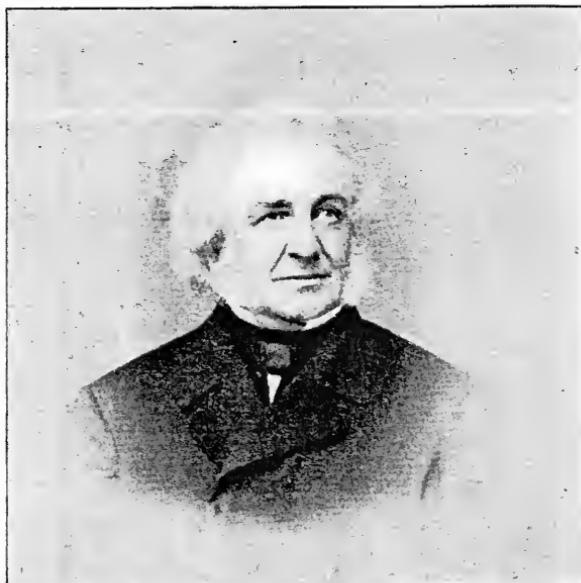
REV. STEPHEN G. DODD.

ber the gentle, loving lady who was the pastor's wife twenty-seven years will agree that the words of King Lemuel describing the praise and attributes of a good wife would apply to Mrs. Packard. She was a ready helper to her husband in his work as a minister and her domestic management was such she always found time for the benevolent work of the church and nothing gave more pleasure to the parishioners than the annual calls from Mr. and Mrs. Packard.

Several times "donation parties" were given to them and however small the gift it was so graciously received that the donor always found it was blessed to give.

Mrs. Packard survived her husband twenty-one years.

The fifth minister of this church, Rev. Stephen Dodd, was born in Bloomfield, N. J., March 24, 1826, was graduated at Princeton college, N. J., after which he was ordained and settled over a Presbyterian church in Milford, Conn., two years. He supplied our pulpit as a candidate, giving such great satisfaction to the people that he received a unanimous call to become the pastor and was installed August 23, 1854. His salary, including



REV. THOMAS T. WATERMAN.

a house, was eight hundred and twenty-five dollars a year. After six years of service he relinquished his charge, without any disaffection of either the minister or people, but with mutual good will and respect. There were added to the church during his ministry forty-seven by profession and twenty-three by letters from other churches.

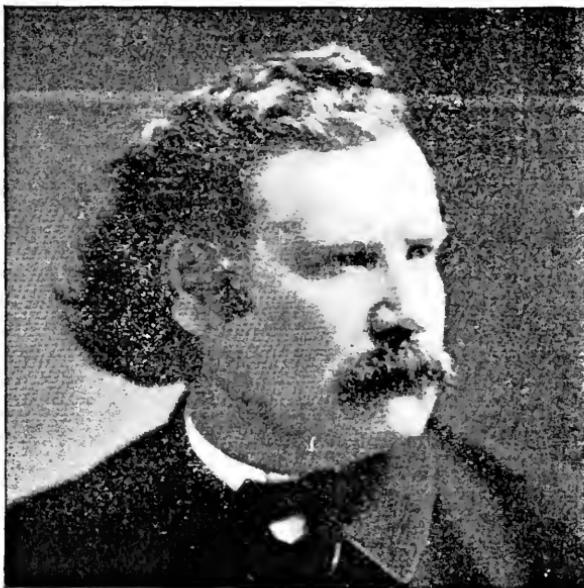
Rev. Thomas T. Waterman of Killingly, Conn., was installed as pastor of this church June 5, 1861. The terms of settlement required three months' notice be given in case of dissatis-

faction of either party. Mr. Waterman came to the duties incumbent upon him with ripe experience and thorough knowledge of the relations which should exist between pastor and people, but there were many things to conflict with the prosperity and growth of the church.

The church was burned January 1, 1862, and for one year of his pastorate the services were held in the town hall.

Mr. Waterman filled the office of pastor nineteen months, his services closing January 1, 1863. Two were admitted to the church by profession and two by letter.

The seventh minister, Rev. James Cruickshanks, was born in



REV. JAMES CRUICKSHANKS.

Haddington, Scotland, November 12, 1828. When fourteen years of age he came to this country and a year later united with a Congregational church in Lowell, Mass. Soon after, having the ministry in view, he prepared for college and graduated at Yale college in 1855, which was followed by three years at theological seminaries. He was ordained at Everett, Mass., September, 1858. In July, 1863, he was engaged to supply this pulpit for one year, but after preaching six months, the church and par-

ish gave him a unanimous call to be their settled minister, which he accepted, and was installed January 13, 1864. He was an able, faithful and successful minister of Jesus Christ to his people for eight years.

During his ministry there were several seasons of great religious interest. An occasion long to be remembered was the communion season, July 1867, when forty-nine were received into the church by profession of their faith in Christ.

During his pastorate sixty-nine were admitted to the church by profession and thirty-four by letter. He resigned his charge July 3, 1871. Rev. James Cruickshanks died in Chicago, Ill.,



REV. HARRISON A. SHOREY.

June, 1889, after thirty-one years of active ministerial labor, at rest from toil, at rest in God.

Rev. James Cruickshanks was married after he came to Spencer to Miss Anna Maria, daughter of Prof. John DeWitt of New Brunswick, N. J., and for six years she acceptably filled the position as pastor's wife. Mrs. Cruickshanks died in 1869, leaving two children.

He afterward married Miss Susan C., daughter of Dennis Ward of Spencer.

Rev. Harrison A. Shorey of Camden, Me., was installed Sept. 16, 1873, receiving a salary of two thousand (\$2000) dollars and a parsonage. He was an attractive and popular preacher, original in his methods, and during his pastorate of three years and four months the Sabbath services were largely attended. He was cordial and genial in his nature and promoted the social welfare of the church, while among us, and was always found zealous and active in all that pertained to the upbuilding of good influences in the community. Twenty-four were received into the church by letter and forty-six by profession during his pastorate. Mr. Shorey resigned his charge Jan. 1, 1876 and accepted a position on the editorial staff of the *Golden Rule*.



REV. AVERY S. WALKER.

His successor, the ninth minister, Rev. Avery S. Walker of Gloversville, N. Y., was installed Nov. 14, 1877 and ministered to this people ten years. He was granted a dismission Sept. 1, 1887. During this ten years the church made steady though quiet growth. There were added sixty-seven by letter and forty-six by profession. Probably during no previous ten years of its history, were our people as prosperous in worldly affairs; and as

they had freely received, they freely gave. The church was remodelled, the "Harris" plan of giving was introduced with success and the benevolence of our people was shown in many ways.

May 25, 1882, this church called for the ordination of Charles S. Vaile, a graduate of Andover seminary, who was to supply a pulpit in Oakland, Cal., and wished to be prepared for all ministerial duties on his arrival at the place. Rev. Mr. Vaile was a great grandson of Rev. Joseph Pope.

The tenth pastor, Rev. Erastus Blakeslee, was installed May 15, 1888. He had been a faithful soldier for his country in the time of her peril, and for the four and one-half years he was with



REV. ERASTUS BLAKESLEE.

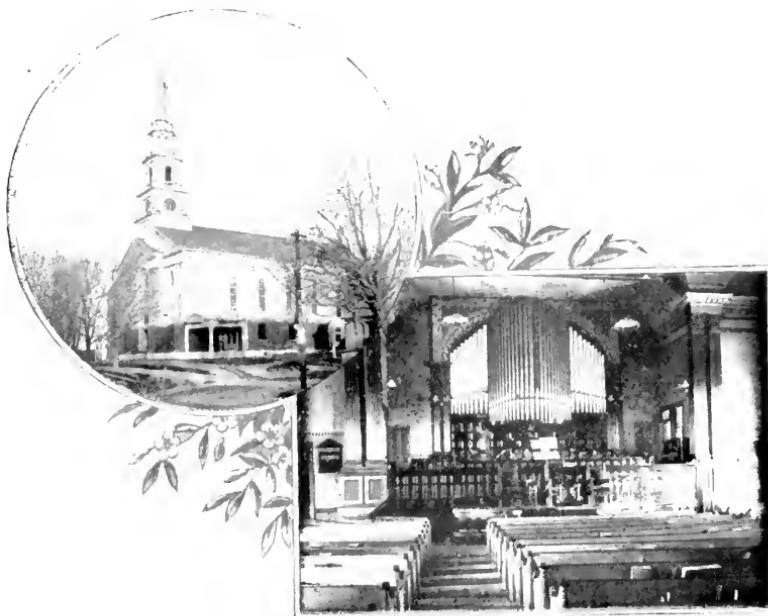
us he was a faithful soldier for the King of Kings. He resigned his pastorate March 27, 1892, for a greater work of service for the church on earth than would be possible in any individual parish. During his ministry forty-four were received into the church by letter and ninety-five by profession.

Our present pastor, Rev. Sherman W. Brown, was ordained and installed June 6, 1893. During the past seventeen months

twenty-three have been admitted to the church, eleven by letter and twelve by profession.

The present number of members of this church is three hundred and thirty-five. Five of these have been on the list for over fifty years, seven others over forty years and eighteen over thirty years.

The total number of those who have been members during the one hundred and fifty years is eleven hundred and fifty (1,150).



EXTERIOR AND INTERIOR VIEWS OF CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH OF TODAY.

One hundred and fifty years of prayer! One hundred and fifty years of praise! Who can estimate the result? Carlyle says: "No idlest word thou speakest, but it is a seed cast into time and grows through all eternity." If this is true of our idle words, who can estimate the result of all those words of prayer and praise? They have all been noted down by the recording angel. It must be an unwritten history to human eyes. The influence of these pastors, and of those who have been members of this church has gone out into lines that have been marked by

no eye but the Omniscient, and yet we can read enough from the homes this church has overshadowed, to have our hearts filled with gratitude while we follow in loving remembrance those who have gone from their earthly labors and trials, and entered into their eternal rest and glory.

Recalling the past of this church our hearts cry out, "What hath God wrought?" Looking forward with faith and hope to the future, we still confidently trust that He whose hand has been leading us all these years will continue to be our Guide throughout all eternity.

The Strangers' Aid Society.

The Strangers' Aid Society was organized about 1847-8 and continued in active existence some five years. It was a strictly downtown or lower village society, including also persons from Hillsboro. Its object was to care for strangers in town requiring medical aid and, in case of death give them a respectable burial outside the potters field.

The first meeting was held in the parlor of Capt. Jeremiah Grout, who then lived in a dwelling on the site of the present Sugden block. The house is still standing, owned by Henry I. Wybert and Mrs. Sophia Wright, corner Grant and Pleasant streets. Mrs. Wright's front room is where the meeting was held.

The organization acquired a tract of land on the east side of Pine Grove cemetery on the Hillsboro road, enclosed the same with a fence and erected thereon a plain wooden monument, still to be seen, bearing on all four sides this inscription: "The Strangers' Home." Three persons were buried in this lot as follows, each of them having appropriate marble headstones, bearing these inscriptions:

Richard Clinch, died June 18, 1848, aged 31.

Widow Sarah Bride, died May 11, 1849, aged 70.

Lucy Ann, daughter of G. W. and Pheebe A. Packard, died Dec. 28, 1853, aged 14 years.

Widow Bride, said to have been an excellent person, lived for many years with Dea. Wm. G. Muzzy on the present Amasa T. Benis place.

Who the principal promoters of this charitable organization were is not known, as they are now dead and no records are obtainable which would disclose their names.

SUPPLEMENTARY HISTORY OF THE CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH FROM 1893 TO THE PRESENT TIME

BY DEA GEO. H. MARSH

Rev. Sherman William Brown, the pastor in charge on the date of the 150th anniversary of this church was the eleventh pastor. He was born in West Winfield, New York, June 18, 1866. Educated in the public schools and the academy of that place until seventeen years of age, he entered Hamilton college at Clinton, N. Y., in 1883, graduating in June 1887. He began his theological studies in Andover seminary in the fall of 1887 and graduated in 1890.

Throughout his educational course he was always at the front, a fine speaker and thorough scholar, a leader in social life, enthusiastic, happy and cheerful, a favorite alike with professor and student.

It was natural that such an one should strive for the scholarship which would give to the winner two years abroad. Mr. Brown won in the race and went immediately to Berlin where he made a special study of Church History. He remained in Germany some three years spending his vacations in traveling through many European countries and personally conducting a party through Egypt and Palestine.

A unanimous call was extended to Mr. Brown to the pastorate of this church, May 12, 1893, which was promptly accepted by him, and he was ordained and installed June 6, 1893.

In the summer of 1895 Mr. Brown again crossed the water and was married to Miss Clara Von Beyer of Berlin. Returning,



REV. SHERMAN W. BROWN AND MRS. CLARA VON BEYER BROWN.

(Photo by Curran.)

Mr. and Mrs. Brown arrived in Spencer, Aug. 31st and were warmly received by the church.

Mr. Brown's pastorate continued for nearly eight years until in the wise providence of our Heavenly Father he was called to his eternal reward. He died Mar. 1st, 1901, at thirty-five years of age. His remains were taken to the home of his boyhood and it was fitting that his early associates should perform the last sad rites over their beloved brother, and with tenderness lay him beside his friend—his own mother—in the beautiful spot over-looking the still flowing Unadilla.

During his eight years of labor among this people there were added to the church 205 members; 154 by profession and 51 by letter.

The foremost aim of all his efforts was that of winning souls whether in church service or in social life. He was an enthusiastic preacher of the great gospel truths and there was no mistaking the Spirit's guidance in all his utterances.

For more than a year this church was without a settled pastor, yet we lacked not spiritual food from the lips of our supply, Dr. Archibald McCullagh and other godly men.

A call was extended by this church and society April 11, 1902, to the Rev. Channeey J. Hawkins of Danvers, Mass., to become their pastor. This call was accepted by Mr. Hawkins May 7, 1902, and the installation services took place June 13, 1902.

Mr. Hawkins, the twelfth pastor of this church, was born in Suisun, California, Sept. 3, 1876. His boyhood was spent in Vacaville, where he was educated in the common schools and Napa Academy until fifteen years of age, and was graduated from the University of the Pacific, the youngest in his class. He was president of the College Y. M. C. A. during his senior year and a member of the state executive committee of the college associations of the state of California. Entering Yale Divinity School in 1896 he again had the pleasure of being the youngest in his class on graduating in 1899. While pursuing his studies at Yale he was also associate pastor in the Humphrey Street Church in New Haven from 1897 to April 1900.

In April 1900 Mr. Hawkins was installed over the Maple Street Congregational Church at Danvers, Mass., where he continued until receiving the call of the Spencer church.

Progressive, earnest and full of the Spirit, his one purpose is the building up of Christian character and the leading of men to Christ through all avenues of Christian activity.



REV. CHAUNCEY J. HAWKINS

(*Photo by Currim.*)

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